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MAN can never be sufficiently sure of himself to swear unwavering fealty to a given system, though at the moment of his vow he hold it true. All that he may do is to dedicate himself to Truth, whatsoever she be, wheresoever she lead him, no matter what the sacrifices she may demand.—*Ernest Renan.*

MIND: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL AND ADVANCED THOUGHT.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN, Editor.

Business Announcement.

MIND is issued on the first of every month.

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PROSPECTUS CONDENSED.

Sincere friends of the cause of spiritual freedom and universal brotherhood have for some time been impressed with the need of a strictly high-class periodical representing *all* phases of the "new thought." It is confidently believed by keen observers that their fundamental principles are identical, and that the establishment of this unitary basis would greatly facilitate the work in every legitimate field of action.

In full recognition of this demand, The Alliance Publishing Company begs to announce the publication of "MIND." This periodical will owe allegiance to no school, sect, system, cult, or person. Its sole aim will be to aid in the progress of mankind through a cultivation of the knowledge of Truth wherever found, regardless of individual prejudices and preconceptions. The responsibility for statements made in signed articles will be assumed by the individual contributors; but it shall be our constant endeavor to get such material only from authoritative sources.

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While granting due credit to Hindu metaphysics and the mysticism of the Orient in general, we are yet inclined to look for the development of a Western Psychology that will harmonize with the conditions of life in the Occident, at the same time tending to promote the spiritual welfare of the race as a whole. "MIND" hopes to become a factor of increasing importance in its growth, and in the work herein outlined we invite co-operation and support of all true lovers of humanity.

MIND

VOL. IV.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1899

NEW YORK
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MIND.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1899. No. 1.

INGERSOLL ANSWERED.

BY THE REV. HENRY FRANK.

I am requested to reply to the interview with Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll published in the March number of MIND. I must first congratulate the editor in having secured from the "doughty colonel" so clean-cut and positive an expression of his views on certain themes that he seems heretofore to have ignored. I can well imagine the interviewer's surprise when he fell under the spell of his kindly voice and eloquent monologue. He is not at all the "sort of an Ingersoll" that the sensational preacher delights in painting. I, too, recall the pleasure of a visit some years ago to his refined and cultured home, where Love and Truth seemed perched on every casement.

When, however, I am expected to "answer" the Colonel's views, I cannot restrain an inward chuckle. Were I, as formerly, still incased in the iron mail of a "Christian warrior," what greater glory could I crave than the privilege of hurling, like another David, my little pebbles of "truth" straight through the brain of the great iconoclast, and, mounting his breast, exclaim, to the joy of Christendom, "See! he is dead at last"? I know many ministers have experienced this extreme pleasure, and their crowns await them. How often, oh! how often, has Ingersoll been slain! But, somehow, his resurrections seem to be as frequent as his deaths.

Thus much have I written, preliminary, that the reader might at once understand I am not entering the lists as one of

Ingersoll's vanquishers. I am not his enemy, but his friend. Transposing Antony's words, I might say: "I come to praise Ingersoll, not to bury him." I can heartily and unreservedly indorse almost everything he says in the interview. He utters so many truths it seems an indelicacy to point out even apparent errors.

Ingersoll is always grand when he is philosophic; he is weak only when he becomes dogmatic. Even "I don't know" may be as positive and restrictive as "I *do* know." "No man knows, or ever can know," is easily converted into "Thus saith the Lord." When agnosticism clips the wings of human possibility, narrows the horizon of research, and cries to the surging waves of widening knowledge, "Thus far, but no farther," it assumes all the prerogatives of ecclesiasticism and wants only an August Comte to invent its ritual, its priesthood, and its dogmatic pedantry.

When Colonel Ingersoll sermonizes on "Truth," I, too, like the interviewer, would cry "Amen." "By intellectual hospitality," he says, "I mean the right of every one to think and to express his thought. . . . For many years the Church has claimed to have 'the truth,' and has also insisted that it is the duty of every man to believe it, whether it is reasonable to him or not." None can deny that the Colonel asserts in these words a solemn and tremendous fact. But, perhaps, it would not be requiring more than he would himself acknowledge if we should insist that to "intellectual hospitality" should be added intellectual charity. Having enjoyed the prerogative of both preacher and freethinker, perhaps I may be permitted to enter a plea for "intellectual charity." By that I mean a mental attitude that assumes another may be as sincere and honest in the promulgation of the articles of his "faith" as one may be in his principles of "science." The preacher's "faith" is to him knowledge, because he has been taught that to question is to blaspheme—to doubt is to be damned. Inflamed with such an idea, what wonder he flies through the

world brandishing the torch of destruction over the cowering masses who are swift to "flee the wrath that is to come"?

John Wesley could never have stirred the world if he were possessed of the philosophic calm of Thomas Hobbes. And with all its superstition and its bigotry, I still believe that the world is better because of Methodism than it would have been without it. The world needed Methodism or it would never have gotten it. When, therefore, Ingersoll says, "If the book [the Bible] had never existed I think it would have been far better for mankind." I am forced, as an evolutionist, to take issue with him.

I can conceive of a planet without the plesiosaurus and the pterodactyl, the megathere and the mastodon; but it seems that Nature could not make a man without the use of these antecedent forms of life. It is useless to fly into the face of Nature. She manufactures only what she requires, and she rises from the baser to the better, from the lower to the higher. I have no fault to find with Nature that she could not produce me without first having produced my pithecoid ancestor, even though it leave a trace of the monkey in my mental and physical habits. She did the best she could.

So, through all the march of progress, cave-dwellings preceded citadels, and dug-outs palatial homes; hieroglyphs were necessary before letters, and monoliths before books. So, I say, in the growth of the human mind as well as of human liberty, bigotry and barbarism must come before mental breadth and social unity; the priest and the potentate must precede the school-teacher and the elective franchise; the "sacred desk" must first exhaust its uses before the college chair and the lecture platform can be endowed or patronized. The Bible must antedate the scientific text-book. The creed and the cloister must come before common sense and simple truth. Therefore, I believe mankind is more blessed because of the Bible; for it marks a stage in progress, and having passed that milepost we may speedily ascend the mountain-paths of knowledge.

When Colonel Ingersoll dilates on the distinction between religion and theology, he scarcely goes far enough. He does not take sufficient credit to himself, for he has undoubtedly been one of the most potent factors in effecting the great intellectual advance of the Church during the last few decades. He says: "They still pretend to believe as they always have —but they have changed their tone." This is hardly fair. So rapid has been the advance of the churches in the last few years that there can scarcely be found a pulpit, outside of the rural regions, that would harbor such a definition of hell and eternal torture as was commonly preached from leading pulpits a quarter of a century ago. Jonathan Edwards, with all his commanding eloquence, would be hooted from the chancel were he to return and once more paint his favorite picture of hell in lurid hues of fire and brimstone. Dante and Milton are sought no more except as literary curios; and not a Sunday-school child of to-day could understand the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas or John Calvin.

The creed still exists, but it is never read. Should one undertake now to preach the literal doctrines, which were household words fifty years ago, he would be laughed down as the harlequin of the pulpit. Even evangelists, such as Moody and Jones, who are the last lingering relics of medievalism, no longer dare to preach the literal dogmas of salvation. Where the old-time preacher emphasized the "damnation" of God's scheme, the modern clings tenaciously to the "salvation." If the Colonel doubts this assertion let him challenge any Presbyterian minister of prominence and character to rise in his pulpit some Sunday morning, read the Westminster Confession to his congregation, and assure them that if they refuse to accept it literally he will refuse to continue to officiate among them. I think the Colonel would himself be invited the following Sunday to occupy that pulpit—to relieve the people of the religious nausea that had overtaken them.

Perhaps agnostics, who have never dwelt within "the taber-

nacle of the Lord," may not realize that the same conflict that exists in the public mind, outside of the Church, also rages within its confines. There, too, ceaselessly the claims of theology wage war upon the comforts of religion. The common people "carry their hearts on their sleeves." They suffer; they are in want; they die. They cry for sympathy, for consolation, for burial. They love the soft, subdued lights of the cathedral windows, the soulful songs that thrill from the choir-loft, the tender words of light and love that sometimes fall from sympathetic lips. They care nothing for the cold, chilling forms of logic that are woven into worthless and fantastic creeds—for a theology that was spun in the brains of schoolmen and is as weak, compared to the religion for which they crave, "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

The "inspiration" that Mr. Ingersoll says the Church still claims is not the same article as was formerly insisted upon. It is rapidly learning that inspiration is a natural quality, which may enkindle every man and woman "with thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The old idea of plenary inspiration—that every word of the Bible is God-given—is about as dead as the old idea of "hell." Even the conservatively orthodox are now claiming that the Bible merely "contains" the word of God. It is the secret gem that lies hidden in the huge mass of tradition, anecdote, poetry, history, and rhapsody which is euphemistically called the Holy Bible. The early Fathers had no such conception of inspiration as the modern Church has adopted. They believed that the "sibylline books" were equally inspired with the Bible. The notion of "verbal" inspiration is not older as a church doctrine than the seventeenth century. Even the orthodox are beginning to see that the real heresy lies rather in claiming too much than too little for the inspiration of the Bible. I do not say the Church of to-day generally accepts this conclusion; but the drift is rapidly that way. And before I reach the Colonel's age I expect to see the entire orthodox body accept the results of literary criticism.

"All the prayers that have ever been uttered have died unanswered in the heedless air," says the Colonel. Is this literally true? We must first know what is meant by the word *prayer*. If that term includes an altar, genuflections, a personal God, and the "quid-pro-quo" notion of paying God in vows for what he bestows in gifts, then, of course, I fully indorse what he says. But is this all there is of prayer? Is not real prayer rather a quality and attitude of mind than a lip-expression? Is it not rather the very "hope" and "wish" that Mr. Ingersoll confesses he often entertains? There is what I call "worship by absorption." To lift the heart to the good, the true, the beautiful; to welcome every thought of probity and honor, of kindliness and mercy; to hold the spirit of forgiveness; to seek that permanent attitude of mind that will inspire all to love and cherish us; to strive to become magnanimous, truthful, pure, and upright—all this is praying. It seeks no favors from a personal God, who repays in the coin with which he is paid; it needs no altar; it enters no confessional; it burns no incense; it calls for no priestly intercession. Nevertheless, it is prayer—in the truest, highest sense. Its answer comes in the mental and moral response that is registered in the heart of an earnest man.

"According to your faith be it unto you" does not necessarily mean faith in a god or a Christ. It may and should mean faith in the discovered laws of Nature. One of the most recent of these is the law of auto-suggestion. He that sincerely prays, although he thinks he petitions some god, really prays to himself. That which he hopes and desires is indelibly written in his highest being. It is distilled, betimes, like the condensed atmosphere, into his common consciousness, and then he sees himself as he has made himself by thought and prayer and act. Every thought, every wish, whether good or bad, becomes, in time, a quality of the soul, and ultimately finds expression in the character. I would therefore just reverse the words of Colonel Ingersoll. I would say, not

that every prayer that has ever been uttered has died in the heedless air, but that every prayer ever uttered has been ineraseably carved upon the imaging air, which constitutes the gallery of the countless portraits that hang upon the walls of memory. Instead of saying, "I never pray," in strict truth he should say, "I always pray." For no man worships his ideals—his dreams of beauty, love, and hopefulness—more than the much-abused iconoclast of Gramercy Park.

Again, the Colonel says: "I do not know exactly what you mean by *materialism*. I do not know what matter is. . . . If it is said that God created the universe, then there must have been a time when he commenced to create," etc. When the agnostic employs this argument he is warring against an ancient and illogical conception of God, which is far removed from the rational thinker of to-day. There is no longer any need to search for God outside of his universe. That effort has extended through the ages and has proved as futile as the search of Diogenes after a "man." We must seek for God *within* the universe, or the universe will never reveal him.

Ingersoll's conception seems to involve the notion of a limited universe, confined in the horizon of man's actual knowledge. Of course, we know the visible universe is not all that is. If it were, then there would be an end of discovery. There would be no new worlds to explore—no unvisited sections of the heavens to search after. But the universe, in fact, is infinite. Never will the possibilities of human research be satisfied, so long as man's curiosity for knowledge shall exist. The Ultima Thule of Nature is undiscoverable. Therefore, it is illogical and useless to seek for anything outside of the universe. The universe is everything. The All does not mean anything less than *all*. If God is all, then there can be nothing outside of God. If the universe is all, then there can be nothing outside of the universe. Two universals cannot coëxist, for the one must absorb the other. Therefore, God is the universe and the universe is God.

If this be decried as pantheism, the only answer is to ask if Nature reveals such pantheism. If she does, then pantheism is a fact in Nature. To decry it is to find fault with the only revelation that has ever been vouchsafed to man. But to realize God as coëxistent and coterminous with Nature is *not* pantheism. That term refers, in the popular mind, to a philosophy that limits God to the revealed and phenomenal universe: Every objective feature of Nature is an actual feature of Diety; Deity and visible Nature are one and the same. The thought that the New Religion seeks to promulgate, however, is not that God is discerned in the actual and visible universe, but in the ideal and invisible universe. The phenomenal world we experience in daily life is merely an effort to express the ideal that inheres within it. We know that nothing in Nature is perfect; still, we see in every imperfect creature the very ideal which she seeks to express.

> "Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

We know that Nature required eons of time to work out the grand spectacle we daily behold. We know that in each successive period of evolution the higher ideal, "toward which the whole creation moved," was merely hinted at, not yet achieved; and at the present time we realize there are still loftier ideals to be attained, which the heart of man cannot conceive. Everywhere there is the inworking, invisible Ideal, outworking through the visible and realized Actual. The indwelling and ever-working Ideal is, in my opinion, the best description of Nature's Deity. This conception deifies Nature and naturalizes Deity. It mantles her with a universal glamour of beauty and loveliness that permits the imagination, indeed, "to paint the lily" and adorn the rose.

In the light of this interpretation it is useless to look for any real distinction between "matter" and "force." Matter is a form of force, and force is an expression of matter. Force is the ever-present factor, and matter is the ever variable prod-

uct. But as matter is resolvable into force, force is resolvable into thought. Indeed, we are close to the physiological proof of this. Force is not the last thing that can be found in the universe, but the *thought* that animates and vitalizes it. Thought, everywhere revealing itself in Nature, bodies forth that Ideal which everything suggests, and seems to be the moving energy that evolves the universe. There is less insoluble mystery in this assertion than there is in the statement that matter and force are all that constitutes Nature.

Hence, when the Colonel says there can be no such thing as a "scientific religion," I must once more take issue. This is the realm wherein his eyes seem still to be partly closed. He insists that when religion becomes science it must cease to be religion; it is simply science and nothing more. I imagine the Colonel is forced to this conclusion because his mind is colored with the lurid glare of that ancient theology against which he has been so long battling. Like many other agnostics, he seems to conceive of no religion save one that is peopled with intellectual bugaboos and mythological scarecrows. Religion to him, apparently, means a personal God to pray to, a host of angels, and the threadbare "great white throne," where spirits thrum their golden harps.

What is science? And what is religion?

Science is merely knowledge; systematic science is classified knowledge. Religion is that system of thought which kindles the noblest emotions in the human breast and inspires to loftiest deeds of virtue. Why, then, cannot religion find its inspiration in science and science become profoundly religious? Must religion be always owl-eyed? Must she ever parade her mummeries in the presence of mysteries? Must she always be, like Cassandra, the prophetess of evil? Shall she never sound the horn of hope or wear the robe of cheer?

I fear Colonel Ingersoll can think of no religion save that which struts the earth in the grave-clothes of medievalism. Why should not Nature, which is the only infallible text-book

of science, awaken in the breast of humankind the noblest thoughts and inspire us to deeds divine? Why shall I not find as much and more true religion in the knowledge of Nature's workmanship, in the story of her stars and the poetry of her flowers, than in aught the splendor of cathedral pageantry affords? Why shall not one find in the slow progression of unfolding forms of life, from organless amebæ to the infinite variety of mammalian and man, the very soul of religious inspiration? The history of the human cell, embodying the mystery of life, is more thrilling than vesper songs or solemn litanies.

There is, indeed, a science of religion that is science and nothing more. But there is also a religion of science that is yet scarcely born, but that some day will usher in that age of love, enlightenment, and brotherhood for which humanity is waiting. That religion will teach that all Nature is one; that all truth is one; that heaven and earth are one; that humanity is one. It will teach that all religions have been right, for they have been earnest but oft-deceived efforts to find the "priceless pearl" of truth, buried beneath the débris of slaughtered men and crumbling civilizations. It will teach that heaven must be realized here, transposing the theater of imaginary angels to the stage of ordinary men. Men must be brothers; Right must be king; Truth must be God. In that new religion, Love shall be the Holy Ghost; Brotherhood the Son of God, and the eternal Right the everlasting Father. We shall then know that these are not metaphors, but sterling factors in the evolution of the race.

I have said that Truth shall be God. But what is Truth? Truth is fact—verity. It is not what I think or wish; it is what *is*. I possess the truth when what I think is identical with what is. I have only error when I persist in hugging what I think, after I know it is contradictory to what is. Now, even agnostics may misinterpret error for truth. They may insist upon retaining what they think even when Nature

proves that their thoughts are contrary to her facts. I fear Colonel Ingersoll errs here too. "With these conclusions in my mind—in my brain," he says, "I have no confidence in 'spiritual manifestations,' and do not believe that any message has ever been received from the dead. The testimony, . . . coming even from men of science, has not the slightest weight with me." Here the Colonel seems to grow impatient. He refuses to accept anybody's testimony, even that of men of science. This seems to me to go too far. It is the attitude that "scientists," a few centuries ago, assumed toward Harvey when he discovered a new and incredible law of Nature; it is the same spirit of incredulity that confronted Cyrus W. Field when he believed he could unite two continents with an electric cable; it is the same spirit that ridiculed Morse when he brought out his comical "ticking machine" that revolutionized the commerce of the world.

To say that no one's testimony has any weight with him, even that of men of learning and cultivated, scientific habits of thought, is certainly going as far as any dogmatist could wish. Why should not such testimony rather whet the Colonel's eagerness to learn whether a new law of Nature had been discovered; and if so, arouse him to decipher its full force and meaning? Why should he be so easily frightened? Does he really think that "spooks" lurk in every alley and fly on invisible broomsticks through the air? If he does not think so, then why does he not enter the battle against the growing multitude of people who seem to be daily convincing others through lies and fabrications? If Spiritualism is absolutely false, then it is doing a thousand-fold more wrong than ever did the Christian Church. If it is founded on fabrication and falsehood, it is rearing a superstructure of religious fanaticism and superstition more monstrous and indecent than the vilest impositions of the medieval Church. Here, then, would seem to be a fertile field, most inviting to a sane reformer. Why does not Colonel Ingersoll attack Spiritualism as vigorously as he does orthodox Christianity? Evidently the Colonel

has a "shivering feeling" that there is something in it. He admits that he has "seen things done that he could not explain, both by mediums and magicians." But the wonder-work of the magician need not arouse his iconoclastic zeal, for he acknowledges that his work is but sleight-of-hand. Not so with the medium. He asserts with vigor that he calls up the very spirit of the dead, and causes him both to speak and to appear. Would not the Colonel prove the sincerity of his search after all truth if, like Wallace, Crookes, Zoëllner, and other eminent scientists, he should engage in an earnest study of this phase of alleged phenomena, and, instead of mere indifference or antagonism, help to solve one of the most perplexing problems of the age?

He displays the same unfortunate and unscientific attitude toward the work of the modern metaphysicians and "thought" healers. He says: "I have not the slightest confidence in what is called 'mind cure.' I do not believe that thought, nor any set of ideas, can cure a cancer, or prevent the hair from falling out, or remove a tumor, or even freckles. . . . If the stomach is sour, soda is better than thinking." This appears to be as dogmatic an *ipse dixit,* concerning one of the most serious problems that confront the modern mind, as even a theologian durst declare. Of course, Colonel Ingersoll has the same right to entertain his personal belief and opinion with regard to any question that may arise as has any other citizen of this country. But as a public teacher, as the foremost reformer of all that is wrong theologically and religiously, he seems surprisingly willing, in the presence of one of the most wonderful discoveries, to pass it by as if fit for the attention only of old women and little children.

How unwise it is to dogmatize with regard to such claims, whether of science or religion! Here is a clear field for demonstration—for the discovery of fact. No one's opinion need be accepted; each person may learn for himself the truth or the error of the claim. If the power to heal through ***mind*** can be proved to be true, then no one can deny that one of the

most beneficent discoveries of all time has been made in our very day. If it proves to be false, then it will but show that men sometimes chase will-o'-the-wisps in their eagerness to find every quality of truth. But to pass so important a subject, with the mere turn of a metaphor and a happy epigram, exposes a degree of indifference to a possible scientific truth that is wholly inexcusable in a serious student.

The attitude of the New Religion and the New Thought is precisely opposite to this. It fearlessly faces every possibility of knowledge, from whatever source it may come; it has no ghosts to down—no foes disguised to dread. It asks only for light—for truth. It believes that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" in *our* science and philosophy. It believes that many new forces, of which the world has now but slight foresight, will be discovered, and that what appears to the purblind to be miraculous will then be but commonplace. It bases this belief on the experience of the human race and the history of scientific discovery. It believes that he who fears is foolish; for nothing can be revealed that is not in Nature. There can be nothing in Nature that, intelligently utilized, will not redound to the good of humankind. It remembers that every new force was at first perceived with blinking eyes and dubious attitude. It beholds to-day the "resurrection in glory" of truths that have long lain in their sepulchers—truths that were buried by the ignorance and fear of past ages, now rehabilitated and exalted. It remembers that the world laughed at a Mesmer and a Puysegur, only to adore a Charcot and a Bernheim! In one age it crucified and buried truth in the guise of "mesmerism," only to resurrect and glorify it in another age as "hypnotism" and "suggestion."

To this New Thought and New Religion I would that Colonel Ingersoll and his followers might turn their earnest attention, that they might become not only destroyers, but rebuilders, and upon the old ruins of a crumbling and forgotten theology erect the noble temple of the everlasting Truth.

MAGIC AND SORCERY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

Some years ago there appeared a curious story of a man that exhibited him under two distinct phases of character. As Dr. Jekyll he was noble, worthy, and excellent; but as Mr. Hyde he displayed qualities entirely opposite. The representations were ingenious, and to the superficial view even fantastic. Careful reflection, however, would be certain to divest them of every semblance of vagary. They were pictures of what every one may behold on self-examination. We will find ourselves sometimes almost celestial in thought and aspiration, but at other times very earthly in impulse and action.

This twofold quality seems to pertain to every human undertaking. It appears in social movements, in politics, and in reformatory enterprises. Religions are spiritual and elevating, yet in another aspect they seem to pander to selfishness and lust of dominion. We are able to describe every creed as sublime in conception, and again as tinctured with besotting superstition. Such is the case with everything human. Accordingly, as all things are attracted to things of like nature, we are prone to perceive and contemplate the qualities and manifestations that are most like preconceived notions and similar characteristics in our own minds. We see that which we have eyes to see, whether it be vulgar or divine.

In nothing, perhaps, is this more conclusive than in the accounts given by different persons of religious customs. We have heard India and China described as having noble religious faiths, and as abounding with degrading sensualism and mental bondage. Doubtless if intelligent persons from either

country should tell what they have observed of our own people, the account would be no more flattering.

Analogous to this is what we read and observe in regard to magic. The history of magic is coeval with the history of mankind. We find in every ancient people the traces of beliefs, rites, and practises significant of a superior learning and of mysterious relations of the natural to the supernatural. In archaic periods these were included in one category, and were esteemed as surpassing other endowments and acquisitions. This received the designation of *magic,* or excellence, as being the profounder wisdom.

Plato remarks that the Persian royal princes were instructed in magic, and explains that by this is meant the worship and service of Divinity. Apuleius is more explicit, and defines it as "an art that teaches us most correctly how to worship, that is consistent with piety and skill in divine knowledge, and that has been held in honor from the times of Zoroaster as being the handmaid of the inhabitants of heaven." Hence we observe that the rites and invocations employed in the temples of Assyria were styled Chaldean magic.

Other learning, which we would consider as secular and profane, was also included. It was then called *sacred,* as being cultivated only by men of the sacerdotal rank. Cornelius Agrippa has set this forth in plain terms. Magic he declares to be "the most perfect and chief Science; that sacred and sublimer kind of Philosophy; and lastly the most absolute perfection of all most excellent Philosophy." It embraces the most-high mysteries, and also the knowledge of entire Nature. It also instructs us in matters now classed as purely scientific, "concerning the differing and agreement of things among themselves, whereby it produces its wonderful effects, by uniting the virtues of things by means of the applying of them one to the other, and to their inferior suitable subjects, joining and combining them together thoroughly by the powers and virtues of the superior Bodies." Thus it includes physical

science, mathematics (including astronomy), and religious dogma. Except a person should be skilful and accomplished in all these, it was not possible for him to understand the principles of which magic consists. We may perceive accordingly why the members of the sacerdotal colleges were anciently styled *mages,* or magicians, and why the profounder scholars and philosophers in Europe during the Middle Ages were reputed as proficients in magic lore.

The sacred learning, however, had fallen under a cloud in Western Christendom. It was regarded as having a vital connection with the supplanted Egyptian and Mithraic worships, and in this way "magic" was made a term of opprobrium. Not only Gnostics, Platonists, and Kabbalists were proscribed, but all religious heretics, physicians that were not priests, and scholars, especially those from Moorish universities, were liable to the ban of the Church, and in later centuries to the atrocious cruelties of the Inquisition. Many thousands were burned alive under the imputation of witchcraft, including in the number some of the wisest and most liberal of their time.

Meanwhile, there has likewise existed side by side with it a counterpart, a magic of the left hand—a *goëteia,* or goëtic magic—having its inspiration from other sources and pandering to unworthier ends. During the Middle Ages the alarm that existed in regard to its prevalence afforded a pretext for persecution and judicial murder, the turpitude of which can be extenuated only upon the plea of a general madness. A result has been that the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. There is now a disposition to dispute the existence of any magic art, and to impute its manifestations to conjuration and sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, the facts are not got rid of so summarily. They are attested by actual observation of witnesses in every period of history. The phenomena of hypnotism and other psychic displays have afforded abundant illustrations, and scientific experiment has added evidence.

We may with good cause assent with Shakespeare to the explanation that "we are such stuff as dreams are made on," and that there are more facts in heaven and earth than are contemplated by a sensuous philosophy.

We need not be told that our acts are directed and impelled by our own minds and wills. We have also learned that individuals are able psychically to transmit their thought and purpose, to impress their beliefs upon others, and incite to actions that were not intended before. The story of "Saul among the prophets" is an excellent illustration. Persons moved by strong passion—like hope, enthusiasm, terror, or jealousy—often impel others to emotions and conduct that they would never have thought of but for such influence. That this mode of operation needs only to be wrought into a system to constitute enchantment seems very plain. The occult, malign effect of anger and hatred upon their objects has often been acknowledged; and there is also sound sense in the saying that "curses come home to roost."

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the Shamans of Siberia, the "medicine-men" of the North American tribes, and the mantrikas of India. The African wizards are likely to achieve greater notoriety. The Obeah seems to be most largely concerned with matters of life and health. Its adepts make great use of drugs analogous to the "witch-herbs" employed by their fellow-witches of medieval Europe*; they also see visions and make predictions. The woman at En-Dor, whom King Saul visited, appears to have been of this class. The Voudou (or Wanga) school is not radically different, but more diabolic in many of its operations. It exists among the colored population in America and the West Indies. Many wonderful things are related of the occult powers of these sorcerers.

Paracelsus distinguished carefully between the two departments. Magic, or wisdom, is the highest power of the

*The poppy, hemp, nightshade, monk's-hood, and henbane, now much employed in medicine, were used to produce cataleptic conditions.

human spirit to employ invisible powers and all lower influences for the purpose of good. Will, love, and imagination are magic forces, and he that knows how to develop them and use them effectually is a *magus,* or truly wise man. The employing of spiritual powers for evil and selfish purposes is sorcery and necromancy. Thus sorcery deals with the powers of the lower psychic nature, and magic with the supreme power of the spirit. "The exercise of true magic does not require any ceremonies or conjurations, or the making of circles or signs; it requires neither benedictions nor maledictions in words, neither verbal blessings nor curses; it only requires a strong faith in the omnipotent power of all good, which can accomplish everything if it acts through a human mind that is *en rapport* with it, and without which nothing useful can be accomplished."

SOME whom we have loved have departed with characters formed, wills yielded, appetites conquered. I believe they are greatly capable of influencing us. They loved us dearly on earth; prayed for us daily; would have made any sacrifices for us. Now they are in higher conditions; in fuller, freer, completer life. Natural affinity of spirit, the constraint of tender affection, the urgent necessity that must rest upon every child of God for remedial activity, will surely lead them to endeavor, at least, to impress our spirits by some impact of mind upon mind, to set free for us good influences by prayer. That we are not actively conscious of their influence is no proof that they are not working for our benefit. We were often unconscious or unregardful of their love when they were with us.—*Canon Wilberforce.*

THOSE anatomists, physiologists, and other scientists that claim to know all about the constitution of man, because they have studied the organization of his body, and who deny the existence of a soul and spirit, know only a part—and in fact the most unimportant part—of the essential constitution of man.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

A private correspondent, for whose opinion I entertain the greatest respect, in criticizing my article, "Natural and Spiritual," in MIND for June, 1898, remarks that it does not do justice to the sex question "in defining it as wholly on the lower plane." He says:

> "I look upon the differentiation of sex as the first *great* step toward altruism, in the line of biological evolution. It compels *coöperation* in the perpetuation of life; and in its higher manifestations is the great motive cause of those family relations out of which all morality grows. Purified and rightly controlled, directed to wise and normal ends, I regard marriage as in every way a higher spiritual state than celibacy."

According to this view, the differentiation of sex is the first stage in the formation of the social group, which is essential to the development not only of the altruistic sentiment, but also, as is now coming to be recognized by psychologists, of the intellectual nature, and therefore of the rational faculty, which is so important a factor in human culture So far I quite agree with my correspondent, and he cannot take a higher view of the value of marriage than myself. The union between two complementary opposites, in which true marriage consists, is universal throughout Nature, and indeed forms the very basis of the progressive development of Nature to which the term *Evolution* is applied. In the higher animal world, as in the human, the union is an expression of certain emotions or passions that thus find satisfaction. Whether it is so or not in the plant or vegetable world is not yet known, but at least even here marriage is the satisfaction of a want of some kind, and there are reasons for believing that plants have some degree of sensation. They have at all events the irritability

on which sensation depends. As to the physical world, its very existence as a series of molecular manifestations is due to the union between chemical elements of different kinds, which union is the exhibition of the selective action attendant on chemical affinity. Some elements, such as oxygen, will combine with nearly all the other elements, while some, as for instance nitrogen and the new element argon, show great reluctance to combine at all with others. Yet even the latter have a certain degree of affinity for certain other elements. These facts show the operation of a selective principle, such as is exhibited in so high a degree among animals and which constitutes the active principle in human marriage. Thus among the chemical elements there is a kind of marriage, which may be said to occur when atoms of different kinds attract each other. This is preceded by the attraction of similar atoms among themselves, which is essential to the formation of elements and therefore of the crystal, which is the first formative result of the action of the evolutionary principle.

It is perhaps too early, however, to deny marriage even to atoms, as facts have recently been brought to light that seem to show that crystals undergo changes that denote a kind of growth; and if so, there must be the action of internal force, which probably depends on the coäctivity of complementary factors, such as are united in marriage. Polarity is a fundamental fact of Nature, and it consists in the possession by a body of two opposite poles, one negative and the other positive, of which the latter attracts and the former repels certain other bodies. As atoms undoubtedly possess these principles, they must be said to have a quasi marriage action. But, as atoms do not exercise attractive action in the sense intended above, true marriage cannot be affirmed of them. They exhibit the activity of the principle operative in the law of segmentation with union of like to like, which does not require selection, rather than that of complementary opposites. Polarity depends on an underlying unity that expresses itself

in opposite directions, the terms negative and positive, active and passive, external and internal, being applied to its varying activity. As polarity belongs to all organic bodies it is really the foundation of sex. This is especially observable of organisms that possess the characteristics of both sexes, and which precede in development the appearance of true sex in different though complementary organisms.

Moreover, as such bodies have polarity, they must actually possess the elements of the opposite sex to that which characterizes them. This fact is evidence of the underlying unity of Nature, which everywhere partakes of polarity, even though the organic bodies possessing it seek the satisfaction of their wants by external activity. The differencing of sex is merely a phase of the differentiation exhibited throughout every stage of Nature's progress, and it may be regarded as more fitted for aiding in the evolution of Nature than any other phase of differentiation. That it is essential to such evolution is also a fact, as it is required to give rise to the family, with its internal and external life, and to society itself.

But let us consider the nature of marriage under its higher aspects, and see what place the underlying unity of Nature occupies in relation to it. That the primary *raison d'être* of marriage is the perpetuation of the race cannot be denied. In perpetuating the race, however, it creates society through the family group. But the family itself is composed of individuals, and it is these that marriage has in view, and not society, which, although a necessary result or ultimate product of marriage, is not actually purposed at its formation. In most cases nothing is proposed in marriage but the gratification of the desires of the individual parties to it. This would not require "marriage" in the ordinary sense of the term; but society for its protection imposes certain conditions, and matrimony is the operation of these conditions, among which the most important are the indissolubility of the marriage relation and the limitation to one marital partner. It may be that among

the higher races of men these social conditions have become regarded as natural; and with them the true aim of marriage, as the means provided by Nature for the perpetuation of the race, with its gradual physical and mental improvement, has come to be fully recognized. Down to a comparatively recent period in the world's history the wife was almost universally considered the property of the husband, although usually under certain social restrictions, and actual purchase was required to vest in him the right to her offspring. Among the peoples of India and China marriage has especial relation to offspring, which is desired for the perpetuation of the ancestral rites, as it was among the early Aryan ancestors of the European race, and the family was not regarded as complete until the birth of a male child.

In the course of the family life there must necessarily be developed, under the conditions presented by the pastoral state of the early Aryans, the feelings of affection and the sentiments from which has arisen the morality of later ages—under the influence, however, of the reason that was undergoing development at the same time. True morality consists in the recognition of the rights of others, and the first persons to benefit by such recognition would naturally be the members of the family group, whether this be treated as the actual family group known to modern society, or the gentile group, consisting of persons descended from a common male or female ancestor. Under the conditions of married life presented among the most civilized Christian peoples, the growth of family affection is its most pronounced feature. It is when this affection is wanting that marriage is declared to be a "failure"; and marriage fails usually either because love between husband and wife has never really existed, or because its development has been arrested through mutual incompatibility, or through the assertion of the spirit of self. The union of souls which is the fruit of a marriage between two persons imbued with the spirit of mutual charity and forbearance

is a beautiful sight, and it is reflected in the offspring born under such happy conditions. Such a union is an actual *marriage,* of a type superior to the physical marriage that is its antecedent, although too often the latter never reaches that fruition.

There is, however, a still higher development of marriage, which constitutes its spiritual aspect. Here the physical phase of marriage is completely lost sight of, or at all events subordinated to such an extent as practically to be so. The minds of husband and wife have so permeated each other as to have become but one, and heart beats to heart in perfect accord, giving a life of complete harmony. Such a union as this is based in marriage of soul and is born of mutual sympathy, but it is of a higher order because it is the perfect union of the highest factors of human nature. Marriage of souls has been transmuted into marriage of spirits, and love itself has grown into real friendship—that in which the minds of the persons interested are moved to their depths and so knit together that they have a common thought—and not the spurious friendship of modern society, which is as the ruffled surface of a shallow sea. The spiritual friendship that knows neither sex nor age, and of which as fine examples have been displayed among so-called savages as that of the classical case of Damon and Pythias, is the true glory of married life. It is of late appearance, because it requires the display of the most perfect trust and confidence, based not on mere affection but on reason and reflection.

It may be objected that this is "friendship," not love; and such must be admitted if the latter is no more than the passion to which the term "love" is ordinarily applied, and which is especially associated with the animal nature. But the former displays all the highest attributes of this love, and much besides, as it is the fruit of the union of spirit and spirit—the refined emergent of the most perfect physical and psychical activity. In its nature it resembles more nearly what we should imagine the "loves of the plants" to be, rather than the passionate

yearning for physical and psychical union, which is characteristic of the higher animals but finds its highest development in man. Love-friendship between husband and wife is developed usually at an age when the passions are on the wane and the physical nature is well-nigh subordinated to the rational. Being a spiritual product, or rather the product of the union of spirits, it possesses little of the physical element that plays so large a part among the factors in ordinary marriage. Hence it may be doubted whether this phase of love requires actual marriage for its development. It has much in common with the "platonic" affection about which so much has been written —love that is intellectual rather than emotional; that is, based on intellectual sympathy, although it necessarily affects the emotions, which are, however, regulated and governed by reason in their activity.

There is nothing in the nature of things against two persons thus spiritually minded entering into the "holy state of matrimony," as the service of the Episcopal Church expresses it, if they desire to do so for any special reason; and undoubtedly if such a union were blessed with offspring it might be highly beneficial to the race. Possibly it might also be attended with psychical experiences personally beneficial to the parties to it; but celibacy, with the spiritual union referred to, would be far preferable to marriage under the conditions of *ordinary* life, if it could be fully carried out. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that marriage "purified and rightly controlled, directed to wise and normal ends," is a higher state than ordinary celibacy. That is best which is best suited to the individual nature, and for many persons celibacy has its advantages; and these should be allowed to dominate the volition. The race has no particular claim on the *individual.* Its claims are general, and they will always be satisfied by the masses of mankind, who are governed in their conduct by the organic individuality and have no idea of the development of a refined personality—such as that which marks the condition of those who form a true spiritual union.

THE MISSION OF JESUS.

BY CHARLES BRODIF PATTERSON.

Worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice.
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of penitence,
But love's unforced obedience;
. . . . . .
Christ dwells not afar,
. . . . . .
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind;
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day.

—*Whittier.*

On a sabbath day, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in the city of Nazareth, a man, coarsely attired even for those days, was seen to enter the synagogue. Having inquired of an attendant, a book was handed to him, which he opened and read from the prophet Esaias: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Having read this, he closed the book and returned it to the minister. Then addressing the people, he said, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Now, although many centuries have elapsed since that event, every civilized person living to-day knows who that man was. It is not the man Jesus, but his mission, that we are interested in—a mission that has been wofully misunder-

stood in the past. Who is better able to tell what that mission was than Jesus, who was "anointed of God" and filled with the very Spirit of Truth? Surely he, if any one, should be able to tell; and in the passage quoted he *does* tell in a few words, and in no uncertain way. His whole work is here made clear. He does not say that he came to found a new religion, or to promulgate a new creed or a new doctrine. No doubt he thought that the people of that time had enough of that sort of thing, as we have now.

Part of the mission of Jesus was to preach the gospel to the poor. Strictly speaking, this may not mean those poor in worldly goods, but all those who feel their own unworthiness and who have a desire to attain to higher things. We might say those that are poor in spirit—hungry and thirsty for spiritual nourishment: to such Jesus was going to preach the gospel of Light and Truth. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Truly, his mission was a blessed one—one that looms far above any whose aim is merely to give a new religion or an ethical code to the world. *"To heal the broken-hearted."* How deep these words sink into the soul! Is it any wonder we cherish his utterances and his deeds when we see what loving compassion he entertained for all the wretched and sorrowing? The broken-hearted have found and will ever find comfort in his words and example.

But this does not mean that they must worship at the throne of personality. Jesus was so permeated by the Spirit of Love that it completely overshadowed the mere personality; and that is why he spoke as never man spake. "I speak not of myself," he says; "but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." It is not the spiritual part of our being that tells us we are other than sons of God: it is the blind worship of personality and form. It is just as necessary and expedient for us to discard the personal way of viewing the Christ as it was for the disciples of Jesus. The theological misconceptions concerning the life and mission of the "lowly Nazarene" arise

from the stress laid upon the personal man and the lack of knowledge concerning the spirit that animated and controlled him. There is no ground whatever for believing that the personality of Jesus differed from that of other men. He himself made far less of that personality than we do of ours; for, as we see, he gives all honor and glory to the Spirit of God. In this worship of personality we belittle the God we seek to worship and make ineffective the teachings of Jesus. We never find him declaring that God is a personality; but we hear him proclaiming that God is Spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit.

Besides healing the broken-hearted, Jesus was to set "the captives" free. Who were those that he was to be instrumental in freeing? Coming down to our own age, we find the same kind of captives that existed in his day. Riches, worldly honors, ambition to excel, desire to obtain the plaudits of men —these carry many captives. Jesus would release the men that sought after riches by pointing to the kingdom within. This would bring more abundant riches, which could not take wings and fly away but which would last eternally. He would show those seeking after worldly honors that they were but chasing a fleeting shadow that could in no way bring them permanent gain—that honors conferred on them from "on high" were the only lasting and true ones; and that the one seeking the plaudits of men would find after all that it was but vanity, and that the approval of God was far more to be desired. Thus we find, by both word and example, he set the captives free.

The restoring of sight to the blind was also a part of the mission of Jesus. The people sat in darkness—in the region and shadow of death. But he brought a light that dispelled the clouds: the eyes that had so long been blinded from looking into the shadows and darkness were yet to see. Spiritual sight was never given to man to peer into the shadows and darkness, but that he might look up to the very heights whence cometh

salvation. Looking heavenward, men lose sight of the unreal—death is not even a shadow. They see and know nothing save the great realities—Life, Love, and Truth—which are in all and *are* all. Men have ever seemed more prone to dwell in the darkness than in the light. Shadow has seemed to contain more than substance, and thus they become blinded; for, while in this state, they have no need of sight. So Jesus came to show that, even though they were blind, their eyes might yet be opened—the sight that had been dimmed might yet see clearly.

And he "set at liberty" the "bruised." Who were they? The people going to the temples and the synagogues asking for bread, while the priests and Levites were giving them stones—feeding them on that which could never satisfy the hungry soul. The soul can never be content with the things of this world. Creed, form, and ostentation may satisfy the outer man, but never the inner. These things but bruise and torment; and the man or woman that is in any way bound to them will be bruised—is *captive* in the fullest sense of the word. The captivity and the bruising will continue until the Spirit of Truth sets the weary ones free. The Truth alone can make us free; therefore, until people see spiritually they will be bruised.

Everything transpiring in the world about us is but a type of things occurring in the invisible world of thoughts and ideas. The outer form, or symbol, is nothing more than the manifestation of these thoughts and ideas. Everything expressed in the visible world has its ideal, or counterpart, in the invisible. If we can see no further than the *form* of things, how is it possible for us to arrive at the true solution of any of the great problems that confront us? If we view the birth, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus from an external or literal point of view, in what way is it going to profit us? Let no false views cloud the mind. It is not what we believe concerning what we see disclosed in the letter that saves us.

By submitting our finite wills to the divine Will—by understanding our relation to the Source of all Life—life and immortality are disclosed to our view. Let us not deceive ourselves with the vain belief that through what we term *intellect* we are able to fathom and understand the spiritual truths of our being. The Spirit of God must first quicken the understanding before these things can be made plain. The interpretation of spiritual things must come through spiritual channels before we can truly and clearly see.

Still another thing Jesus was to do: "to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." That is, to show the people that God was not to be sought after at certain times or seasons, but that *now* is the day of salvation; that they need not wait seven years before the year of rest should come.

To preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the brokenhearted; to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord: this, then, is the sum and substance of the mission of Jesus. Some would add a great many things that Jesus never taught. They would have us fall down and worship the man; they would have us believe that it is through the shedding of his material blood that we are saved. Now, let us understand this word *shedding* aright. The shedding of his blood was the casting off of the old nature—of something no longer useful. This is the true meaning. It is the new life that is disclosed. It is this passage from death unto life that should bring joy and peace into our lives; because we know that, if one soul has died to a knowledge of earthly things and lived to a knowledge of heavenly things, then that which has come to pass in the development of that soul, according to the eternal and unchanging law of God, must come to pass in the development of all souls.

This is the great and glorious hope that should thrill the breast of all mankind: that through *man* came the resurrection from the dead. Man died when his personal will asserted its

supremacy—when he was guided by his lower instincts and animal propensities; and man arose from the dead when he cast off these things and acknowledged the Will of God as being the supreme and only will that he should recognize or obey. So it is written that the first Adam was made a living soul, but the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Thus we see how vain is the belief that the shedding of the material blood of Jesus can advance us spiritually. Vain indeed are the commandments of men concerning this. The Christ *within* alone can save—can set us free. Jesus of Nazareth points out the way—he preaches the gospel of deliverance; but *within* is the Deliverer that can enlighten every man that cometh into the world. The heir of God, the joint heir with Christ, the son of God, is to be found within our own souls. The *I Am*—the God in the soul of man—is the resurrection and the life eternal.

There are other men that would take away from this mission of Jesus. They try to show that he was a fanatic, a disturber of the peace; that his teachings are contrary to common sense—as these men view common sense. With this class it is hard to have patience.

We all know that God has a mission for every soul to perform. My brother or my sister, have *you* truly found out what that mission is? Are you living for self, or are you advancing heavenward by living and doing for others? Is your mission to heal the sick; to preach deliverance to the captives; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord? Whatever it is, *throw your whole soul into it.* Do not go about it in a half-hearted way; make every thought, word, and deed *count.* What the world needs to-day is practical Christianity, not theoretical. The world is weary of the theoretical that is never put into action. Theories may be grand and true; but of what avail are they when not put to practical use? Would the teachings of Jesus have made a lasting impression on the world if he had failed in any way to live as he taught?

We find people to-day that talk with reverence of the

Sermon on the Mount and the good it has accomplished. Yet they are very far from adapting or applying the great principles contained therein. In reality the Sermon might as well never have been spoken, so far as they are concerned; for they do not receive any real or lasting good from it. Of what use are all the philosophies and religions of the world if not put into practical use? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." We may deceive *men* with our outward professions of religion; we may observe every rite and form; we may talk like angels of light: but God knows the thoughts and intents of the heart. He judges our every thought; to him we all render our account; and we shall find that mere pretension is a coin not current in God's realm. How can we expect to reap where we have not sown?

It is unmistakably true that we, each and all, have a mission; and no matter whether it be high or low, in the eyes of the world, we know that with God there is neither high nor low. God requires only that each shall carry on his mission in this world according to his degree of spiritual unfoldment; and having done this faithfully, the "still, small voice," speaking from within, says: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

THE outer man may act what the inner man thinks, but thinking is acting in the sphere of thought; and the products of thought are transcendentally substantial, even if they are not thrown into objectivity on the material plane. The inner man is and does what he desires and thinks.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

NINETY-NINE out of every hundred facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark, staring nonsense.—*Prof. Gregory, of Edinburgh Medical College.*

I AM a fellow-citizen of every man that thinks. Truth is my country.—*Lamartine.*

HYGIENE OF RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Of all forms of mental activity there are none that wield so mighty a determining influence upon the actions nor so strong a molding power upon the whole life, both mental and physical, as the emotions. And of all emotions there are none more powerful, more subtle, or less understood than those connected with religious experience.

When we observe the disastrous effects of some forms of "revivalism" even among intelligent people, and yet more when we see the absurd and useless demonstrations into which emotional religion carries some of our colored brethren, and occasionally an individual of the more phlegmatic Northern blood, we are in danger of hastily concluding that emotion ought to play no part in religion—that it is dangerous and quite unnecessary. This, however, is an error as serious as its opposite. Religious experience in one sense *is* an emotion, or a class of emotions. Whether we regard them as the origin or merely as the concomitant of the religious life, they are absolutely inseparable from it, and are at once the proof of its existence and the reward of the one so living. "The fruits of the Spirit are love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." A religious life without these emotions is not a truly religious life, but a mere moral imitation of it.

There are many who argue that such a life is better than one into which religious emotion enters to any extent. I maintain that it is not, but that, on the contrary, it is dwarfing, distorting, and paralyzing to the best activities of mind and body. Love, peace, and joy, when experienced in the religious sense, are of a quality superior to the corresponding

emotions on any lower plane of feeling. Love that has no religious quality whatever cannot be truly pure or unselfish; peace without a thought of the divine Power that sustains us and the whole universe is nothing but indifference, or lethargy; and joy without a desire to sing praises is merely animal spirits. Such feelings cannot sustain us when trouble comes. Neither can a cold, severe morality, like the ancient Roman Stoicism, develop a character at once lovable and strong.

There are emotional dangers to be met in every high and beautiful experience. In musicians the emotional nature is always evident—frequently at the expense of poise and self-control. While there are many notable exceptions, yet musicians as a class are proverbially jealous, excitable, and impetuous. In composing, they are frequently so lifted out of themselves that the power of the feeling expressed assumes a sway over the nervous organism that is very prejudicial to health and mental balance. Sidney Lanier, in his youth, was so possessed by his love for music that his father feared its effect upon his health and induced him to give up his desire to make it his profession. He was sometimes found unconscious on the floor of his room, overcome by the fatal fascination of his violin. He, however, continued to play on various instruments, and was known before his death as one of the greatest of modern flute-players.

In proportion as any power we possess is great, it is also dangerous when misused. In proportion as a faculty is high, it is also subtle, difficult to analyze, and easily perverted. Yet it is only the coward who for this reason would flee from the world or decline to cultivate the best that is in him. We can never escape from our own higher Self, for the voice of the soul *will* be heard; and the more it is stifled the more agonized will be its pleadings for recognition, whether in conscious longing or in nervous or physical suffering. The soul must have its rights if we are to be either happy or successful in any true sense. And it is a mistake to think that that means

yielding to something dangerous; for reason is also of the soul, and together with the will should be enthroned supreme in the consciousness. The emotions may be brought absolutely under the control of the will, at least so far as the veto power —the power of inhibition—is concerned.

The pleasurable emotions are all good in their place—eminently useful as well as enjoyable; yet they should not be habitually sought for the mere pleasure that is in them, nor allowed to dominate the soul as if they were an end in themselves. This is the mistake made by religious devotees and ecstatics, as well as by the mere hedonist and the frivolous-minded of every class. In the religious life the danger comes not from intentional selfishness, but from misapprehension. The one desire of the devotee is to know God's will and give himself up entirely to it. An answer seems to come in the rapture that follows prayer and the consciousness of power and quickened life on all the planes of being. The animal nature as well as the spiritual receives new vigor, and here the novice finds his first peril. The rules of all religions meet this danger by enjoining fasts and self-denial, long vigils and profound meditation—that the body may be kept in subjection. These increase the liability to ecstasy or trance, and when such states are regarded as God-possessed conditions rather than as pathological manifestations the last hold upon common sense is gone, and the lengths to which the devotee may go in his abnormal development will be measured only by the intensity of his desire for God. He has created for himself an emotional ideal, and then, not realizing that it is his own creation and good only so long as he can use it for his own or others' benefit, he attributes to it the character of a god—or of God, the one All-Power. God is in reality far greater than can be revealed in a passing state of emotion, or even of trance. Those who think they are giving themselves up to him in yielding to such conditions are simply subjecting the God in themselves to that which is merely a product of their

own creative power. Sometimes they become fairly obsessed by this mental creation, yielding up first the power of motion, then consciousness, and sometimes even life itself in an insane ecstasy.

The soul that can experience the intenser religious emotions is entitled to the knowledge that God dwells in the reason as well as in the imagination; indeed, it needs this knowledge to make it conscious of its right to control that which seems at first to be a divine power outside of it, demanding to be allowed supremacy. If one can grasp the truth that all psychic and spiritual powers are given to man to control, not to be controlled by—to be used for practical ends, not to be enjoyed as an end in themselves; if, also, the body be recognized as an expression of the soul, whose condition is reflected in and upon it, and whose health can never mean the body's ill health—then one has realized one's own divine rights and one's position as a son of God and not a mere toy whose highest purpose is to be perfectly helpless in the power of unseen forces. The divine Life within is like a mighty river with whose current we should wish to move onward in entire obedience. But there is only a narrow channel in this river where it is safe to sail—the channel of perfect unselfishness and absolute harmony on all the planes of being. It is necessary to watch and steer our barks with the utmost care and judgment, lest they be caught in the water-weeds among the shallows or broken in pieces upon some hidden rock.

Reason is the only guide we have in this matter. Reason should stand guard continually, and should be faithfully educated that she may be worthy of the task committed to her. The will should be cultivated, and this is best done by cultivating an absolute faith in its power and in the possibility of divine guidance through the messages of the intuition, interpreted by the educated reason. Under the supervision of these two guardian angels, the emotions may safely be cultivated, and all the immense power that is in them may be used for the upbuilding of both soul and body.

The Rosicrucian theory of the spiritual life is exceedingly suggestive, embodying as it does a deep and vital truth:

"This trinity of Intelligence, Will, and Love is a manifestation of the Divine Trinity in Unity, making of man a microcosmic God.

"The soul is a glowing spark in an Infinite Flame.

"The vibrations of these triune forces develop heat, which is generally diffused throughout the body as a gentle warmth. This heat may be powerfully increased and drawn to a center in the breast, where it burns with a pure and conscious flame. This is the baptism with fire and the Holy Ghost, and is typified by the fire kept burning on the altars of the ancient temples."

Probably all who have entered deeply into religious experience have felt a touch, at least, of this warmth about the heart, and have realized that with it came a desire to give help or strength to some one else. It also brings feelings of kindliness toward all living things and a consciousness of quickened life in both soul and body. It is so distinctly not of the intellect that it seems like a life within us not our own; hence the name of "indwelling Spirit." Thus far the emotion is healthful and beneficial in every way. Indeed, it may become very intense while the will still controls and directs it with a conscious purpose. In some the intensity of life and love becomes so great that a sort of magnetic energy seems to shoot down the arms and clench the hands, which incline to open only in a gesture of bestowal, as if giving to others the superabundant life with which the organism is charged.

Here a second danger confronts the soul. When one has overcome the temptation to let these feelings dominate the mind, or to seek them for the pleasurable sensations that they bring, one is met by the temptation to control others by the magnetic power of the will. The animal nature may seize and make use of this new power, unless the will inhibits this activity with great determination. Intense sensations must have an outlet somewhere; therefore, it is necessary to realize that, in moments of the truest understanding, sensation is stilled and not stimulated. One should hear the voice that says: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where-

on thou standest is holy ground." Standing in the great calm of the divine Presence, all the intense activity of the quickened life-forces falls into harmonious motion. Realizing the power of the thought-vibrations emanating from a mind thus vitalized, one may be content simply to be strong one's self, letting the stimulating influence of one's own deep realization reach other minds; for this will promote a much stronger and more normal growth in them than to try to convert them to one's own way of thinking or make them do according to one's own ideal of right. "To thine own self be true" is the most important motto for the soul that has begun to develop spiritual powers, and should be bound between the eyes and graven upon the tablets of the heart.

HE who lives near to Nature's heart lives the longest, learns the most, and dies the happiest. Nature is the divine guide; he who passively follows her will pursue paths of righteousness and peace. To be wise is to be natural; he who perverts Nature injures himself. The supreme power that sustains the harmony of the Cosmos will also sustain us in harmony and happiness if we yield to its pervading presence. Nature is truthful; she never wanders from her course; she attains her ideal. Truth is her inspiration and her abiding principle. We are the children of Nature. If we obey the Truth, we too shall be perfected and beautified. In Truth there can be no error. In Truth there can be no darkness—for darkness is confusion; but where Truth prevails order exists. Hence, in Truth there can be no failure, no sin, no death. They are but shadows devoid of substance. In Nature they have no existence. The light is supreme; somewhere the sun is ever shining. Likewise, Truth never sets, though like the sun she may cast countless shadows. If we live in the Truth we shall live in the light. Light is eternal; darkness is momentary. Night is but the shadow cast by the day; the night passes, but the day is everlasting. Let us rest in the bosom of Nature; come close to her heart; feel our kinship and learn from her the lessons of life.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

HAPPINESS AS A DUTY.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

It is quite a novelty to have happiness presented to us in the guise of a duty. We know well enough what our ordinary duties are. Truthfulness, honesty, purity, patience—we know the stern list by heart. But happiness is not included in the category. We are quite sure that the right to be miserable is inalienable, and happiness is merely a desirable state of mind—it is neither a virtue nor a duty. Indeed, the pessimism of the age would teach us to look on happiness as a species of imbecility—a certain sign of mental inferiority. Balzac expresses the popular sentiment on this point when he declares that only the stupid are happy; and he only echoed the opinion of the great Doctor Johnson, who used to declare that no man was happy in the present moment except when he was drunk. Mrs. Piozzi tells us that—

"he did not like any one who said he was happy, or who said any one else was so. 'It was all cant,' he would cry; 'the dog knows he is miserable all the time.' A friend whom he loved exceedingly told him on some occasion that his wife's sister was *really* happy and called upon the lady to confirm his assertion, which she did somewhat roundly, as we say, and with an accent and manner calculated to offend Dr. Johnson if her position had not been sufficient, without anything more, to put him in a very ill humor. 'If your sister-in-law, sir, is really the contented being she professes herself, her life gives the lie to every research of humanity, for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding.' This story he told me himself; and I expressed something of the horror I felt. 'The same stupidity,' said he, 'that prompted her to extol felicity she never felt, hindered her from feeling what shocks you on repetition. I tell you the woman is ugly and sickly and foolish and poor, and would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature say she was happy?'"

It is a great pity that the biographer did not give the name of this sister-in-law of Johnson's friend. She undoubtedly

deserved to be handed down to posterity as one of those rare, delightful beings that have a genius for happiness—not mere talent, but absolute genius. She did not have happiness thrust upon her in the shape of health, wealth, beauty, and intellect; she achieved it, though lacking all these things. We have quite a vivid picture of this nameless sister-in-law, who so provoked Johnson's wrath by daring to be happy without being well or rich or beautiful or intellectual—or drunk. We are sure she was a lovable, loving being, whose society was always in great demand among her acquaintances: one of those universal favorites whom everybody calls—"Aunt Betty" or "Cousin Susan," perhaps. All children loved her, and she had, we are sure, a small army of adopted nieces and nephews to whom she was more of a maternal relative than their veritable mothers. In this day she would have been a famous kindergartener and a writer on child culture. We feel it is a fragment of a liberal education to catch the small glimpse of her personality the biographer gives us; and when we find Johnson exulting over his brutal remark to her, we could heartily wish that the wretched old pessimist *had* gone out and hanged himself—but that would have resulted in the curtailing of the most interesting biography in the world.

The task that fell to the lot of the sister-in-law of Johnson's friend is the task that confronts the average man and woman: to be happy in spite of poverty, sickness, a plain face, and an ordinary mind. One, two, three, perhaps all four, of these conditions are pretty sure to be present in our case. Yet happiness under such circumstances is just as much a duty as chastity or honesty; and only under such circumstances is happiness any credit to us. Anybody ought to be happy if he have health, wealth, beauty, and brains; but it requires a very superior mind to produce happiness out of the very lack of these qualities.

It is strange that we have taken happiness out of the catalogue of duties. Even the Shorter Catechism sets forth en-

joyment as one of the "chief ends" of man. All good children know the familiar words, "to glorify God and enjoy him forever." We profess to believe in a religion whose central principle is joy; but our sad faces and bitter words six days in every week belie all the professions of the seventh day, and in our inmost hearts we have enshrined the pessimism of Schopenhauer, who says: "A happy life is impossible; the highest that a man can attain to is the fate of a hero."

Pessimism would be excusable if it were always accompanied by the heroic attitude of mind. But of course the ordinary mortal finds it too troublesome to be a hero. He takes his pessimism pure and simple, and fancies he is doing a fine thing when he brings his clouded face and gloomy conversation into the sunny radius of those obtuse creatures who have not learned the wisdom of being miserable. He likes to tell them that "everything in life indicates that earthly happiness is destined to be frustrated or to be recognized as an illusion"; that " life proves a continued deception in great as well as in small matters"; that "the happiest moment of the happiest mortal is still the moment when he falls asleep." He knows all the literature of woe by heart from Byron down to Schopenhauer; but, no matter how cultured, how fascinating, how attractive he may be, you should shun him as you would a leper.

A happy life impossible? Ask this question of the men and women that have blessed the world by their presence. Ask the Brownings, or Kingsley, or Phillips Brooks, or Celia Thaxter, or Robert Louis Stevenson. These all knew both the secret and the duty of happiness; and it was this knowledge that gave worth so abiding to their lives and writings.

To be happy is to enter the kingdom of heaven as little children. "The kingdom of heaven is of those who are easily pleased, who love, and who give pleasure." If you are putting off the day of happiness until you get a diamond necklace, or a new velvet carpet, or a Satsuma vase, or a fur-lined cloak, or

a point-lace flounce, or a handful of fame, or a purseful of gold, you are very likely to die miserable. If you are going to throw away your pessimism and be happy, now is the accepted time —now is the day of salvation. It will never be easier for you to take this step than it is right now; for real, permanent happiness does not flow from material possessions. It comes from an attitude of mind that enables one to get pleasure out of the simple, common, every-day things of life. It was this state of mind that enabled Thoreau to be happy in his little cabin by the Walden pond. "I had this advantage, at least," he says, "in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, that my life itself was my amusement and never ceased to be novel." And then he tells us what pleasure he derived from housework: how he set his scanty furniture out on the grass, sprinkled white sand on the floor, and scrubbed it clean with water from his beloved Walden.

One must own that it was the infrequency of this task and its easy simplicity that made up much of its charm. If Thoreau had had to sweep and dust and scrub a modern house, inhabited by five or six lively children with the average capacity for bringing in dirt, and if this work had been laid on him three hundred and sixty-five days in each year for a couple of decades, he probably would not have felt like writing philosophic essays on the pleasant pastime of housework. Still, there is a lesson in the Walden episode. If you are going to be happy there is no use waiting for the time when there will be no housework. There is something morally wrong about the woman that does not enjoy making things clean: every genuine woman knows the bliss that comes from looking at a spotless bed-room, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. Suppose you begin from this day to look on the broom and the scrubbing-brush as means of happiness. Think no more of the duty of housework, but consider religiously that it is your duty to be happy while doing your housework, and because of

that very work. Every day will then have one large occasion for happiness, even though Wealth goes by on the other side of the street, Health stands on the doorstep and will not enter, and you are only one of the thousands of commonplace persons in the world.

The author of "St. Ives" found occasion for being happy in such small things as "beams from happy human eyes," "morning skies," and "books and food and summer rain." Distinguished novelists and poets have no monopoly of these things. They are free to all; but Mr. John Smith, with a good bank account and a robust constitution, will sit down in the midst of these blessings and proceed to be a pessimist: while a man of Stevenson's ilk, with death and poverty close by him, will manufacture eternal happiness and contentment out of the same material. Anybody, any day, may have a kind glance from a happy human eye. The next time you encounter one of these messengers of happiness recognize it as such and be glad for human friendship.

Another blessed optimist, Charles Lamb, found much comfort in books; he declares that a good book is a greater cause for thanksgiving than a dinner. We only wish that he had written the proposed "grace" before Milton and Shakespeare. If you are a reading pessimist, go into your library and say a grace over your books whenever you feel an attack of extra unhappiness coming on, and drown your sorrows in a poem or a chapter by some optimist who believes with Browning that "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world." If you are not a reading pessimist, take your daily food for a means of happiness, just as children take theirs. As for morning skies, summer rain, and all the rest of Nature's marvels—these were meant to be a source of perpetual ecstasy to us, and would be so if we had not wandered so far from Nature that she is a stranger and we are aliens. The woman that cannot find in a glorious sunset a higher happiness than she gets from her new silk gown is not worthy of the gown. If she cannot enjoy

the green grass and daffodils in spring, merely because she has to wear her last year's bonnet on Easter Sunday, she is a poor, mean, commonplace creature, who needs to be born again in order to know the secret of happy living that takes one into the kingdom of heaven right here on earth.

I know a mother who trains her little children to observe all the beautiful phenomena of Nature: the sunset, the sunrise, the purple mist on the hills, the shadows of clouds on the landscape, the tints of flowers, the softness and grace of blossoming grass; and she is laying thus, broad and deep, the foundation for a happiness that all the storms and stress of after-life will not be able to destroy.

Happiness is an art. It can be taught just as we teach music and painting. Or we may call it a habit of mind, which may be acquired just as we have acquired the opposite habit of unhappiness; and the gain is beyond computation. Happiness in your heart means beauty and health in your body and prosperity in the outward circumstances of your life. How many successful pessimists do you know? "Ah, but," I hear you say, "a man is an optimist because he is successful!" On the contrary, my friend, there is a great body of evidence that goes to show that men are successful because they are optimists. But, however that may be, it is worth while to make the experiment. Just begin to cultivate the plant Happiness as assiduously as you have been cultivating the herb Misery, and see if the world will not blossom out into a great flower-garden.

That sweet poetess who made the name of Appledore famous was a firm believer in the duty of being happy. Here is a scrap of her sunny philosophy, which you might take as an antidote to Schopenhauer:

"Stand in the sunshine sweet
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way.
Have courage! Keep good cheer!
Our longest time is brief.

To those who hold you dear
Bring no more grief.
But cherish blisses small,
Grateful for least delight
That to your lot doth fall,
However slight.
And, lo! all hearts will bring
Love to make glad your days;
Blessings untold will spring
About your ways.
So shall life bloom and shine,
Lifted its pain above,
Crowned with this gift divine—
The gift of Love."

And when you go into church and kneel down to acknowledge your "manifold sins and transgressions against Almighty God," remember to include your unhappiness in the confession. Be just as penitent over that as you are over the rest of the things you have done that you ought not to have done, and firmly resolve never to do so again.

THE power of the will is the main point in medicine. A man who wishes every one well will produce good effects. One who begrudges everybody everything good, and who hates himself, may experience on his own person the effects of his evil thoughts. —*Paracelsus.*

THE good that we receive is not recognized because it causes no pain. No one complains about receiving more blessings than he merits; but the deserved "evil" that we receive causes suffering, and the "unmerited" evil is keenly resented.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

MANY of the leaders of medical thought, far from believing that the different microbes are the direct causes of the diseases with which they are associated, say they are in reality the consequences or products of such maladies.—*New York Herald (Editorial).*

HOW TO ATTAIN IDEALS.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

There is an inner sphere of life that offers untold possibilities to the soul desiring to enter it. Our lives shadow forth discords and inharmony when we do not recognize the roots of our being that draw sustenance for the physical body from this unseen realm. To attain ideals in any line, if permanent satisfaction is gained it is necessary to penetrate the depth of life, where—all unknown until we unfold a knowledge of them—the roots of our being are held and nourished by the invisible substance to which we owe existence. It is useless to say that less attention should be given to the external side of life; that far more of the heart, mind, might, and strength should be turned toward cultivating those elements that increase vitality and happiness. We know this to be true, but the question is still before us as to how we can reverse our present manner of living. What method is there for making ourselves love the inner realm of life as much as the outer?

We hold ideals of the glad results that might be ours through the mastery of mind; we strive to dominate the physical life with thoughts of our innate power and wisdom; but the every-day current of friction and unrest carries us too frequently along with the great throng of human beings that have no desire, as yet, to live except in the ministry of the senses and to acquire external knowledge. We must grasp our ideals with a firmer determination to make them practical. We must enter life with the new purpose of making God manifest in our visible selves. We must have for our first delight the revealing of the Self, and this means an every-day effort to rise above devitalizing thoughts that obstruct the avenues

through which we discern the hidden splendor of our being. There are attributes of life that produce harmony, and there are elements of character that produce disease.

The root of disease is fear. Removing fear from the consciousness of one who suffers is like removing the slide from a magic lantern whereon is stamped the picture that becomes a reflection from the instrument. Without the slide there can be no reflected picture; without the element of fear in the mind there cannot be discords in the body. It does not necessarily follow that the fear must be of disease, or physical suffering. There are many forms of fear, and we create them unconsciously. *Fear is the result of not having been awakened to the fact of immortality.* Imagine what the life of a person would be that could base every act upon the absolute knowledge of unending existence! What could make life seem easier, or brighter, or more precious, than to know without a doubt that you are a deathless, immortal soul, whose pilgrimage through this world and every other world is for the purpose of discovering and revealing two facts—your Self and God! What better work could be given us than that of earning a consciousness of immortality? This is just what we are doing through our present limitations and experiences.

If we would attain any ideal, let us begin with the right kind of effort to build all future work upon. Let us carry our ideals of the imperishable Self into every detail of life; for this is the method through which the knowledge of our immortal existence shall become as much of a certainty to our consciousness as that the sun will shine to-morrow. This knowledge of immortality exists in the Self, and these limited perceptions that exclude a true vision of the inner life will expand if we desire above all things to know the Self and to *re*-present it visibly. The work of *re*-presenting the Self is of such a nature that every degree of attainment can be included. It is so simple and orderly a process—this striving to dominate the discords produced through a lack of knowing

how great we are! It is so glad a work to unfold the highest possibilities of the soul after it has once turned its loves toward manifesting an ideal state here and now!

The lack of knowing that we are made up of imperishable elements can be overcome by holding an ideal of the Self above every other thought. Fear is then dissipated; consciousness of untold possibilities in our higher Self unfolds; the things we did not dream of doing while we dwelt under the shadow of our own limitations become certainties and happy achievements. *I will fear no evil.* Why? Because I am composed of indestructible elements, which are in life yesterday, to-day, and forever the same. They are the essence of life, and they cannot be destroyed. Harmony, love, vitality, joy, patience, intelligence, truth, and mercy are elements that I hold in my Self. These form the pattern, or infinite ideal, that I am daily striving to express. Shall I allow the vision of my limited self the power to trammel and fetter my activities that it had before I became awake to the fact of my unity with all potent elements of life? *I will fear no evil* because I have learned how to obey the two commandments that, when followed, will place every soul where a knowledge of its oneness with God will unfold. The seeming trials and injustice of life become transformed into deep shadings, which add tone and power to the bright picture of existence.

If my highest ideal is to manifest the Creator, and I may learn to love him through the attributes I find in my own soul, then I can also love my neighbor as myself because the Self of every creature is composed of the same imperishable elements that are the substance of my being. This is the kind of love that literally casts out fear. It is the love that opens the way toward any attainment a soul may desire; and it can be cultivated and unfolded by simply going to work with a determination to place the thought of the perfect Self above and around every discordant thought.

Let go of the fear that you cannot be what you most

desire to be, and cherish in its place the hope that is born of trying to discern the infinite possibilities of your inmost life. Let the thought of your helplessness or weakness go from you, and place these words in letters of fire, where they can be imaged forth from your consciousness in the place of the picture you hold of limitation, sorrow, grief, disappointment, anxiety, or trouble: "I am an imperishable being! I discern in myself the elements of hope, love, will, harmony, power, and health! I take hold of these elements and use them for establishing a determination to make my life yield higher results!"

There is absolutely nothing that can stand in the way of a dauntless soul—made dauntless through recognition of the right to proclaim its own mastery over limitations. Strong souls are made strong through overcoming. Every time a fear is overcome a new element of strength unfolds, and the individual is nearer the attainment of ideals. "Ye are strong in spirit, my beloved." Rise to your full stature, and take from omnipotent Love the power to bring into visible manifestation the highest and best that you can discover in your Self!

IF there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley.*

THE deep conviction of the indestructibleness of our nature through death, which every one carries at the bottom of his heart, depends altogether upon the consciousness of the original and eternal nature of our being.—*Schopenhauer.*

THE Mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, or a hell of heaven.—*Milton.*

UNSOUGHT PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

BY HELEN L. MANNING.

Psychic experiences that come unsought are invested with a peculiar interest. To some they come but rarely, perhaps only once in a lifetime. Sometimes they come with warning, occasionally with direction or rescue from imminent, unseen danger, and frequently with the spirit of consolation. I have no theory or explanation to offer, but would only seek to chronicle some well-attested instances that have come to my personal notice.

The first occurred in a Quaker family, and is related to me by a friend who knows the ladies whom it concerns very well. It may be remarked in passing that the New Thought doctrine of the Divine Immanence, which is spreading so rapidly, and which conscientious students find as precious as the "pearl of great price," is largely a revival of Quakerism. Some, though not all, of the Friends have realized this cherished Inner Light, which they know so well as Guidance, Wisdom, and Love—as the "health of their flesh" also: and the leaders among the early Friends had some remarkable experiences in healing.

A few years ago a mother and two daughters, members of the Society of Friends, were returning home in a carriage from a journey of several miles. It was an uncommonly dark evening, with gathering clouds, and they had to trust to their horse to keep the road. A culvert, with steep embankments on either side and no railing, had to be crossed, and they were all apprehensive of this as a point of possible danger, though none of them voiced the fear. As they neared the place, a light shone around it, clearly revealing the roadway over the little

bridge. The horse shied slightly at first at this remarkable illumination, but accepted it and crossed safely. One of the daughters cried out, "What is that?" when the mother answered, solemnly and with awe: "It is light in answer to my prayer. For the last half-hour I have been thinking about this narrow embankment and praying that we might have sufficient light to guide us over in safety."

Why should this be considered more remarkable than the light that suddenly shone round about Paul on his journey to Damascus? In the unchangeableness of the God of Nature, control of phenomena may be experienced by any one who realizes his need sufficiently to call out with faith into the silence, as did the lady referred to above. Some may wonder if a thunderstorm were not gathering, and if the light were not due to a "chance" flash of lightning. But this illumination was entirely different in appearance, being a soft, steady glow, or what might be termed a radiance. Besides, there was no electrical disturbance noticeable. But if such had been the case, it would have been but another way of answering the prayer of faith.

Following is the experience of a lady whose domestic relations were unhappy, and who was battling with ill-health and discouragement in consequence. The record of it is copied from a letter she wrote to an intimate friend:

"Quite recently I had a remarkable dream, or vision—I hardly know what to call it, but I know that it was beautiful and precious. My mother came to me and lay down in the bed, and held me long and close—in that firm way that one clasps a hand in intense sympathy. I opened my eyes. It was quite dark, but I turned my head to look at her. She was plainly visible—with that clear, youthful look in her eyes that they showed the day before she left me. I was a little afraid and thought to call my daughter, but remembered that the door was locked and that I should have to get out of bed to open it. Then mother seemed to hold me closer, and I thought: 'Surely

I need have no fear of the mother who loved me more than any one else ever did—the blessed mother who never did aught but love and help me to the last hour of her earth life!' And although she spoke not a word, yet there came to me a sense of utter contentment, and something like an exhilaration of happiness that has remained with me ever since. I cannot explain it, but my mother seemed to bring peace and comfort so tangible and real as to abide with me."

Another lady, well known to the writer, was circumstanced in a way similar to the one above referred to. She finally reached a point of despair at which she was ready to give up everything, as she declared, and make no more effort to bring about improved conditions. Throwing herself on her bed in this mood, she soon became unaccountably calm. Then the silence was broken by the well-remembered voice of her mother, who had passed on some years before, saying, "Be faithful to the end, dear child, and you will not fail of your reward." This message was an inspiration that aroused her to renewed effort, and gave her courage faithfully to abide in what seemed a hard path of duty. In the end her reward was abundant.

A gentleman whom I know very well was a few years ago engaged in repairing a piece of machinery in a factory. It was run by water-power, and the gate was supposed to be entirely closed and the whole machinery thrown out of gear. He was at work inside a cylindrical shaft, when suddenly he paused and looked up on hearing his Christian name spoken distinctly and sharply by a woman's voice. No woman met his gaze, but what he did see was that the wheels of the machinery had begun to turn. Instantly recognizing his danger, he made a spring that enabled him to catch hold of a beam, to which he clung with desperation until he could be rescued. The delay of a minute would have been fatal; and as it was, a part of his clothing was torn from him. It was found that the water-gate was imperfectly closed, and the pressure of the water had finally forced it open.

ILION. By Agnes Procter.*

"While Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers."

Mystical dreams that bewilder the senses,
Mystical visions that dance through the mind,
Mystical fairies that hover around us,
Mystical truths that but few of us find!
Doubting, yet hoping—
Fearing, yet longing
For the weird fancies some do perceive;
Upholding—sighing—
Denying—crying—
Why do these images come not to me?

Beautiful thoughts must ennoble the thinker;
Beautiful acts do their mission perform;
Beautiful words in their moments of sorrow—
Beautiful truths the whole world will reform!
Waiting and working,
Hoping and trusting,
Patiently striving God's methods to learn:
Onward! Keep going!
Believing and knowing
Quicken the fire that forever will burn!

Knowledge will come when we strive for possession;
Wisdom soon follows the mind well attuned;
Love holds the light that illumines our searching—
Truth, the firm rock on which souls have communed!
Knowledge sublime!
Wisdom divine!
Following principles of Nature's vast mold!
Great in endeavor,
Aspiring forever,
Man is a god, aye, in power and in soul!

Spiritual essence of a soul-life divine—
Spiritual courage enlightens the mind!
Spiritual whispers we list for afar—
Spiritual eyes that can pierce through a star!
Rapture entrancing,
All things enhancing,
Deep into depths of the Soul's surging sea!
Joys so ecstatic,
Truths so emphatic,
Bringing great glory to thee and to me!

'Waken thy heart to this inner sensation!
'Waken thy soul to the great Emanation!
'Waken thine eyes to this vision of beauty!
'Waken thine ears to a sense of thy duty!
Higher and higher—
Aspire, oh, aspire!
Delve with the mystics and learn to be free!
Spirit will guide thee,
Love will abide thee—
There is only one God for thee and for me!

*Asserted to have been received clairaudiently from the spirit of Adah Isaacs Menken.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AN INTERNATIONAL METAPHYSICAL LEAGUE.

THE New Thought Convention, to which editorial reference was made in MIND for February, was held in the large hall of The Alliance of Divine Unity, Hartford, Conn., on the 21st and 22d of that month. We are glad to announce that the attendance was both large and enthusiastic at every session, and that the Conference was successful in every way. Its most important and direct result was the formation of an International Metaphysical League, which will hold yearly Conventions and serve as a basis of operations and a source of inspiration to affiliated individuals and organizations in every land where the New Metaphysics has gained a foothold. As the movement has grown and popular ignorance concerning its principles and aims has been dispelled, the need of such a centralization of force and unification of effort has become increasingly manifest. But all friends of the higher life may now rejoice in the establishing of this permanent body, as a crystallization of the divided efforts of the past and an incentive to wider activity in the future.

While it is not intended to be a "church," or a source of "authority" or of dogmatism in any matter pertaining to the individual conscience or belief, and while it will not seek to abridge in any way the right of independent study or investigation, yet it can scarcely be doubted that the creation of this League of coworkers in the cause of spiritual growth and freedom marks an important epoch in the history of the metaphysical movement. Among the pregnant truths that were revealed in the speeches

at the Convention was the fact that the propaganda is not so "sectarian" as many had supposed. A valuable paper from the pen of Mr. Henry Wood was read at one of the meetings; and it is our intention to present, in a later issue of MIND, some extracts from this as well as from the principal addresses.

It was not a mere coalition that was effected, but rather a recognition of the actual parallelism that already exists among the various schools giving expression to the New Thought. It was plainly shown that there is nothing Utopian or chimerical about the idea of spiritualizing science and of making religion scientific; also, that the operation of the principles expounded by the different teachers cannot be successfully restricted to a single phase of demonstration in human affairs. They are susceptible of universal application and adaptable to local conditions everywhere.

Much credit is due to the originator of the idea of holding the Convention; and we congratulate him, as well as the New Thought movement in general, upon its successful issue and far-reaching significance. We are indebted to the Secretary, Mr. Warren A. Rodman, for an interesting report of the proceedings, from which we make the following extracts and commend them to the attention of every reader:

"The aim of the Convention was to unify all the forces that are working in the same general direction, and to pave the way for a definite and permanent organization in the early fall of the present year. It was a gathering of earnest, thoughtful people, brought together by a common interest in broad and fundamental truths about 'God, Freedom, and Immortality.' Paul Tyner, editor of the *Arena*, says in a private letter:

" 'The formation of The International League means a new and important chapter in the movement. It is at last placed on its right basis. Properly organized and directed, it seems to me very certain that hundreds of small organizations scattered all over the country will be glad to come into the League and be energized by its spirit. Those of us who understand how much concentration

means in individual work must readily see that the formation of the League gives the New Thought the much-needed power of centralized organization.'

"The need of such an association has long been felt by workers along constructive lines; but the sentiment was crystallized by Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson early in the present year. He issued a circular letter asking for the coöperation of organizations and individuals in arranging for a preliminary convention. The response was immediate and very cordial, and led to the issuance of an Announcement that said, among other things:

" 'In order to increase the efficiency of the different organizations concerned in the New Thought movement, it seems desirable to form a central organization by means of which all interested in the advancement of this movement may come into closer touch with one another; and, through occasional conferences, receive the benefit of one another's continually enlarging experience, thus bringing about a consolidation of forces. While it is not expected that this one Convention will accomplish this consolidation, yet it is hoped that it will open the way to yearly Conventions to be held in different cities, and that in time an organized association of the various societies may be brought about.'

"February 21st, 1899, really marked the beginning of the metaphysical movement in concrete form. And why 'metaphysical'? Much thought was bestowed on the selection of a name, and no other one seemed so full of rich and deep meaning, so broad and inclusive, as this. Another strong point in its favor is its use at present by many local organizations along these lines. Note some of its definitions from authoritative sources:

" 'Metaphysics is an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly and consistently.'—*Prof. William James, of Harvard College.*

" 'Metaphysics is the science that unifies and harmonizes the laws and principles of all the other sciences.'—*E. B. Titchener.*

" 'Metaphysics is the science of the inner and essential nature of things.'—*Century Dictionary.*

" 'Metaphysics is the science of God, Freedom, and Immortality.'—*Kant.*

"It is perhaps more nearly in the sense of the last definition that the word is used as a part of the name of our already great movement.

"The term *International* may seem somewhat ambitious for immediate use; but it is a suggestive fact that a letter was received from Toronto, Canada, not a half-hour after it was determined upon, urging that it be adopted.

"Pending its approval by the next Convention, the name International Metaphysical League was adopted, and a somewhat informal organization was effected by the election of the following officers: President, Charles Brodie Patterson of New York; Vice-President, Henry S. Tafft of Providence; Secretary, Warren A. Rodman of Boston; Assistant Secretary, Harry Gestefeld of New York; Treasurer, William E. Uptegrove of Brooklyn; Executive Committee: Miss Esther Henry of Hartford, Miss Georgina I. S. Andrews of New York, Dr. J. W. Winkley of Boston, George Alexander of Providence, John W. Hussey of Brooklyn, Bolton Hall of New York, Miss Helen M. Dyer of Philadelphia, Miss Minnie S. Davis of Springfield, Albert Pausch of Hartford, Paul Tyner of Boston, Miss Sarah J. Farmer of Eliot, Me., and Mrs. Mary E. Chapin of Boston.

"Five sessions were held, the first one a business session, and the others devoted to the following varied and interesting addresses: 'Man's Normal Nature,' J. W. Winkley, M.D., Boston; 'The Great Unawakened,' Miss Harriet B. Bradbury, Providence; 'The Need of a Key-Note,' Warren A. Rodman, Boston; 'Harmony,' Miss Minnie S. Davis, Hartford; 'The Opulence of Power,' Mrs. Jean Porter Rudd, Norwich; 'The Irrepressible Conflict,' Henry S. Tafft, Providence; 'Let Us Come up Higher,' Miss Emma L. Nickerson, Boston; 'Silent Centers,' Miss Georgina I. S. Andrews, New York; 'The Fundamental Reforms,' Bolton Hall, New York; 'One Way of Looking At It,' Harry Gestefeld, New York; 'The More Abundant Life,' Miss Sarah J. Farmer, Eliot; 'The Pearl of Great Price,' E. M. Chesley, Boston; 'Metaphysics and Social Reform,' Paul Tyner, Boston; 'Mental Healing,' Charles Brodie Patterson, New York; 'The Latest Message,' Miss Ellen M. Dyer, Philadelphia.

"Any mere summary of these addresses would entirely fail to give even an approximate idea of their value. Naturally, they were all strongly optimistic and inspiring, and, by their wide range and inclusiveness, well illustrated the breadth and tolerance of the movement. They were received with enthusiasm by the large number in attendance, and could they be collected and issued in book-form would be a valuable addition to the literature of the movement. Limited as they were to twenty minutes each, they were terse, forceful, and incisive.

"The next Convention will be held in Boston some time late in October; and it is confidently expected that not only will all sections of the United States be well represented, but that there will be delegates from Canada, Europe, and other countries. The Secretary's office is at 201 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass., and all interested in the movement are requested to communicate with him, or at least to send their addresses so that information concerning the October Convention may be widely disseminated. That Convention will be a very large and important one, and will open up a rich field for coöperative work among those desiring to render service of the very highest type in the evolution of man's finer nature and his higher powers."

TRUE science can accomplish a great deal; the Eternal Wisdom of the existence of all things is without a time, without a beginning, and without an end. Things that are considered now to be impossible will be accomplished; that which is unexpected will in future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century will be the basis for the approved science of the next.—*Paracelsus.*

OF all emotions fear is the most deadly, and whether in the supreme degree where it turns the hair white, or in the minor degree where it invests every apple with stomach-ache, the disease of "food-fear" is not to be treated lightly, for it is both widespread and deep-seated. It has spoiled life's comfort for many, and unchecked will spoil it for many more.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"EVERYTHING that surrounds us, or with which we have to do, is a book always open before our eyes—a beautiful book, every page of which tells us of God's kindness to us. Let us learn to read it."—*X. B. Saintine.*

HEART-SUNSHINE.

Children, I think the very best part of MIND is right in your own Department. You know that children are not all of one size; but perhaps you do not know that they are of all sizes, from the tiny baby to those as big as any man or woman you ever saw! Now, in your special Department—or may I say *ours:* for I am one of the biggest of the big children?—we have real talks, heart talks, and so get very near to one another. In one of the first articles I saw there, we were told of the great influence a smiling face has; and it brought to my mind a beautiful picture that perhaps some of you have seen. I will try to paint it in words for you.

Have you ever looked down into a valley from one of the high hills or mountains surrounding it? (*I* had not until I grew big, and when I saw it the same sort of joy came to me that I used to feel when I was a little child; so then I knew that some of us big people never really "grow up.") In the early morning, just before the sun's rays appear over the hills, heavy gray clouds of mist lie over parts of the valley and hug the sides and crevices of the hills, like somber drapery. As the sun rises and his warm rays touch first the higher hills or mountains and then slowly creep down their sides into the valley, these gray mists roll into small white clouds, which slowly rise and move gently along with the morning breeze until they look as if all the white tents on a

soldiers' camping-field were "silently stealing away." Some think they look like driven flocks of sheep; and so they do when small and close together.

As the sun comes up higher the heat of his rays melts the clouds all away, just as the light drives away the shadows. Then we see the beautiful forms and colors of the hills, and the valley with shining streams like silver ribbons running through it. The birds begin to sing, and all is joy and brightness.

Now, you remember you were told what a wonderful effect a smile could have. Does not this picture tell you also how the sunshine in your heart can take away the mists that sometimes cloud your mind until you are unhappy, or perhaps cross, causing them to fade away like shadows?—for that is all wrong thoughts are, only shadows or clouds in the way of the real self that is bright and strong and sweet and happy. And your heart-sunshine, if you will let it shine out in pleasant looks and words, can not only take away your own shadows, but it will pierce right into the hearts and minds of those about you, and help clear away any troubled mists that may surround them; and so, they will feel like saying, with your dear friend Mr. Longfellow:

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

"Ye open the Eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of the morning run."

SOPHIE FLETCHER PRATT.

I REMEMBER, in the Spring, kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shopful of toys were they to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet, refreshing tint from the brown earth, or the limpid air, or the white light?—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE LITTLE OLD MAN AND PRINCESS DOT.

"A little old man lived all alone,
And he was a man of sorrow;
For, if the weather was fair to-day,
He was sure 'twould rain to-morrow."
—*St. Nicholas.*

Not in the least like him was the little girl that lived near by. Her name was Princess Dot. I think she was called that because she looked so much like a little fairy. Could you have seen her in the meadow, her yellow hair waving in the breeze and her big blue eyes filled with wonder and delight, you certainly would have thought that she had grown up with the grass and the white and yellow daisies and all the other bright field-flowers. Now, *she* was *never* alone. She used to talk with the flowers as if they were real little people. I wonder if they talked to *her*.

Then she had the drollest ideas—but never sorrowful ones. Once she went on board a large steamboat; and, seeing the water about it, she looked a little puzzled, and said: "I never saw a house like this. Why, it's a house on the river!" A few minutes later the lines were thrown off, and the steamer moved into the harbor. At first she seemed more puzzled than ever, and then she clapped her hands and shouted, "O papa, papa, the house on the river has feet, and it is running away with us!" But she wasn't worried—not she! She thought it a huge joke.

Cloudy or rainy days never troubled *her*. On such days she would play with her dolls. I am sure that every one of the dolls must have loved the little three-year-old mother—she was so kind to them, and was always telling them what good little children they were. Once the colored cook said: "Now, Miss Dot, if jus half de t'ings yuh say 'bout dem 'ere dawls am troo, dey is bettah dan any chilluns I evah met up wif—'cept yuhse'f, honey."

That's what the cook thought; but *I* thought little children like Princess Dot would never grow into fretful little old women and men!

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

MORE ABOUT THE BIRDS.

The harbor of San Francisco is the home of a beautiful sea-gull —the silver grebe. One of the pleasures of a sail on that lovely bay was in watching the motions of these creatures as they came and went in search of food. How graceful they were as they poised in air with outstretched wings; what a sense of freedom, of joy in being, they gave one as they rose from the crest of a wave and soared aloft into the sky! They were so fearless, they had such confidence in the friendship of man, that they not infrequently alighted on the boats plying back and forth to the towns in the harbor. The beauty of their plumage, which shades from a silvery gray to a silvery white, was not lost on woman, and she thought to put the birds to some more practical use. Grebe muffs and collars became the fashion in San Francisco, and it was not long before almost all the gulls disappeared from the bay. Soon the city awoke to the fact that these birds were the scavengers of the harbor, and that the offal of ships decaying in the waters was a serious menace to the public health. A law was enacted to protect the birds, and they now again make their home in the bay.

It is through ignorance that we are indifferent or cruel to the "little brothers of the air." We need only to study their lives, their habits, to know their value to man. They are among his best friends; and when we learn to distinguish their songs and mark their coming and going with the seasons we shall come to love them and look for them with joy. The same birds return year after year to the same place, building their nests and rearing their young in the same trees. They, like us, want their freedom; their happiness, like ours, depends upon it. When we think what it would mean to us to be shut up in one room, to be deprived of comradeship and of the joys of family life, we shall never be happy to see a bird in a cage. We are the guardians of the earth for those who come after us: is it not our duty to leave it better, more beautiful—a sweeter place to live in—than we found it? All good, all beneficent things come from above. Infinite Love is over all creatures. Shall not our love descend to those beneath

us to protect and bless? Let the children who read MIND be little missionaries for the birds, and resolve neither to wear them, have them in cages, nor kill them for sport; and, as their protectors, to be conscious of setting a most worthy and beautiful example. HENRIETTA LATHAM DWIGHT.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

"WHEN Karine saw the little caterpillars crawling on the leaves, she said in a low voice, 'You only crawl now, you little things! By and by you will have wings as well as I, and you know not how glorious it will be at the last.'"

LULLABY.

Rocka-by, husha-by, baby, my love,
Sweet little guest sent from heaven above;
Pink little cherub, with soul snowy white—
Rocka-by, husha-by, baby, good-night.

Hush, not a whisper! The curtains are drawn;
Angels watch over our darling till dawn;
Tucked in his nest, oh, so cosy and tight!—
Rocka-by, husha-by, baby, good-night.

Sweet rosy lips now so still and so dumb,
Back with the morning your music will come;
Blue eyes, now hid, open laughing and bright—
Rocka-by, husha-by, baby, good-night.

Sleep, little pilgrim, life's journey is long;
Rest, then, my pretty one, rest and grow strong;
Our slumbers are bridges o'er darkness to light—
Rocka-by, husha-by, baby, good-night.

Soft be your footsteps in crossing the sill—
Baby is sleeping, the cradle hangs still;
A spirit to Slumber-land 's taken its flight—
Rocka-by, husha-by, baby, good-night.

C. B. Ross.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

THE WILDERNESS OF WORLDS. By George W. Morehouse. 246 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Peter Eckler, publisher, New York.

In this handsome volume the very latest discoveries of modern astronomical and biological research are recorded by an able mind. It is an outline of the evolution of matter from nebula to man, epitomizing the teachings of Darwin, Haeckel, and other apostles of materialism. It is a popular treatise, commendably free from technical phrases, replete with valuable information, absorbingly interesting, and as entertaining as a novel. It doubtless contains the last word of the materialistic school—an admirable presentation of its philosophy. Tracing analogies, however, between the reason of animals and the *mental* functions of man only reveals its limitations. The spiritually awakened human being has *soul* faculties that prove him to be unique among organisms. In repudiating "special creation," why not consider the merits of perpetual creation? Scientific proofs of the development of man's body from lower forms do not require us to ignore his higher self, whose existence is abundantly proved by the psychic phenomena of to-day and is wholly inexplicable from the standpoint of materiality. Evolution implies involution—an Evolver, as well as something to evolve.

NOT IN IT. By Anna Olcott Commelin. 96 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, New York.

The profoundly suggestive article on "Individualism," contributed to the March issue of MIND by Mrs. Commelin, is of a very different order from that of the present volume by the same author. "Not In It" is an optimistic story containing some specially helpful lessons for the young, though adults in almost any walk of life may peruse it with both interest and profit. To humanitarians, monetary reformers, and persons with socialistic

views it will appeal with peculiar force; for some of the injustices and avoidable inequalities of modern society are brought home to the individual reader with striking vividness. The slaves of involuntary poverty and other selfish impositions should read this book—and thus take fresh courage and renewed hope in the ultimate establishment of just conditions for the outworking of their spiritual destiny.

A MOTHER'S IDEALS. By Andrea Hofer Proudfoot. 270 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Published by the author, Chicago.

This book should be in the hands of every actual or prospective mother, and especially of every "new woman," in the land. The noble office of motherhood is shown to be a divine function by a student and exemplar of Froebel's epoch-making philosophy of mental growth. By physicians, "the mother is usually addressed purely as a domestic—one whose all-important duties are the feeding, clothing, and dosing of her children. It is taken for granted that their spiritual life and education are not particularly hers, but the duties of the Church and school." This is the keynote of the volume—a plea for the recognition of the spiritual in even the unborn. The work is significantly dedicated to the author's mother, who has "studied more deeply into the affections than into psychology."

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPIRITUALISM INTEGRATING THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. "Inspired by Spirit Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Paper, 20 pp. Published for The Order of the White Rose, Chicago, Ill.

REMEDIES OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. (The Word of Truth.) By Hannah More Kohaus. 55 pp. Leatherette, 40 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

LIGHT—on the Subjects of Good Roads, Contented Labor, and Honest Money. 63 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, Chicago.

MIND.

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IS MENTAL HEALING SCIENTIFIC?

BY THE REV. HUGH O. PENTECOST.

By the above title I mean: Are there facts that can be explained on no hypothesis so well as on the theory that the mind controls the body? Is the dictum that the mind can heal disease and keep the body in health a mere theory to which we have to try to make our facts conform; or is there a sufficient body of facts that can be accounted for in no other way as well as by postulating the dominance of mind over matter, of which postulation mental healing is a corollary? The question thus explained, the answer is that mental healing *is* thoroughly scientific.

In order to show this, let us adduce facts that cannot be disputed, which prove that—

I. *The Mind Dominates the Body.*

The body lives only while the mind lives. A materialist might retort that the mind lives only while the body lives; but he could hardly question that while the body lives it is plainly controlled in probably all its movements by the mind. It walks, lies down, arises, sits, leaps, runs, stands still; its limbs and some of its internal organs move in obedience to mind in conscious action. As a general proposition few will dispute that the body is the servant of the mind. No one will claim that the mind habitually obeys the body. It would be absurd to say that the body desires and compels the mind to accomplish its purposes. But there are certain movements of

the body that the mind apparently does not control. The action of the heart, for example, is automatic, and that of the lungs is nearly so. The action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and bladder is to a greater or less extent automatic.

Probably at one period in the evolution of the body the action of all the internal organs was entirely subject to the will, or mind; and probably their present automatism is the result of habit, as is chiefly the movement of the legs and arms in walking—habit being more fixed in the former than in the latter case. Probably the subconscious mind—acting without conscious volition—controls the internal organs as actually as the conscious mind controls the movements of the trunk and limbs. This probability is strengthened by the fact that in special instances the conscious mind even now is able to control the internal organs at will, or to move certain muscles not usually subject to the will.

Some persons can move certain portions of the skin—the scalp, for example—or the ears, at will. Certain feminine dancers at the World's Fair could move the mammæ and abdomen in an unusual manner—a result of training: a clear proof of how the mind *can* dominate the body. Some persons can throw themselves into a condition in which the lungs, heart, and other organs cease to move, and can remain in that state until such time as they decide or have previously determined to awake. The English Colonel Townsend is a well-known example. There are authentic cases of persons who can voluntarily cause the bowels to act within half an hour. I, myself, frequently use the will successfully instead of purgative medicines. Bichet, Dr. Noble, and others, cited by Tuke, could vomit at will. Some persons contract or dilate the pupils of their eyes at pleasure. Any person may awake from slumber at any hour determined upon before falling asleep. Many persons, the writer among them, can fall asleep at any time they wish, within a few minutes.

These examples are sufficient to show that the mind domi-

nates the body to a great extent if not entirely, and that, at least in certain cases, it can be trained to such command as it apparently has not. The case could be strengthened by showing how exactly the body responds to the emotions—in expression, gesticulation, and other movements—as in joy, grief, fear, anger, etc.

Whatever may be scientifically uncertain, there can be no doubt that the body is so much dominated by the mind that it might fairly be described as the mind materialized.

II. *The Mind Causes Disease.*

This is so well known that it is unnecessary to cite cases, multitudes of which are given in books written by medical men. There are cases of deafness, blindness, paralysis, fits, fever, and other diseases, and even death, either sudden or lingering, which are plainly attributable only to grief, fear, anger, or some other mental disturbance. And these cases include not only functional but organic disease.

Probably no physician would deny the power of the mind to affect the body injuriously. I have a friend who says that every time he gives way to anger the fit of passion is followed by a pronounced fever; and in my own experience a fit of passion was followed in less than two hours by a congestive chill, which nearly resulted in death and kept me in bed for weeks. I know of a case in which imbecility, from which the unfortunate still suffers, resulted from a stupid joke involving fright.

These two points are clear enough: (1) The mind does affect the body; and (2) it does, upon occasion, affect it injuriously. So far we are on purely scientific ground; but can we show as positively that—

III. *The Mind Is Capable of Healing Disease?*

Not to speak of the healings performed by Christ, we know that Valentine Greatrakes, Prince Hohenlohe, Madame de St.

Amour, and Francis Schlatter healed hundreds of persons of both functional and organic diseases, and that many similar cures have been effected at Lourdes and Knock. But it might be claimed that these were accomplished by "supernatural" means; hence, we dismiss them from consideration as not proving, beyond question, the power of ordinary mentality over disease.

Nor shall we cite instances from the practise of mental healers of the various schools, since they are open to objection by skeptical persons on the ground that they have not been "accredited" by the medical profession, or on some other ground. We shall confine ourselves to acknowledged scientific authorities. Only a few cases can be given in so short an article. They might be greatly multiplied; but if there were only one instance known to science that could be explained in no way except on the theory of mental healing, that would be sufficient to prove our case.

Sir Humphry Davy cured genuine paralysis, quite unintentionally, by simply placing a thermometer in the patient's mouth to take his temperature. On the paralytic declaring that he felt better, Davy did nothing more except to repeat the performance daily for two weeks, at the end of which time the patient was dismissed cured. This case is given because it is so well known. It can be explained in no way except that the mind cured the disease. It alone proves our case.

At the siege of Breda, in 1625, the city was almost obliged to capitulate on account of the prevalence of scurvy (which is certainly not a nervous or functional disease) among the soldiers. The Prince of Orange publicly announced that he had for scurvy a sovereign remedy, three or four drops of which would impregnate with healing virtue a gallon of liquor. A few small bottles of the pretended remedy were given to each physician, who did not reveal the cheat even to the officers. The soldiers came in crowds to drink the magic liquor, and most of them were speedily cured. "Such as had not moved

their limbs for a month before," says the historian, Dr. Frederic Van der Wye, "were seen walking the streets, sound, upright, and in perfect health." A clear instance of mental healing.

The famous Dr. Rush of Philadelphia relates many stories of purely mental healing of organic diseases, and among them that of a young woman who had dropsy. All other remedies having failed, an operation was decided upon, her fear of which was so great "that it brought on a plentiful discharge of urine, which in a few days *perfectly removed her disease.*"

Dr. Tuke, in his "Influence of the Mind on the Body," which persons interested in the subject of mental healing will do well to read, cites the case of a young woman suffering from a painful affection of the knee. Two doctors diagnosed the case as one of inflammation, and applied the remedies usual in such cases. Many weeks elapsed without improvement, and the doctors anxiously discussed the probability of abscess, destruction of ligaments, absorption of cartilage, and ultimate amputation. One day the patient informed her physician that her sister was to be married, and that, cost what it might, she had made up her mind to attend the wedding. The physician shuddered at the proposal. With all the force of language he could command, he expatiated on the probable consequences of so rash an act without affecting the young woman's determination. He then strapped up the joint with adhesive plaster, and the patient went to the wedding. On the following day the physician visited her. She told him that she had stood throughout the whole ceremony; had joined the party at the breakfast, and had returned home without pain or discomfort in the joint. Within a week her recovery was complete.

It may be said that in this case the trouble was imaginary, or hysterical. But whatever it was, it appeared to the practised judgment of two physicians to be an inflammation presaging portentous consequences; and whatever it was, the mind disposed of it.

Either of the foregoing cases standing alone amounts to a scientific basis for the theory of mental healing, and we need seek no further for such basis; but when it is known that these are only a few of hundreds of similar cases vouched for by scientific men, what more can reasonably be required in the way of proof?

What the intelligent student of mental healing now requires is not proof that it is scientific, but to discover the law in accordance with which it may be accomplished with certainty and reasonable quickness. That mental healing—if a fact, as it is here shown to be—is subject to natural law, will not be denied. What is the law? That is the problem before those interested in the subject; and it is safe to predict that, the fact having been observed, the law that governs it will become known.

IT would be interesting to find out how many chronic diseases and life-long evils are caused by vaccination. If the organism contains some poisonous elements, Nature may attempt to remove them by an expulsive effort caused by the action of the spirit from the center toward the periphery, and producing cutaneous diseases. If by vaccination a new herd is established to attract the diseased elements (*mumia*), the manifestation of the poison on the surface of the body may disappear, but the poisonous elements will remain in the body, and some other more serious disease will manifest itself sooner or later.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

STONES, plants, and animals obey the government of the mind; and man should obey the will and wisdom of God. The individual terrestrial life should correspond to the laws governing the universe; man's spiritual aspirations should be directed to harmonize with the wisdom of God. If this is attained, the inner consciousness will awaken to an understanding of the influences of the stars, and the mysteries of Nature will be revealed to his spiritual perception.—*Paracelsus.*

A FAIR SKIN:

CIVILIZATION'S HERITAGE.

BY WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

But Nature halts not with the fruitful earth,
But seeks her crown in perfect womanhood:
Her grand achievement and her end and aim
In working ever through the eons past,
Transmuting by her secret alchemy
The fading rose into the perfect flower!
—*The Dual Image. Book III.: "Ancient Chaldea."*

The following summary of facts and the inferences based thereon are intended to prove to the thoughtful reader that the genesis of a white race of people from a preceding colored one, or, under change of conditions, a colored one from a white race, is not, as hitherto conceived, directly due to the influence of climate, but to the degree of civilization that has been in operation through long periods; also, that the only use of a dark-colored skin is, and was originally in barbarous states of society, when men were obliged to go naked, to protect the owners thereof from the injurious effects of the elements, and especially of exposure to the burning rays of a tropical sun, which otherwise would prove fatal and lead to the extinction of the race.

In dealing with the subject it may be noted briefly that a tropical climate is usually considered of itself, aside from any habits that may be retained of a previous uncivilized state, sufficient to produce *de novo* and perpetuate a dark-colored skin. But, as will be shown, this common belief is based on a hasty generalization rather than on careful inquiry and observation; for when we come to examine the matter we find that colored races are not confined to the tropics, but extend north and south

far beyond the tropics, even beyond the temperate zones. On the other hand, different degrees of color between white and black are to be found within the tropics, and especially in India, where in the same locality many people may be met with as dark as the ordinary negro, and many again of a light-olive color, while a few individuals of the higher castes show that they have practically passed the line that separates the colored from the uncolored inhabitants of the world.

There is, therefore, much diversity of color among the people of India; and this diversity can only be accounted for by considering the different modes of life that have acted for centuries upon the various classes and castes of the country. Take, for instance, the coolie class, which follow outdoor employment, laboring daily in the fields with merely a strip of cotton cloth about the loins. They are, as may be expected, uncultured and very dark in hue, the color being by no means due to their present daily exposure—for they all exhibit the particular shades that characterized them at birth. On the other hand, the better classes, including merchants, traders, and others who have followed indoor employment for generations, are many degrees fairer. These latter, as a rule, are fairly educated and never appear outdoors without being thoroughly and suitably clothed. Among them may be found many individuals almost as fair as Europeans.

It is to be noted that these very different shades and varieties of color, not taking into account the descendants of the original inhabitants of the land, are to be met with among people of undoubted Aryan descent; and, the Aryans being a fair race, those that passed into Persia and India must also have been originally a fair people. It will therefore be seen that, if climate alone, aside from certain habits of life, caused the change from fair to dark, all should be alike dark in color, which is by no means the case. The degree of dark pigment in the skin bears an intimate relation to the particular habits of life followed by the different classes operating through long

periods. The degree of color of any section has relation to the degree of exposure for such periods to the weather at all seasons. The darker the skin of the individual, or the more pigment it contains, the greater the resisting power on exposure to the sun's rays. We know not why this layer of dark pigment beneath the cuticle should prevent the skin from blistering on exposure to the rays of a tropical sun: we only note the fact that it does so afford the necessary protection. And that this resisting power of the dark skin is not due to the influence of long seasoning we know from the fact that infants of all ages are carried about naked and otherwise exposed with impunity to the direct rays of a sun that would in a short time blister a white skin as effectually as boiling water. The validity of our argument based on these facts is borne out in a remarkable manner in the case of albino-born children, who at all ages must be suitably clothed to protect them from the sun, which would otherwise be as fatal to them as to the children of Europeans residing in the country. It may be noted also that among adults patches of skin that have lost their coloring through skin-baldness will be injuriously affected and even blistered on exposure for any length of time to the sun's rays.

In considering the matter, it appears, as observation shows, that the dark skin does not (like the white) become heated on exposure to the sun, but feels moist and cool to the touch. The dark-pigment layer under the cuticle is thus seen to confer protecting qualities that are altogether wanting in the white skin. There is, therefore, in the dark skin a natural provision, though we know not as yet its *modus operandi,* whereby men have been enabled to live in every climate during the uncivilized ages of the world; for a white race could not under any conditions that we now know of exist under entire exposure to the elements. Even indoors in tropical climates Europeans and European children could not remain even partially unclothed for any considerable time without feeling the injurious effects of exposure to the air.

In uncivilized communities a colored skin is therefore a necessity; it is Nature's provision for the well-being of uncivilized man, and is as needful to his condition of life as dark pigment is to the chambers of the eye. But, this being so, the fact is evident that in more highly civilized states of society, where children as well as adults are suitably clothed from infancy, the perpetuation of a dark skin is unnecessary, and therefore has been discontinued in all such states—not indeed abruptly, but slowly, in the course of generations. But that the majority of the higher and wealthier classes in India are not now a white people is owing chiefly to the old habit of allowing their children to go about as a rule with very little clothing until near puberty, which, according to the facts enumerated, necessitates the perpetuation of a colored skin as a safeguard against the elements during childhood.

It is therefore to be noted that, if under favoring circumstances in any climate a white race can be evolved from a preceding dark one, a dark race can be similarly evolved from a fair one by the latter taking on the habits of uncivilized life. This change is a necessity if the well-being of the race is to be preserved. It is, then, a current delusion that a temperate or even inclement northern or southern climate can of itself produce and perpetuate a fair race otherwise than indirectly—by stimulating man to devise artificial means to protect his body from cold and the injurious effects of the elements. But where man has braved the elements and gone naked, like the now extinct natives of Tasmania and the inhospitable Terra del Fuego, no approach is made toward the attainment of a white skin; for so long as man leads a rude, uncivilized life, going about in a state of nudity, his colored skin must be retained as one of the necessities of his condition, no matter in what latitude or locality he may be placed.

If, therefore, we find among the inhabitants of India shades of complexion so fair that, as regards color, the owners might almost pass for Europeans, side by side with those deeper tints

that bear with impunity continuous exposure at all seasons to the Indian sun, we can hardly maintain that climate of itself is the cause of colored races. The statement that Europeans resident in India become swarthy after a time is a mere inference based on the temporary bronzing of the features from exposure out-of-doors: for against this there is said to be a colony of Jews, settled on the west coast of India for some eighteen centuries, who are still a white people; but they have not followed the habits of the country as regards clothing, nor have they intermarried with the inhabitants of the land as other colored Jews in the East have been in the habit of doing.

But, as already remarked, in all civilized states of society, where children as well as adults are fully clothed, a colored skin is unnecessary and need not be perpetuated as a protection against the parching effects of the elements. And, being unnecessary, Nature in time dispenses with the coloring beneath the cuticle and provides man instead with a fair skin of great delicacy—as regards personal appearance the very crown of evolution in this particular line. Although the Aryan populations of India and Persia, by adopting to a certain extent the habits of the original dark inhabitants of these lands, have become in a great measure a colored people, yet the steady march of Nature, favored in the present age by the art of steam-weaving and the unlimited production of cheap clothing, is toward the evolution of a fair people all over the globe; so that the present colored population of the world will one day be a thing of the past.

Aside from the physical relation of color to exposure, there seems also to be a marked relation to the intellectual and moral status of the people. For instance, the birth of children much fairer or darker than the ordinary run of the class to which they belong seems to have some relation to the mental status and disposition of the individuals as they arrive at maturity—the fairer in color as a rule appearing to be much more gifted as regards mental and intellectual attainment. But this most

interesting phase of the subject we cannot enter upon beyond mentioning the fact that it was well known to the sages of old and involved a very profound doctrine; for they invariably connected darkness in whatever form with "evil," as opposed to "light," which was to them always symbolical of that which was good and beneficent, leaving it clearly to be inferred that physical darkness of complexion, in keeping with all things dark, was expressive of a certain degree of mental darkness and moral deficiency. Hence, we have in all ancient scriptures frequent reference to the washing of the individual to the whiteness of snow and the clothing of the people in white raiment as things to be desired, being figuratively expressive of human regeneration, and involving the universal attainment of a fair complexion by all peoples as the crowning glory of Evolution through the ever-advancing culture of civilization.

THE knowledge of a man in regard to a truth, however learned or intellectual he may be, can be nothing else but an opinion to one who does not recognize the same truth in himself. If we believe or accept the doctrine of another man that perceives the truth, it does not follow that we recognize that truth as our own: it simply means that we consider his opinion worthy of our belief. A knowledge of the opinions of others may guide us in our researches so long as we cannot find the truth in ourselves, but such knowledge is as liable to mislead us as to lead us aright. The only key to arrive at the recognition and understanding of the truth is the perception and understanding itself. Opinions change, and creeds and beliefs change accordingly; but the knowledge that we find in our own conscience stands as firm as a rock. —*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

OF fear, it may be remarked that it is rich and (as it were) a manured soil for disease, and that where it is totally absent even epidemic assaults have but little effect upon a man.—*J. J. Garth Wilkinson.*

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY.

BY DOCTOR C. W. HIDDEN.

An English writer, in an ingeniously worded essay, argues that immortality is a dream. He says that there is no such thing as a soul; that what we call "soul" is but man's moral nature, the highest expression of physical energy; and that "man's moral nature" has its "center" in "the great sympathetic nervous system."

What is man's moral nature? Broadly speaking, it is that in us which is pure, good, and true; that which thinks and loves; that by which man transcends other forms of life. And is all this centered in, or dependent upon, a bunch of nerves—a mass of nerve material? We have the general nervous system and the great sympathetic nervous system: we know a good deal about the former; and but little about the latter. The great sympathetic nervous system has to do with the inner functions, so called. Its working implies intelligence, or rather intelligent action; but that this stamps it as the center of the moral nature—*i. e.*, the seat of the soul—is a proposition we feel like disputing.

Waiving technical description and detail, the great sympathetic nervous system is composed of matter, nothing more and nothing less. Does matter think—*can* matter think? The wonders accomplished by machinery excite our imagination; but we quickly grasp the thought that the machinery itself is senseless: the dominant intelligence is the engineer. We raise a hand and point a finger—both movements give evidence of intelligent action; but the governing intelligence is not resident in either. The power that directs the manifestations of the great sympathetic nervous system is not resident in it.

Machinery is but the servant of the engineer. The nervous system is not master, but a servant of the master—the soul.

What is the soul? Not the great sympathetic, nor yet a part of it; not the brain, nor a product of the brain. It is a force that animates and governs both brain and body; not mere matter, but something higher than matter; not a semblance of man, but the real man, who controls the movements of brain and body as readily as the engineer handles the machinery in mill or shop. But, you say, we have mistaken thought for soul—that thought alone is the governing power. Let us see. Here is a man in the flush of manhood—noble, loving, and true. In an instant he reels, falls, and the thing we call "life" is gone. Why does not the brain think; the heart beat; the nerve-system thrill; the blood course through artery and vein? We cry aloud, but there is no answer. The machinery is silent—there is no response to lever or throttle. If the power to think and act is inherent—in a word, if the inner and not the outer rules—why does he not rise and speak? Let us not deceive ourselves. When there is a break in the mill we know that connection with the engine is interrupted—the power of the engineer is suspended. When death comes it means that something has given way—the engineer, the soul, has missed connection with that marvelous piece of mechanism known as the human body.

Matter does not produce life; matter is not the originator of anything. Life animates matter; and life comes from without. Matter cannot think or speak. Intelligence is not innate in matter; intelligence, like life, comes from without. At death, life certainly is dissociated from matter; otherwise we should witness some sort of manifestation after the induction of this condition. It is evading the question to argue that the soul has been blotted out; for it is claimed upon competent authority that matter, force, energy, and all soul attributes are indestructible. We are justified in reasoning, then, that the soul itself cannot be destroyed. To say that we have

"never seen a soul" proves nothing. We have never seen *man.* The body is not the man; it is only his outer covering. The real man is invisible. The body is the house the man lives in; and that the house is not the tenant is self-evident. That the body is not the man is equally evident, whether you agree or disagree with regard to a future state of consciousness.

In the National Museum at Washington is a cabinet labeled, "The body of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds." In the cabinet may be seen jars containing respectively water, different kinds of fat, phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, sugar, potassium, sodium, and gelatin; a row of jars filled with gases—hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen; a lump of coal; bottles containing phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, a bit of iron, and a lump of brimstone. The materials are given in exact proportions—as they are combined in the body of an ordinary man. It is not to be wondered at that men doubt in the face of such evidence. Chemistry, it is argued, is an exact science. Granted; yet it does not affect the point at issue. Chemistry deals with material things. In this instance chemistry has revealed the *physical* constituents of man, and this is all the chemist sought to accomplish. The *spiritual* side of man is not considered. The touch of love, the kiss of affection, the happy glance, the cheery word—these were not found. Why? The house the man lived in has fallen to pieces in the Museum, but the *man* escaped both jar and label.

Strange that men fail to grasp the thought that no one can deny life after death intelligently! To deny life after death, urges a brilliant writer, implies a complete knowledge of both life and death; and this, we are certain, few if any possess. It cannot perhaps be shown to a certain order of minds that we exist after death: at the same time it cannot be proven that we do not. The assertion that we do not live forever is based upon speculation; while there are many things that strongly incline toward a belief in a continuity of existence.

This is particularly so when we study the psychical side of life. It is true that there are stumbling-blocks—stones in the path; but there is likewise a mass of unimpeachable data, a vast collection of facts that cannot be set aside, sneered at, or laughed down—data and facts that point to a future life as unerringly as the needle points to the pole.

We sail across the sea of life until our ship comes to a full stop. Materialism proclaims that we have reached the end. But materialism is blind; it staggers and falls by the way. Death means "annihilation"; yet Nature knows no such law. What we call "death" is but an incident; it marks not the end, but a continuation of life. Death is a mist that settles down to blind and confuse when the ship of life nears the green vales of home. We should not speak of the "unreal." All is real; there is no unreal. The real and the so-called unreal are parts of one stupendous Whole. The real and the unreal blend; the physical impinges upon the spiritual; the change from one to the other is simply and naturally made. The body is the casket, not the jewel. When death comes we lay the body aside, as a garment for which we have no further use; it serves us well here, but would hamper and clog the soul in the hereafter.

The materialist replies that life, or consciousness, cannot exist independent of the physical—that mind exists only when associated with matter. If this could be proven it would end the argument; but it cannot be shown to be true. Mind, or consciousness, is related to and associated with a force outside self. Consciousness is part of a chain or system that connects the seen with the unseen. It certainly exists—it comes and goes. Consciousness does not seem dependent upon matter even while associated therewith. It can leave and return to matter during life; at death it leaves matter behind. It is not logical to say that that which glorifies gross matter is lost forever when matter falls by the wayside. Denial is not argument—at least it is not proof. No one can lay claim to an

intimate knowledge of the universe; and this were necessary to prove that soul and soul-life are merely human vagaries. There is more to man than we are apt to see at first glance; there is something besides matter in the universe. We can hardly resist the conclusion that the visible has emanated from the invisible—that man is closely, nay intimately, related to the unseen.

One author declares that there can be no unseen realm, since we know the elements of which the universe is made and can place and account for all. But we do not know all about the *primary* elements—at least there is ground for claiming that we do not. In the beginning the chemist counted sixty-four elements, but there is now a disposition to question the accuracy of the statement. "The idea is growing," says an able writer, "that elements are composite structures, and that when we understand how to create or produce heat of the higher temperatures we may be able to decompose some of the elements." And there are others who go further and say that the primary elements will yet be found to be varying forms of one mighty element—Spirit: the originator, molder, and controller of all things, visible and invisible.

The fact that men discredit the invisible does not disprove the existence of, or existence in, an unseen world. It is not so much for us spiritual scientists to prove as for our opponents to disprove. Argue, speculate, and theorize as we may, the conclusion is irresistible that life comes and goes. No matter what is said or done, we cannot destroy or rid ourselves of life. In spite of all, it continues—issues from the unseen and returns to the unseen; it comes from and goes to a realm that, while apart from this world, is yet a part of it.

It seems odd that we should fail to grasp the central thought that, if man has progressed so far from his initial state, he surely requires more than an ordinary lifetime to reach fruition. By showing that from the beginning his progress has been steady, constant, and sure, we pave the way

for a reasonable belief that life's short span is not sufficient for the complete rounding out of the faculties. There is no substantial basis for the belief that obtains in some quarters that primitive man was minus a soul. The evolution of man from the lower to the higher, instead of proving absence of soul, evidences the possession of a gradually developing soul. In primitive man the soul was asleep; it was a bud, which needed but the sunshine of time and the friction of experience to cause it to burst forth in all the beauty of the flower of intellect. If a newer and higher form of consciousness is being born in man—and this is admitted; if man is still progressing physically, mentally, and spiritually—and this is admitted: then how can faculties now admittedly incomplete attain fruition in this life? Man must live beyond the grave—he must overlap eternity. This is the only natural, logical outcome.

THE doctrine of the Trinity is found in all the principal religious systems: In the Christian religion as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; among the Hindus as Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; the Buddhists call it Mulaprakriti, Prakriti, and Purush; the Persians teach that Ormuzd produced light out of himself by the power of his word. The Egyptians called the first cause Ammon, out of which all things were created by the power of its own will. In Chinese, Kwan-shai-gin is the universally manifested Word, coming from the unmanifested Absolute by the power of its own will, and being identical with the former. The Greeks called it Zeus (Power), Minerva (Wisdom), and Apollo (Beauty); the Germans, Wodan (the Supreme Cause), Thor (Power), and Freia (Beauty). Jehovah and Allah are trinities of Will, Knowledge, and Power; and even the materialist believes in Causation, Matter, and Energy.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

THAT terrible force which men call "fatality" is but the indissoluble linking of cause with effect.—*Greenough.*

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Man is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
. . . . . .
He can controul
And harmonize what seems amiss to flow.
—*John Henry Newman.* (1801.)

We are surrounded by mystery; yet we pay but little attention either to the mystery of form in the outer world or to the mystery of life in the inner. Our attention is directed only to those things that, because they are of uncommon occurrence, we believe to be remarkable. There is a love of the mysterious in man; yet he is prone to neglect the study of the ordinary circumstances surrounding him, regarding them as commonplace. The wonderful songs of the birds, the hues of the flowers, the geometrical formation of the crystals in the caverns of the earth, the growth of the trees—in fact, all Nature is one grand mystery, a mystery that will never be understood until man thoroughly understands himself. Then the knowledge will be disclosed to him that everything in the world without corresponds to something in the world within, and through the Spirit he will read the Word; for the whole visible universe is the Word of God expressed in form and set forth in speech.

The mystery of man is the first to be disclosed; for, when man knows himself to be the image and likeness of his

Creator, he will understand all else. Among his mental faculties, perhaps the most mysterious is that of memory. We are constantly receiving mental pictures from the world without and from that within; and these appear to us either as beautiful truths or as unpleasant, disagreeable evils. Some of these pictures we regard with indifference, while others absorb our most earnest attention. Day by day we are writing the record of life's journey; day by day our minds are becoming filled with the pictures of life that are hourly occurring. Thoughts enter the mind and then seem to fade. But do they pass away? By no means. We have a great storehouse wherein all incidents, both great and small, are stored. They all go to complete the book of life. They are the accumulation of experiences through which man eventually finds his way from earth to heaven—from the animal to the spiritual. Nothing is forgotten; everything, whether it be little or great, exerts some influence on our lives. Life is as truly made up of "little things" as of the so-called important events. The small incidents of life are treasured with the greater ones. The kind word, the pleasant look—these are not forgotten. The harsh word and the angry frown likewise leave their impress. In man's life all that he has—all that he can truly call his own—are the experiences through which he has passed and the knowledge acquired from them. He may not regard his body as his own; the time comes when the planet claims that which it has loaned for a season. The one thing that man can claim for his own is the knowledge acquired through experience; this can never be recalled from him, for it belongs to his spiritual nature. It is the knowledge of causes—not that which passes current in the world as knowledge—that fits him for true usefulness here and prepares him for the life to come.

We are writing the book of life daily—even hourly. The enduring things we write in it, which will last when this world shall be no more, are those of the greatest importance, both in the present and in the hereafter, when all the unrealities in-

scribed therein shall be erased. The tares and the thistles must disappear; they must be consumed by the fire that purifies. This shall be the harvest-time—when the true shall be separated from the false; when the sheep shall be divided from the goats; when all these unreal conditions of life shall be cast into "outer darkness," and the soul shall become purified. Why should we so diligently sow the seed of tares and thistles instead of the good seed? Why should we seek to sow seed that in harvest-time will bring us but pain and sorrow? We are the arbiters of our own destinies. God endowed us with qualities analogous to his own—qualities that if used aright will bring us nothing but eternal gain. Why should we build on a foundation of straw and stubble, and in the end see our work destroyed, while we ourselves go through the furnace that purifies? Why not take the foundation that cannot be shaken and build on it?

What is this immovable foundation? Simply, that life and intelligence are one; that we must all work for the good of life—not in part, but in all; that we must work *with* the forces of life, not against them; and that we must know that all God created is good, was good, and ever shall be good. We should remember also that the mind must ever dwell on the good that is in us all; that no matter what the outer *seems* to be, the inner good is ever there; that, no matter how perverted a course the life-force in a man may take, still it is the veritable power of God working in and through the race. It may be wrongly directed; yet all force is one—all power is a unit. The life that reaches nearest to God and heaven is the life that sees good in all things—the life spent in doing for others. Selfish interests, hopes, and desires are the seeds that bring forth, in the harvest-time, the tares and the thistles. They are the things from which, in the present, we expect to derive much gain; but they always fail to bring either profit or happiness, because these conditions can only come as each part works for the good of the whole and of every other part.

All the little and all the great events that occur in life are so many pictures stored away in the subconscious mind. With the faculty of memory we have power to recall them into renewed activity. When we recall things good and true, the whole action is good on both mind and body; when we recall things false and unreal, they not only adversely affect the mind, filling it with gloomy forebodings, but also affect the body, weakening all its vital functions. If pictures associated with anger and hatred are recalled, they poison not only the mind but also the blood that flows through our veins—having thus a destructive effect on the body. True pictures build up the body: false pictures tear down. We cannot prevent the pictures that fill our mental gallery from entering the conscious mind; but we *can* see to it that these pictures shall be of so agreeable a nature that they will ever influence us for good, no matter how frequently they appear above the threshold of consciousness. Anything that declares the power of evil to be greater than that of good should have no place in our thoughts; neither should anything that considers evil as a power, in and of itself, nor anything that shows forth discord and disease, find an abiding-place in the mind. In the book of life that we are constantly writing we should be careful not to inscribe those things that may eventually have to be cast aside. We should not, for instance, try to incorporate in our beings things false and unreal, which inevitably bring sorrow to mind and pain to body. We should build up an everlasting inheritance of things good and true.

We remember many things we would prefer to forget—our own anger toward others and their anger toward us, the unkind word, the envious and malicious thought, etc. We remember things done that should have been left undone; also, things left undone through our neglect. We would gladly forget all these unpleasant things; but memory has a way of recalling them, and they haunt us both day and night. The Hindus believe thought to be a fine material substance, and

that people in this life are making for themselves an environment that will assume the shape of their own thoughts, and before they can leave it they must outgrow all the unreal conditions they have formed. They must also be able to perceive their unreality before they can leave this environment. Whether this be true or not, there is no doubt that we are under the bondage or control of our own evil thoughts and desires; we are the servants, and they have become the masters.

We have, first of all, to remember that *all life is one.* We must not wilfully do anything that will retard the expression of life. We must work with all things tending toward perfection. We must be careful to picture in mind that which we know to be true; for we are picturing it not only for ourselves but for others: because what is in our own minds is continually affecting those of others. When we realize the effect of mind upon mind, then we see that we owe a duty not alone to ourselves but to all with whom we come in contact. Let us remember that our true thoughts are going to prove helpful to many persons and that our false thoughts will prove injurious; also, that life is more beautiful and more worth living when we act honestly, justly, mercifully, and lovingly toward all. Through following this course we shall be storing in memory the things that, when recalled, will bring peace of mind and wholeness of body. Let us be sure that the seed we are sowing day by day is *good* seed, because the harvest will be after its kind. Men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles; they gather according to the seed they have planted. Therefore, how important it is to allow no thought to dwell in the mind that will not bring forth good fruit! We must never harbor thoughts that bring with them a sense of shame, or that if expressed would work the slightest injury to any of God's creatures. It is not to be expected that we are going to regulate our actions in *perfect* conformity to law; but we should so wish to live in accord with all that is good and

true that our desire will ripen into perfect fruition. We should not only *know* the Higher Will, but *live* it and *be* it. And through doing so we should realize more of the power and goodness of God in our own lives—and should recognize more of those qualities in the lives of those around us.

"One Hand alone,
One Hand has sway.
. . . . . .
To Him in wisdom turn."

THE HARMONY OF TRUTH.

It is better to die for a truth than to be honored by a lie. All knowledge is relative. The standard of the Absolute is unknown. Truth is discerned only in adumbrations. She seldom shines with full-orbed glory. We see her by reflection. Hence, the eye of faith more often pierces the vistas of the unknown than the voice of understanding. When man's soul, in contemplation, rises to a realization of the great World-Soul, he perceives the blending of the beams of faith and fact in the radiance of discovery. He then knows the Truth, for the Truth electrifies and makes him free. He has reached the Mount of Transfiguration. Worship consists not in genuflection, obeisance, or adoration, but in conscious absorption of Wisdom and Love. The universe is ceaselessly athrill with the cosmic currents of harmony. All things move toward perfection. Change is everywhere; but the trend of all transformation is toward the Ideal. In the perspective of the world-evolution, we discern the goal of the Infinite Good. The Good is everywhere. The Good is eternal. The apprehension and realization of the Good are the threshold of the Temple of Wisdom. The absorption of Love within this temple is the ideal of worship. Recognize good in all, and become good. Drink love from every flitting moment, as the honey-bee sucks sweetness from every passing flower, and earth shall be a Paradise—life an Elysium.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

WHY ARE WE HERE?

BY C. G. OYSTON.

In dealing with abstruse philosophical problems that transcend the limited mental perception of the intellectually sleepy, hasty disposal is made of our arguments by the self-sufficient egotist who blandly assures us that our deductions are but speculative—entirely the outcome of a vivid imagination. Now, what is speculation but the exercise of a legitimate aspiration of the soul? What is imagination but an attribute of intelligence, or the perception of the spirit? Divest our material life of speculation and imagination, based on acquired experience, and you deprive man of a chart to guide him safely over life's rough sea; for you inadvertently dash him upon the rocks of materialism, which is spiritual death. What knowledge would we ever have possessed of the beautiful science of astronomy independent of speculation? Our greatest scientists are ever the most imaginative; for it is by the intimations of this faculty that interest becomes inflamed within them. The most supreme delight that the greatest can ever know is to receive and impart knowledge. Imagination has bequeathed to the world the sweetest thought ever imparted to man. To soar beyond the so-called "practical" allurements of mankind, and occasionally brush the dust from our eyes or imbibe the sunlight of heaven, is to partake of the very food of the gods. Speculation and Imagination are our benefactors and saviors, for they forbid the fossilization of the spirit in the ice-chains of materialistic thought. Imagination was the first prophet, and Speculation gave her wisdom. Thought is the food of the spirit.

Almost simultaneous with the dropping of the scales of

superstition from the eyes of the spiritual philosopher, arise dubious reflections respecting the order of the universe and the purpose of human life on earth. Conditions seem so anomalous that the question arises, Is there, after all, a supreme directing Mind, endowed with infinite power and wisdom, operating in the external world? That there is a high order of intellectual power displayed we cannot reasonably deny; but there seems an utter absence of that sweet, divine sympathy that makes pure woman loved and adored. Although the highest expression of intelligence of mortal beings unfolded to the very acme of its present manifestation cannot transcend or even approach the remarkable manifestation of Volition surrounding him, yet man sighs in disappointment because that inscrutable, incomprehensible Operation is so indifferent to the wails of the sorrow-stricken soul.

Poor humanity, struggling with its environment, is a pathetic object-lesson that saddens the heart of the apologist for the great, eternal Father of all. War, with its horrible engines of destruction, breathes murder and devastation from its capacious jaws, and thousands are sacrificed on the altar of selfish greed. Even Nature herself seems inharmonious. The howling deep is lashed into fury by her insatiable wrath; the cyclone spreads misery and death in its pathway; the earthquake engulfs its victims in its horrible embrace; the volcano prepares for the industrious, peaceful, unsuspecting toiler a holocaust in which is consumed the efforts of an adverse material existence. The happy home does not escape the merciless decrees of fate. The parent is ruthlessly torn from the bosom of his family, while grim famine blights the happiness of that little community of unsophisticated, hapless beings.

An inharmonious vibration, straight from the heart of Nature, can paralyze the brightest intellect that ever illuminated the pathway of human life; it can make that master mind manifest signs in a dumb show, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Ignorant violation of natural law will trans-

mit by heredity diseases that poison the fountain-springs of human vitality for generations. Epilepsy, insanity, and turbulent passions that produce destruction and death menace us on every hand, and we seem helpless to counteract their effects. Why do these conditions obtain? Why is our experience painful, perplexing, distressing, and insalubrious? Why is not our life harmonious and happy, instead of a maelstrom of grief and woe? Why do we suffer so if divine Sympathy breathed us into being?

The human race on earth to-day, even in its comparatively low condition of spiritual unfoldment, would gladly offer a panacea for these ills if such were in its possession; but moribund ignorance is incapable of grappling with the difficulty, and man continues to sigh and sorrow. Yet we are assured that there are *human* beings in the great Beyond of the spiritual world, whose transcendent beauty and glory, born of soul-unfoldment, are such that for mortals to gaze thereon would be like looking at the noonday sun. These godlike beings must necessarily, in obedience to the laws of eternal progression, be sympathetic to a relatively infinite degree when contrasted with mortal love, however self-sacrificing it may be. Then why their apparent indifference to the long, low wail of agony evolved from aching hearts on earth? Surely, it must be logical to assume that suffering would forever disappear before the fire and fervor of their advanced intelligence—were it not absolutely necessary for the human soul.

These august rulers of planetary worlds have been deputed as guardian spirits to other conditions of existence, by virtue of practical experience and marvelous soul-unfoldment. Their thought is power, and their will is law; but only by long, laborious effort in past ages have they become endowed with such possibilities as they display. They maintain that *we* will eventually attain to that high condition, but only through struggles that now appear appalling, incongruous, and instinct with the breathings of despair. They have waded through

rivers of blood, figuratively speaking, and by slow progress during the eons past have aspired to that high state where, instead of being subservient to the external, their surroundings are obedient to their will and control. Their creative power is such as to infuse life into the various forms of objective existence, and those deific possibilities that we have hitherto ascribed to one supreme Being are thus the heritage of the whole human race.

Every vibration in that atmosphere is harmonious, every emotion is a symphony, and every thought is a creative impulse and a divine benediction. Ages of suffering and of effort have made these beings great and mighty. The individualization of the soul demanded the sacrifice, for no other course of experience could have enabled the soul *to know itself*, and thus become truly individualized. This, then, is the true purpose of life—individualization that will ever be maintained. If the soul had never entered upon the conflict of the ages, *personality* would have characterized its existence, but individuality never. It would have been oblivious to its innate possibilities. It would have been as a child without the ability to develop to maturity.

In this possibility of individualization, man takes a distinct departure from animal life, because the mere brute cannot become individualized. Animal instinct in its highest expression has never equaled human reason at its best. And why? Because *man* is the progenitor of the animal kingdom; for the spirit of the brute was originally human, spiritual substance, and the cause of its resemblance to human intelligence is continual association with man. The human being manifests characteristics similar to those of certain animals during the process of development. So long as man needs this expression of his lower propensities they will remain in his thought-sphere; but when they have accomplished their purpose, animals will no longer walk with him side by side, but will pass away, even as the early *thoughts* that have subserved human

progress. What is an animal but a human thought embodied? As the thoughts of childhood must depart before the light of maturer years, so animals that assist man in his onward march during the early stages of his development must pass into the great ocean of unindividualized substance in spirit-life, to be utilized no more in his journey up the heights of eternal progression.

Man must be accompanied by thoughts in unison with his degree of advancement, or he would be altogether unhappy; consequently, the life-forms surrounding him must correspond with the desires of his soul. This objective representation of correspondence is exemplified in external Nature. The various moods of the human soul during the birth-throes of unfoldment are responded to by the outer manifestations of our surroundings. Animals manifest the characteristics of undeveloped man; and the violent storms and abnormal aberrations of Nature but voice the unrest of the human soul. When man becomes intellectually and spiritually poised—when he becomes master of himself, and can view with equanimity the adverse conditions of life—Nature will recognize that placidity of soul and become obedient to its divine intimations. But, however logically conclusive these assertions may be to one who has traveled through devious pathways of mental deliberation and taken up the threads of knowledge in the elaboration of a reasonable system of spiritual philosophy, positive affirmation cannot be maintained.

In the objective world we see no practical evidence of the infusion of life into inanimate Nature by human intelligence or power. The assertion can only be accepted on inspirational testimony *per se*. Yet we cannot with impunity deny this when we reason from analogy. Let us see what man has already accomplished. His intelligence has dovetailed with the laws of Nature, and modified and controlled external operations. He has utilized the lightning in his onward march; communicated thought without a visible medium; sus-

pended the law of attraction, or gravitation; separated material particles and caused solid objects to pass through other solids; his will has assumed dictatorship over those less positive than his own; and he has appropriated from ethereal, magnetic, invisible emanations (evolved from the human body) the wherewithal to clothe himself as a spirit with a tangible, objective, material form, and walk and talk with men on earth. He manifests in degree while here all the deific attributes except life-infusion; but, as he is eternally progressive, to impart a portion of his own life-substance to other forms in spirit-life seems possible in the eternal fitness of things: for it is but an unfoldment in degree, and we cannot place a limit to our possibilities.

The marvelous mechanism of the physical body, containing in degree all the constituent elements of the material universe, is an association of atoms held in suspension by the human soul. We cannot conceive of anything more beautiful than the most harmoniously unfolded woman—Nature's supreme effort; yet this divinest effect is but the intelligence of the individual in operation. No more stupendous manifestation can be displayed in the universe of worlds than this—a prophecy of the God-power in man. If, then, the human spirit, by virtue of involuntary consciousness, so to speak, can control and operate elements that compose a world, why should not those members of the human brotherhood, far away on the highway of progress (who have summered in the spiritual world for ages), be enabled to condense the ethereal surroundings and thus render objective *material* worlds—crystallized spirit-substance—for the exercise of man's activities, which cannot be properly aroused independent of repeated incarnations in matter?

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you: in a book or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts—the eternal Thought speaking in your thought.—*George McDonald.*

THE UNCEASING EBB AND FLOW.

BY JEANNE G. PENNINGTON.

For a mind disposed to question the successive chapters of individual human life, is not an impressive argument furnished by the repetition of experiences and moods in his own history and that of those friends who admit him beyond the outer court of their personal convictions? As the years advance, and the earnest mind becomes responsive to the promptings of the higher Self, one by one the carnal strata that imprison the spiritual light divide, and we undoubtedly see more clearly.

Most of us strive to walk with greater uprightness as our inner sense becomes keen and discerning. Nevertheless, the solemn, and at times disheartening, fact remains that at any moment when off one's guard a return of the old tendencies, impulses, and preferences is not only possible but probable. For example, a hapless soul may have brought with him into this page of existence an extreme sensitiveness, a susceptibility to the mental and moral moods of those about him, which is painful to them, and as regards his personal comfort most unfortunate. This being a part of the accumulation of past incarnations, it must be reckoned with *now*. No one is to blame; even he himself, strictly speaking, cannot be held accountable for that which he has unwittingly brought about. Yet as days succeed days, and weary weeks round themselves into months and years, this sensitiveness becomes a tangible foe to be faced, studied, and made subject to a broader and more practical interest in humanity beyond one's self. This latter good-fellowship, when highly developed, is supposed to crowd out all thoughts of self, and so of necessity to banish sensitiveness, that being one of the many outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual undevelopment.

This wider, more general sympathy *does* prove beneficial—often, though not always; for so long as this chapter is being written, the natural impulses when occasion offers will assert themselves. As a stream, when the levee has burst, becomes unnaturally boisterous and turbulent, so the passions or tendencies after repression, or regaining control, are more unmanageable and astounding. Nor is this fact so discouraging as at first it seems. Is it not, on the contrary, viewed from the standpoint of successive rebirths and higher opportunities, a balm for the woe of apparent failure?

"He has outgrown the habit," or trait, we frequently hear asserted. In truth he has done no such thing: he has simply, through either policy or conscientiousness (usually the latter), ceased to exhibit those traits as frankly as before. He has measurably gained self-control; and now, while on his guard, with will-power unrelaxed, he compels himself to a wiser external attitude. Offer the same provocation when the will-power is temporarily sleeping, and the original man appears—primitive, unadorned, precisely as he entered upon this phase of existence.

As regularly as the tide floods all the crevices and crannies along its rocky boundaries, so the inflowing Spirit floods and fills all the shortcomings and deficiencies in the human animal—for his comfort, his restoration, his encouragement; and with the regularity of the ebbing tide is this flux of Spirit recalled, that man may measure his needs, discern his weakness, and open his eyes to the hard work necessary here for the advanced start elsewhere. For life is education—unfoldment. In it, as in the college, one cannot do the work of the higher class until he has mastered that of the one preliminary. Neither is it possible to crowd into one year the work of two, nor into one room the tasks of the next. Reenforcing the weak places of the present constitutes the only preparation for the future; and when one has finished the junior work he is ready for the senior, not before.

Except for this broader conception of our opportunities and presence here, life would seem at times barren and unprofitable in the extreme. Any man or woman of feeling, who has once recognized the fact that to permit sensitiveness to become morbid—to allow anger and uncharitableness to assert themselves, whatever the provocation—is to contribute to the general unhappiness and wretchedness of both present and future humanity, and that to be unselfish and thoughtful of others, patient and tolerant under the most extreme temptation to be otherwise, adds surely and permanently to the best and highest good of all and wishes and tries to march beneath the banner of holiness. After realizing all this, many yet feel the old-time miserable hurt return—the anger and disposition to criticize and censure again become dominant. And is it strange that after many years of faithful effort women and men resign themselves to the futility of a longer attempt to exterminate these faults, which are so plainly at the very root of the nature? In fact, it is a hopeless task—the roots are too deeply embedded in our common being; their eradication is probably impossible during *this* incarnation.

Nevertheless, having recognized and battled bravely against them, is it not plausible that *somewhere* the earnest, prolonged effort will tell permanently in the development and ultimate of character? Not necessarily here, but elsewhere, so surely as the senior year with its higher, graver responsibilities would never have been reached except through the frequent seeming defeats as well as successes of the junior. The junior remains junior until the end of the year, however perfect his work or faithful his effort. The beginning of the year found him a junior, as will its close, though with the accumulated knowledge based upon failure and success, adversity and prosperity —"ups and downs," in fact, possible to no other time, no other place, and no other person, but the absolutely necessary preparation for *his* to-be-enlarged opportunities. How unwise would be any lamentation on his part, during that year, because his

work evinced lack of perfection! "The senior, who is my friend, never trips up in such problems: why should I?" Because you are not yet a senior, my lad; and in time you, too, will have freed yourself from such error, though not this year.

George Eliot, in that most touching of her shorter works, "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," says something to this effect. As the old gentleman lived out his last years among the simple country-people of his parish, he took upon himself certain mannerisms and drifted into oddities of various sorts; but these were simply excrescences—push them aside, and the "fine grain of the original marble" would be instantly detected. And this is my point. Culture and enlightenment may do much to change the external man or woman—so much indeed that a high polish and favorable environment often completely deceive the world, which cares not to look beneath the surface; but the "fine grain of the original marble" invariably remains, and to the acute eye of the impartial observer the right moment betrays just what sort of marble the nature represents and how fine is its grain.

All effort and all success interblend; defeat (frequently only higher success), too, adds its somber stream to the new equipment that in time we reach—not here, but elsewhere. He that has struggled honestly, faithfully, and indefatigably against his besetting weakness here, however often the ebbing tide may have found him powerless, will have rid himself permanently of that particular demon when he enters the higher class. He that has declined to try, protesting that only failure could attend his most heroic labor in that direction, will need elsewhere as well as here to do battle with his dragon—not necessarily to overcome him, but to do his best toward that end. If in this chapter of his character, or soul-history, he shirks the hardest task, he will so fail in his examinations that, instead of entering upon his senior year with a sense of duty well done, he must needs return to the uncompleted task set

for him as a junior; for in promotions of this sort no deception is possible.

The tide flows unendingly, in and out, bearing on its bosom varied gifts or sorrows for the myriad forms of life it touches: so with the tide of the successive days—the unceasing ebb and flow of care and sadness, joy and happiness. No man can command the flow of circumstance, but each may *utilize* it; and, happily for us all, our promotion when we reach the end of our present course depends not upon what our friends or acquaintances or casual observers say of us, nor upon what we have apparently done or left undone, but upon the number of times and the energy of purpose with which we have *tried* to do our best. Those are the moments or hours or days in which we have become consciously, deliberately, unreservedly, a beneficent part of the Whole; have sunk our own personality, with its aches and pains and crying wants, in the desire to still the sorrow in some other heart; have really *been* that which above all things else we desire to be—worthy followers in the pathway marked out by all the dearest teachers of whom the "lowly Nazarene" is the crown.

At flood-tide we are heroic; life is easy, beautiful, noble; but lo! the ebb begins, and we are faint and weary with despair: nothing seems substantial, nothing permanent; all is illusory and unreal. We are back again in the marshes and morasses of hesitation and unbelief in our own goodness and its efficiency. Where but a day before we strode with firm self-confidence, we now grope our way or grievously stumble. Courage, my brother! No earnest word, no helpful deed, no tender thought ever yet failed of its mission. It went to swell the whole that in time means the uplifting of all to the higher, perpetual planes far beyond those of which now and then we have soul-satisfying glimpses and suggestions.

The ebb and flow of occurrences offer us the opportunity we need. "Life is just stuff to try the soul's strength on—educe the man. Who keeps one end in view makes all things

serve." We can no more control this than we can command the tides of the sea; but it is "stuff for the soul's growth"—material from which we are making the texture or grain of the marble of our character for the next or senior year. Whether that shall be the final year, or the beginning of another stage in the great upward march of evolution, who shall say?

Only when experiences thrust upon us the old sensation of flaws in the marble—when the outrushing tide leaves exposed the nude signs of our lack of proportion and balance—let us even then stand upright and steadfastly affirm that there *must* be "first the blade, then the ear; then the full corn in the ear." No circumstance need delay us; nothing can hinder or harm us except our own unwillingness to do this year's work—not for immediate results, but as the best and only preparation for the next.

While this life lasts, many must experience the flood-tide of strength, rapture, and song, alternating with the ebb-tide of weakness, sorrow, and tears—while we dwell in externals; but beyond this are assuredly higher and larger regions ultimately accessible to all. The outcome need not concern us; the duty and privilege of *attempt* are confided to each one, and the glory of use lies also in our keeping. "They only fail who have not striven."

We cannot by any exertion change the grain of our present nature: we can only gather a wealth of beauty, a love of truth, a reservoir of tenderness, which when we start again will mean a loftier sense of the meaning and holiness of life—a more profound understanding of its wonder and of our individual inheritance and responsibility. We never "fail"; we step back from time to time, that we may gain steadiness of step and courage to face the Light unwaveringly—as the path trends upward.

SYSTEMS exercise the mind, but faith enlightens and guides it. —*Voltaire.*

HOW TO BE WELL AND HAPPY.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

Some one has said that we are just as strong as the weakest link in the chain of our being. The weakest link, then, has to be strengthened before we can attain health and happiness. All that keeps us from reaching the heights toward which we aspire is the inability so to concentrate our forces that in the place of discords above which we have not risen we can establish a fixed habit of harmonious thinking. It will take time to achieve this—it requires unfailing effort; but it is really the greatest work an individual can do.

Reasoning from the fact that we exist in and from an inexhaustible supply of every element needed to make us strong and happy, we must discern this truth constantly in order to manifest it; for we can only manifest that which we see and know. We cannot hold a picture of discords part of the time, and think harmonious thoughts only when experiences seem pleasant and there are few shadows to obscure the light. The tremendous power we are trying to unfold is that of controlling thought at will, so that we may say of every condition in life: I must affect *it*, instead of letting it affect *me!* Many brave hearts have entered this path of discipline, which leads to the utmost heights of Being; and they find that it also winds through the valley of self-will, where the shadows of humiliation are so dense at times that they cry out for help—almost forgetting the Light-bearer of the inner life, who is ever striving to lead the way. We have lived so long expecting everything to affect *us* that now, in meeting each experience with a knowledge of our innate power to mold and fashion the external life according to our highest perceptions of truth,

we are almost startled at the best results obtained; and we are often too timid to go on using our power where it does not yield all that we long to acquire.

Conscious growth means persistent effort. All who are journeying over the path of discipline carry with them some kind of a burden from which they long to free themselves. They are peering into the brightness ahead; they are trying to forget the weight of their burden, but do not see how to drop it. One carries the sense of loneliness; another has poverty; another holds some kind of disease; others feel that the grind of toil is blighting the joy of life; many are oppressed by tyrants; all know that the best qualities of their nature are not brought into their true place, and all long for the peace that abounds in the spirit. Strange, is it not, that the way to unfold this peace is through overcoming strife?

The weak link in every nature is inability to grasp the tremendous truth that life is limitless, unending, deathless; and that every experience wherein happiness and harmony are lacking can be turned into a positive good through the right kind of self-discipline. If the light has gone out of my life to-day, it is because I am holding or passing through a certain state of consciousness. If everything fails to make me happy or strong it is because I myself do not assume the right attitude toward the various experiences of life. Human events, like the tides of the ocean, pour in upon us at times a wealth of encouragement and joy. When the tide goes out, sweeping away from our hearts and lives all that made the struggle for existence seem worth the effort, we forget that the tide will come in again freighted with all that is truly our own. In our sorrow, loneliness, and despair, we forget that life holds an unending supply for every need, and that, whatever our requirement may be when the tide has gone out, we can attract a sure supply by dropping the thought of trouble and waiting with tenderness and hope for a change of consciousness that will make everything appear in a different light. "Whatever we believe,

that we create; for man is controlled primarily, not by physical states, but by his directions of mind."

Do I behold the working of law? My own comes to me whether I realize it or not. The tide goes out, but it comes back with invigorating atmospheres tossed up from the depths of Being. The going out leaves me in despair: the coming in brings me joy and thanksgiving. Shall I bemoan my fate while the tide is out? Let me cultivate instead a sure knowledge that I have eternity in which to love all that belongs to me; let me strive to unfold a consciousness that the purpose of my existence is to manifest the harmony and vitality that vibrate through every other form of Being. A fixed habit of harmonious thinking must be established *while the tide is out;* and it can only be done through the self-discipline that ignores the sense of limitation and bondage as much as possible, and that holds to the fact of imperishable qualities in the soul that is to be evolved.

The line of activity that will strengthen every weak link in the chain of Being is to try letting go of discordant thoughts as they arise—literally casting aside the burden while we climb the mountain. This line of activity leads along the plane of the senses, where trouble appears in one form to-day and in another form to-morrow. The extreme care we exercise over the physical life hinders the concentration of force that is necessary to our becoming centered in the Self. It is not possible to realize true happiness until we abandon the love of the lower self for that of the higher. Letting go of discordant thoughts and filling the consciousness with a desire to manifest higher degrees of harmony is the only sure way permanently to change environments. It may be that you are separated from those you love and the sense of desolation drives you away from any remaining joy. Your loss is your one thought; but you can rise above this agony by letting go of the picture of death, and holding in its place that of a happy union with those who have only gone a little way in advance.

Here is the test with which to strengthen the weak link in your chain of Being: you must either give your energies to the demonstration of the fact that you are an immortal soul or fall back into the paralyzing belief in death and destruction that makes of life a farce not worth the living. As an immortal being you can meet experiences without the fear and agony that wither and blight the efforts of one who cannot discern in the higher Self a power to evolve both health and happiness; moreover, you can refuse to give your thoughts to the conditions that destroy happiness, and you can fill your consciousness with thoughts of your own developing possibilities. The very hardest experience can be changed almost as if by magic when you hold the right mental attitude toward it.

Refuse to see yourself as one who can be crushed by another, or by any form of suffering. Attract from life the elements of love, which you can send back to those who have held the power to create in you the sense of hatred or resentment. When the reality of any environment presses with unendurable weight, withdraw your thoughts from it; and, as fast as the rankling, corroding thought comes back, put it away from you by turning the power of your being toward the source of strength within your soul. The effort thus made to rise above limitations will in time bring from the inner life power enough to overcome a world of inharmony.

If you are faithful in desiring to establish your untried powers by constantly withdrawing your thoughts from inharmonious conditions, you can make of life a perpetual round of happy attainment. This truth applies to sickness as well as to other discords. A certain amount of attention has to be given to the state we call sickness, but far more should be withdrawn than given. Disease is nourished by our acceptance and fear of it. The power within is equal to everything, or it is not worth a thought. Our aim is to grow, or become, harmonious. This takes us *out* of sickness, instead of leaving us where we are constantly "overcoming" it.

Now, listen—ye human, aching hearts! The song of life is as tender and clear for you as for the thrush on a newly-awakened tree. Can the birds, or the blossoms, or the hills, or the meadows, or the fields of bursting life proclaim sadness and distrust because they have arisen from bonds of earth and seed to reveal their hidden glory? They unfold a never-failing beauty, with no regret that they must die. Life unfolds from death throughout the universe; and we, its highest manifestation, are the only ones that tarry with reluctant, belated step to regard the process in fear and dread. We alone hold the power to choose for *self* without considering the happiness of every creature, and our voice is not heard in the love-song of life.

The simple message, then, for every heart is to turn away from discords, and persistently surrender the love of the lower self to the hope of manifesting the ideal Self. This is done by that discipline that is never abandoned whether the progress can be measured or not. A life given to this greatest of all objects cannot result in failure: its success will reach fathoms below and heights above our sense of limitation.

ALL numbers are multiples of one; all sciences converge to a common point; all wisdom comes out of one center; and the number of wisdom is one. The light of wisdom radiates into the world, and manifests itself in various ways according to the substance in which it manifests itself. Therefore, man may manifest reason in a threefold manner: as instinct, as animal reason, and as spiritual intelligence. The knowledge that our soul derives from the physical and animal elements is temporal; that which it derives from spirit is eternal.—*Paracelsus.*

ONLY when man realizes the presence of God in him will he begin his infinite life, and step from the realm of evanescent illusions into that of permanent truth.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKING.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

A public life has many allurements, and the applause of the multitude is considered by many a worthy object. Yet few can really comprehend what great strength of character is required in order to live a truly useful public life. To Franz Liszt, the voluminous applause that greeted the production of the earliest work of his genius was a bitter humiliation, for he felt that it was meant for the boy, not for the work. It emphasized his *youth* rather than his *genius*. The truly great man, whose soul is in his work, asks earnest attention to the message he brings for humanity. Yet public attention is too often centered in the personality of the man, and his words of counsel pass them by. Especially is this so with the "inspirational" teacher. How does he do it? is frequently a more urgent question than—How may I control circumstances and harmonize all the elements of my life? To mere curiosity-seekers, both questions are unanswerable.

There is, in truth, no great mystery in the matter. Yet one hears so many grotesque explanations, from self-appointed authorities, that a simple statement of the principles involved in inspirational speaking may be acceptable to earnest questioners on this subject.

The being of the soul is absolute. Its source, life, and purpose are described to the mind by the one word *intelligence*. This quality is universal—omnipresent, omnipotent, and omniscient; for it is manifested in every thing, thought, and being of which we are conscious. This Absolute Intelligence is the orthodox Deity, the primal spiritual essence of all being. Becoming involved in more and more complex ideas, it manifests itself first in the individual and separate consciousness of

the soul, then in the more finite and complex being of human expression; and so on, through the descending scale of involution, until it "sleeps in the stone." The mind of man must recognize its presence everywhere.

This fundamental truth once grasped, the explanation of any phenomenon whatsoever is but a matter of scientific and logical deduction. There is no spot in the universe where there can be less intelligence than at any other point; but, where that intelligence becomes self-conscious, there is created an individual being. Wherever intelligence so individualized seeks to apply its power to the formation and manipulation of that passive substance that we designate "matter," there is born a being of human likeness and capability. By means of this externalization of ideas, through passive or partially passive mediums, the soul learns to know itself; and so it pursues the march of evolution, day by day, century after century.

It is the purpose, then, of our life upon this distinctly human plane of mental activity to manifest intelligence through the mediums at our disposal. It follows that success will depend entirely upon our conscious realization of the power of thought, and our understanding of the relation borne by our special work to the universal work of omnipresent Intelligence.

Understanding these principles, I have applied them to the work I am called upon to perform—the statement and explanation of universal truths and their application to specific cases. In undertaking so mighty a task, I merely accept the work prepared for me, and in that work, for the time being, sink all thoughts of a personal nature. Meeting persons that have problems to be solved, I see in them only the question of the proper application of intelligence to certain conditions. I do not pretend to speak from experience, but rather from the knowledge of that divine, omniscient Intelligence that I am seeking to aid others as well as myself to manifest in the perfect harmony of true living. Hence, I am enabled to meet, in the simplest and most logical manner, problems that I have not considered before.

It is amazing to see how clearly the complex riddles of life may be simplified and solved in this way. The statement, "I and the Father are one," involved the secret of Christ's strength and simplicity of teaching. To-day, if one but consciously realizes the oneness of his being with the Source of all being, he will see clearly the solution of every wearying and perplexing problem. One can *live* from inspiration as easily as to *speak* from inspiration if he will but let this thought of oneness with eternal Truth be his daily companion and training-master.

To act from inspiration is to act from the center of control —the seat of spiritual consciousness. Acting from this center, one can appeal to the highest and divinest in any other soul, calling its most interior principle into activity. Acting thus, one inevitably influences and aids all souls that may be receptive to his thought.

Again, acting or speaking from this standpoint, one is master of the laws of being and is able to guide his own actions, as well as those of others not yet so far advanced, in harmony with those laws. He is immune from discord so long as he maintains this attitude. It is only when through ignorance we transgress these principles that they inflict discord upon us. In the strength of conscious intelligence we rule all being through the application of these same laws.

In the light of this inspiration of universal Intelligence, divine wisdom and love are revealed, which enable us to understand human nature in all its grandeur, though buried beneath a mountain of ignorance. It shows, not the ill covering, but the true soul beneath, whose destiny is akin to our own. Speaking from the inspiration of divine Intelligence, we are enabled to reach that deeply involved higher Self of our brother and impart to it some measure of consciousness. Or it may be that the voice of all-guiding Spirit will counsel silent action, for it is not always well to speak.

In the end, it were surely the happiest and most useful way

to live—from the center of control, by the light of divine Intelligence. It is the secret of the power to rule all things, both within and without. It is the secret of simplicity and understanding. It is to be gained only by working and acting, for only through the externalization of its power can the soul come to know itself. Once attained, it is the key of the universe.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S greatest weakness is conservatism. He has done valiant service in clearing the ground of its tangled underbrush of superstition. He has blazed a broad path through the Black Forest of ecclesiasticism. He has led us out of the bondage of Egypt, but left us in a desert. He has unfurled the standard of freedom for every man, woman, and child, but he has not had the courage to carry it over the borders into the Promised Land. He has not even dared himself to climb out of the valley to where he might look down upon the spiritual wealth within the domains of occultism, theosophy, spiritualism, and metaphysics. He has not shown the courage of his convictions in these latter days. He has slain many giants of superstition, but will not face the giants of truth. He is not keeping pace with the most advanced and most liberal thought. He lacks the boldness of a leader. He says he does not know whether death is a wall or a door. In these times of psychical research no intelligent mind can justify such a statement, though it might very well have been excused when we bowed to the tyranny of the Westminster Catechism and its grotesque deities. Colonel Ingersoll to-day is showing himself a laggard of the most conservative type. He is in danger of being left in "the land of deserts and of pits, the land of drought and of the shadow of death," while stronger hands unfurl the banner of a larger Freedom, lead on to higher conquests in the universe of mind than he has ever dreamed, and open a vista of life that shows that death itself is the illusion—that no walls or doors divide us from the great majority, but only the fogs of our own dim vision and the clouds of our own needless ignorance and prejudice.—*Charles B. Newcomb.*

FIAT LUX!

BY JULIA P. DABNEY.

O God of Light,
  I stand with arms extended,
Wrapped in a vision of delight
  From Thee descended!
From Thee, who overflowest heaven and earth
Forever with mysterious thrill of birth,
And tender palpitations, and strange throes,
Through which life to its full fruition goes.

Do I not know
The clouds across thy countenance that flow
Are mine, not Thine?—mean vapors born of tears
Of mine own atmosphere:
Dull drifts of doubt through which I fail to see
To thine Infinity?
And, if I will, they are not; mine own heart
Can tear the separating veil apart
And see Thee alway shining—Light of me!—
Full through the radiant ether where Thou art!

Forever dost Thou shine
Above, below, beyond, and through the dream
That our own petty vaporings do seem
To make of life. But Thou, Divine,
Only art life; and only do I live
As I do recognize me wholly Thine.
Not a chance sunbeam—flickering, fugitive—
A sense-form transitory,
But one imperishable shaft of glory:
A very part of Thee—complete, supreme.

Make me to know my worth, O God, my Sun!
  Make me to be
With Thy divine intention so at one
  That I shall shine with Thee;
And every cloudy deep and highest space
Be instinct with the glory of Thy Face!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE refusal of Governor Roosevelt to commute the death sentence that resulted in the execution of Mrs. Place at Sing Sing, last March, was no surprise to those aware of his profound respect for the mere letter of the law. As firm believers in the maxim that the surest way to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it, we do not share the antipathy for the new soldier-Executive that has been manifested in some very respectable quarters. Neither do we sympathize with the pessimism that sees in the rigid attitude of the chief magistrate a setback to the humanitarian cause. It is our deep conviction that, through the killing of this unfortunate woman by electricity, the movement that is seeking the abolition of capital punishment has received a greater impetus than it possibly could derive from the infliction of the same official barbarism upon a dozen men. Among even savage races, the practise of cruelty toward "the female of our species" is quite as shocking to man's sensibilities as the wanton injury of a helpless child. Hence, the real atrocity of this relic of medievalism has recently been emphasized with a peculiar vividness. It has been brought home to many advocates of the death penalty who nevertheless have a pathetic regard and solicitude for the sex of their mothers.

In these remarks we do not assume that murder by the State is any more legitimate, from a civilized standpoint, when the victim is a male offender. Neither do we indorse the statement that, because women "have no voice" in making the laws, they

should not suffer the prescribed penalties for their infraction. Such a doctrine would logically demand the release and exemption of all thieves and other violators of individual rights who happen to be women. The quiet, persuasive "voice" of the gentler sex is already more potent in public affairs than many people imagine; and "the ballot" is not always necessary to its expression.

There are deeper reasons in plenty—practical, ethical, and moral—for the abolition of capital punishment, as applied to any living being, regardless of sex or of depth of criminality. The death penalty is a survival of that form of superstitious ignorance that demanded "a life for a life" and "a tooth for a tooth"—that era in which justice was satisfied by retaliation and injuries were repaired through revenge. Of course, its justification is nowadays sought on other grounds; but dispassionate examination proves them to be equally specious and anachronistic.

Its abolishment in five States of our Union, in most of the Swiss cantons, and in Holland, Roumania, Portugal, and elsewhere, has demonstrated that the extreme penalty for capital offenses is not a deterrent of such crimes. In these commonwealths there are fewer murders in proportion to the population than in most quarters where the death sentence is enforced. A bill to change the law in this State to life imprisonment was recently defeated in the Legislature by only a small majority. And even in benighted Russia, where only about five per cent. of the population can read and write, the most aggravated cases of treason are alone punishable by death. The law is a dead letter in Belgium, where public opinion has forbidden the execution of a criminal for over thirty-five years.

The great danger, through the acceptance of circumstantial evidence, of killing the wrong person—an error that occurs not seldom, as revealed by death-bed confessions and other subsequent developments—is one of the most painful drawbacks of this iniquitous law. All other forms of injustice are remediable;

but capital punishment, in this as in all other respects, is unique and wholly incongruous with the true spirit of an enlightened age. But even when the real culprit is found and executed, *his* agony is relatively the least: the innocent and naturally sympathetic members of his family, who bear his disgraced name, are frequently the greater sufferers.

The desire to witness an execution, or even to have the law retained on the statute-books, is an indulgence of the sensuous nature. It is mere animalism—an expression of the same depraved tendency that has given rise to the mania for attending prize-fights, football-matches, and other barbarous "sports." Perhaps the saddest of all humanity's negative emotions is the pleasure that certain minds are able to extract from others' pain.

But by far the most forceful reason that can be adduced in refutation of the assertions of those who favor capital punishment is involved in man's *psychical* nature. We are spiritual beings. To put a murderer to death is not merely to chop down a crooked tree in a forest or to amputate a diseased limb from the body of society. We are immortal entities. We can no more rid ourselves of the wickedness of a criminal by killing his body than we can lose the good influence of a saint when he attains to the ripeness of the change called death. That "the body is the prison-house of the soul" is more vitally true of the ignorant and vicious than of any other class of persons. To become depraved in mind and deed is literally to bind one's self in chains. Yet it is the policy of most advanced governments to grant a total release to such individuals—and thus augment their powers and opportunities for evil—at just the moment when their bitterness toward the race is most acute.

Students of mental phenomena are rapidly inclining to the belief that the operation of unseen intelligences, instead of being a mere superstition like witchcraft, is a psychical fact. To the occult influence of the discarnate souls of suicides, murderers,

and others in whom development has been arrested, may be attributed many cases of epilepsy and sudden insanity on the part of sensitive mortals. Let us, therefore, strive to *educate* such unfortunates here—*i. e.*, educe those higher spiritual qualities that are involved, however latent, in even the darkest souls—instead of stupidly thrusting them beyond our grasp. By its untimely forcing of such entities into the other realm of existence, Society is stultified in its deliberate throwing away of an opportunity to protect itself. Let us cease to interfere with the course of evolution by denying expression to life. "Crimes were never as great," says Lombroso, "as in those ages when punishments were heaviest." Shall we ignore this lesson of experience?

SPIRITUAL BEINGS.

We are beginning to get some little hint in modern studies that the spirit transcends the body—that it runs beyond this present life and rises above the horizon of its corporeal limits. How far we can trust psychic science I do not know—certainly enough to know that the spirit of man exercises an influence beyond the reach of his hand or the sound of his voice, even while on earth. I don't know—who does?—what I can do outside the realms of corporeal presence. I know that I can pray for help, strength, or guidance for another, and by some spiritual reality reach another with a wisdom better than my own. There is a spiritual presence that runs beyond the physical. I believe there is a spirit that death does not quench, but releases and makes efficacious. I derive my belief partly from the Bible, partly from the testimony of others, and partly from my own experience. I do not believe that those who have died have gone far away from us. They have passed beyond our ken, but we are not beyond theirs. If our eyes were open, who knows but that we could see those who have gone from us and yet have not gone from us?—*Rev. Lyman Abbott.*

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?

As Voltaire said of the Holy Roman Empire, that it was "neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire," so it would be easy to say that, if we use words with their ordinary meaning, Christian Science is neither scientific nor Christian. But epigrams glitter in proportion as they are superficial, and a paradox can never be the final statement of truth. Since every Christian teacher to-day is somehow brought into contact with the mode of thought called "Christian Science," it is surely worth while to ask what it is.

In November, 1897, a church was dedicated in London, where Christian Science was first taught by a pupil of Mrs. Eddy in 1890. Letters and cablegrams of congratulation were read from New York, Boston, St. Louis, and a message from Mrs. Eddy, characteristically mysterious, ungrammatical, and oracular:

"Brethren beloved across the sea: To-day a nation is born. Spiritual apprehension unfolds, transfigures, heals. With you be there no more sea, no ebbing faith, no night. Love be thy light upon the mountains of Israel. God will multiply thee. Affectionately yours, Mary Baker Eddy."

In all such churches no sermon is ever heard, preaching having been forbidden by Mrs. Eddy. The reason of this prohibition is, according to the faithful, that the original truth may not be darkened by words without knowledge; according to hostile critics it is that the founder may exercise more absolute control. . .

The literature of the movement is of amazing extent. The extraordinary book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," was first published in 1875, and received with shouts of derision by the press. It is certainly difficult for the uninitiated to read, and impossible for them to understand, its 560 pages. . .

The sale of Bibles at all their book-stores is enormous. Every convert must immediately possess a Bible and study it for the rest of his life, and Bibles in every imaginable type and binding are sold at every headquarters of the faith. The sale of literature and the profit accruing to some one must be extraordinary, since it is claimed that there are now 600,000 adherents, and a million people in sympathy with the movement.

The peculiar personality that is the mainspring of the movement defies analysis. Any man who has tried to disentangle

truth and falsehood in the life of Paracelsus, or Swedenborg, or Edward Irving, or Brigham Young, will not be surprised at a similar difficulty in dealing with the career of Mrs. Eddy. . . .

Some things in her career certainly lend color to the charge of charlatanism. As an explanation of her reticence regarding her own life, she says that "the human history needs to be revised and the material record expunged." She formerly charged $300 tuition for twelve lessons in Christian Science. She "shrank from asking so much, but was finally led by a strange providence to accept this fee." She claims that when J. G. Whittier wrote—

> "The healing of the seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain;
> We touch him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again,"

he alluded to the fact that she had healed him of pulmonary consumption. Standing amid the large trees that surround her new home in Concord, she said: "My faith has the strength to nourish trees as well as souls; I had them brought here in warm weather, almost as big as they are now, and not one has died."

The constitution of the Boston church is such that she exercises an absolute despotism over all its affairs. Recently in New York the various churches proposed to unite in one large church like that in Boston, but a prohibitory letter from Mrs. Eddy nipped the scheme in the bud. Her control is far more nearly absolute than that of General Booth. No Christian Scientist would dream of resisting her will in the management of a church. The extent to which some—not all—of her pupils would go is revealed by a conversation I recently had with a lady who stands high in a New York Christian Science church. After discussing the faith for a little time, she told me that Mrs. Eddy was the way to God. I answered, "Is not Christ the way?" "Yes," she said, "of course we would not put any one in the place of Christ, but Christ is dead and Mrs. Eddy is still living." "But," I answered, "will she not die; and what then? Who then will be the way?" "Well," she replied, "we do not expect that she will—what you call die; she will—dissolve—into the life of the universe!"

When Mrs. Eddy was asked if she herself was the "second Christ," she repudiated any such claim. Yet, in a recent address

she really makes that claim in the following words: "It is authentically said that one expositor of Daniel's dates fixed the year 1866 or 1867 for the return of Christ—the return of the Spiritual Idea—to the material earth or antipode of heaven. It is a marked coincidence that those dates were the two first years of my discovery of Christian Science."

As to the philosophy underlying this extraordinary movement, and expounded so voluminously in "Science and Health," it is a strange compound indeed. . . .

At first reading the author seems to deny flatly most of the doctrines of Christianity. Thus she denies in terms the personality of God and of man; the deity of Christ she does not accept; the atonement is needless; and sin, like sickness and Satan, has no real existence. Many Christians, reading these denials, plunge straightway into vehement denunciation. But they ought to read more deeply. She claims to draw everything from the Bible, which she calls her text-book. She claims that Christians have substituted doctrines and traditions and ceremonies for the wonder-working life that was in Christ and his Apostles. When we examine her denial of the personality of God, we see that by personality she means *corporeality*. To her a "person" is a being in human form, with human parts and passions. Her vehement objection to the personality of God means a strong assertion that he is not subject to any human limitation—physical, mental, or moral. She declares that the common Christian view is that of a big man in the sky, and her protest thus becomes, like that of Matthew Arnold, against "a sort of Lord Shaftesbury infinitely magnified." God is Spirit, she declares, and the only spirit. Human beings made in his image are not independent entities, but simply reflections of God. As God is the only Spirit, pervading all space, the only Principle, the only Life, the only Love, and as God cannot sin or suffer, it follows that sin and suffering are shapes of error, "claims" of "mortal mind," as opposed to the realities of immortal mind. They rule us as delusions, and to escape them we need to affirm their emptiness, their nothingness, to realize God as our Source, and to know that all his strength and joy and health are ours. Matter itself has no existence, and insults us when it claims power over us.

Now, of course, it is easy to make sport of such denials as these. The easy-going Philistine will easily refute Mrs. Eddy, as Dr. Samuel Johnson refuted Bishop Berkeley's idealism, by stamping on the ground and thus demonstrating that the globe exists. But Berkeleyism survived Samuel Johnson's foot, has flourished under Thomas Hill Green, and many of the most philosophic minds of our day resolve matter into force, force into will, and will into spirit. From my standpoint, Mrs. Eddy is right in denying that matter has independent existence. But, even if we cling to the old dualism between mind and matter, we must admit that what Christian Science means by affirming the non-existence of matter is simply to affirm, in the strongest possible way, the existence and absolute control of mind. It is the old Hebraism, which declares, "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." Christian Science declares that hitherto matter has governed mind, and that henceforth mind should govern matter so absolutely that we may regard matter as non-existent. . .

This new doctrine, if it be new, must have some truth in it, because of its fruits. Jesus gave his disciples power to heal, and that power has never been revoked. It will not do for theologian or historian quietly to assume that Jesus meant such power to fade with the lapse of years or to vanish at the end of the third century. Men will believe either that miracles are continuous throughout the history of Christianity, or that they never occurred in the Christian Church. No middle ground is logically or theologically possible. It is absolutely certain that hundreds of men and women in this country have received in the healing of their diseases a demonstration that there is a fundamental truth in Christian Science. Beholding the men that are healed, we must beware how we declare ourselves against it. Even though many have died while hoping to be healed, even though many have forsaken the faith they once held, a marvelous number of cures are being daily performed. It is easy to pronounce this Satan's work; but Satan's work is to bind men, not to loose them.

Christian Science has recalled many from agnosticism to a living faith in God. The majority of the believers do not come from the churches. When I asked one man where they did come from he answered, "Out of their graves." Ninety per cent., he averred, had come into the faith through the healing of apparently

hopeless disease. Many of them have come out of atheism into radiant religious faith.

The average Christian Scientist does have a victory over fear and care and sin that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian. To the average church member, Christianity is the acceptance of a series of doctrines and historical facts, and the acceptance of a forensic transaction of eighteen hundred years ago, in consequence of which acceptance he hopes for heaven beyond. But he is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents or drinking deadly things, as the apostles of Christ were not. The average Christian Scientist—and in this respect he is like the Keswick disciples—has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. Christ is to him no distant historic figure, but the incarnation of the Divine Idea. God is no mere "first cause," but a very present help.

We may then say to Christian Scientists: "Your attachment to Mrs. Eddy is a species of idolatry; is bad taste, bad theology, bad morals. Your exegesis of the Scriptures is childish and fanciful. Your whole system of allegorical interpretation is in defiance of modern scholarship. Your denial of some Christian truths is dangerous and deplorable. But the truth that you possess is our truth also. If we have neglected it, we will do so no longer. We will preach it with joy and power. The immanence of God in his world, the spirituality of the universe, the power of mind over matter, of good over evil, the progressive victory of truth until God shall be all-in-all—this is our creed, and no man need leave our churches to hear such truth or live such life."

Let us thank God that the vagaries and heresies of our day are not, as twenty-five years ago, modes of materialism, but affirmations, however crude and fantastic, of the power of the spiritual world. If the Christian Scientists of our day are destined to scatter with the death of their founder, and to vanish speedily from earth, a charitable obituary might say of them, as Robert Browning wrote:

> "They at least believed in soul—
> They were very sure of God."

—*Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., in The Examiner.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"I THOUGHT how beautiful life is on a Spring morning: what happiness it is to open the lips and inhale the fresh air; what joy to open the eyes and behold earth in her bridal robes; what delight to open the hands and gather the sweet-smelling blossoms! Then I thought of God. I thought of the Lord of the little ones—of the insects that, flitting about me, spoke of His goodness. All these accents awoke a chord in harmony with that which burst forth from the blossoming meadows."—*Madame de Gasparin.*

THE ROBIN'S ROOF-TREE.

The noble Corliss engine
  Springs toward the factory roof;
Like Samson in Philistia,
  It towers and toils aloof.

Its broad arms blindly tossing
  Control the muttering loom,
The springs, the cogs, the levers
  In many a distant room.

And now for extra workmen
  The superintendent calls—
"Bring hither brick and timber;
  Enlarge the factory walls."

Ah! radiant mother robin
  Upon the fir-tree bough,
Methinks the mighty engine
  Is not more blind than thou.

That nest with eggs of azure
  Is lodged too near the wall.
Boldly the crotch was chosen—
  To-day the tree must fall.

Amid the tools and timber
  That strew the foot-worn place,
The vast machine's inventor
  Comes by with rapid pace.

He pauses in compassion;
  He gazes wonderingly
At that unconscious mother
  Enthroned upon her tree.

"Peace to thy throat of crimson,
  Thy dwelling deftly patched!
Nor man nor boy molest thee
  Till every egg be hatched.

"Till every egg be shattered,
  And every fledgling flown,
No hand shall harm a feather
  Nor snatch a fir-tree cone.

"Safe as the Sleeping Beauty
  Behind her hedge of thorn,
To thee no sound of labor—
  No stroke of ax be borne."

Untouched the tool, the timber—
  The robin's cause hath won.
The workmen draw their wages
  As though the work went on.

Love in the robin's dwelling,
  Joy in the laborer's home;
Theirs every common blessing
  For many a day to come.

LUCY C. BULL.

MY RELATIONS.

I well recollect the time when if any one had asked me how many relatives I had I would have begun counting in this way: first, there are father and mother and my brother Joe; then, of course, I would reckon in my aunts—Jane, Susan, and Ellen—and my uncle John and grandpa; then my six cousins, and then—why that's about as big as any family usually is. Yet Fanny, our faithful family horse, I had not counted in; nor Buffy, our big loving puss—both of which I now see are in fact a part of us, and absolutely indispensable to our comfort and happiness.

Ask me to-day to whom I am related, and I really would not know where to stop. The world is larger than it used to seem. There are a great many more people in it. There is the sort of Englishman who always puts an *h* on his words where he should not, and leaves it off where he should put it on; there is the Frenchman who says "Oui" for *yes;* and the Turk who, instead of saying "Good-morning" or "Good-evening," says "Peace be with you." Yet we all say, "Our Father who art in heaven." Of course, then, I am related to everybody, and I begin to understand that we are really one large family. The son of the rich man and the son of the poor man are brothers; and we all should be kind to one another, because we are all dependent upon God's bounty. "We have one Father, even God." Don't you remember that verse in the Bible?—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." And then there is another verse: "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills;" that is, every living thing that flies in the air, every thing that feeds on the grassy meadows, the dog that guards his master's house, and the cat that keeps the mice away—all these live on what our Heavenly Father provides for them. So we are all one great family under God's loving care.

Do you remember what the poet Cowper says?—

> "I would not enter on my list of friends
> (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility) the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

One cold day I kept Buffy, the cat, by the kitchen stove. Every time I went into the dining-room she tried to follow me. There was a broad beam of sunlight in the room, and suddenly, without my knowing it, she darted in and stretched herself in the middle of that shaft of light, and seemed to say: "Oh, how I love the sunlight!"

Once I had a flock of sheep, and whenever I went out to bring them up to the barn they would press about me, just like school-children, trying to see which could stand nearest to me.

So you see how long a list of friends I'm related to; and we all love God's sunlight, His sweet air, the cold water that bubbles up in His springs, and the fruits and flowers on His table-lands. And so, as we are all the children of God, let us love one another.

JANE WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

THE JUST-LIKE-YOU COUNTRY.

When Robin had passed through the Ivory Gate of Dreams, he was delighted to find his dainty little fairy godmother waiting for him just inside.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you, Fairy Godmother!" he said, as he ran toward her. "I've had so horrid a time to-day. My hair wouldn't brush this morning, and I spilled my milk at breakfast, and the cat scratched me, and mama was cross, and Katy said I was a nuisance, and just everything hateful happened."

"I know all about it, laddie dear; so to-night I've had you come to the Just-Like-You Country. Perhaps what you see here will help you not to have any more such horrid days. Now I must leave you, for in this country you will have to find your way alone." And, with a kiss like the brush of a butterfly's wing, she was gone.

"But Fairy Godmother! Fairy Godmother! I don't want to be alone! I don't want you to go away!" Robin called again and again; and when he found it was of no use, he sat down and began to cry as hard as he could.

For a few minutes he cried, when suddenly he realized that, though the sun had been shining brightly just before, rain was falling now. He looked up through his tears and saw great drops hanging from every leaf of the tree under which he sat, oozing

from between the petals of the flowers, dripping from the plumage of the birds, and there—why, sure enough!—there sat a squirrel on his hind legs, with both front paws up to his face, while "tears" trickled slowly down between them. Everything about Robin was crying with him.

For an instant he was puzzled; then burst out angrily: "Stop making fun of me, all you things! It's real mean of you, and I won't have it—so there now! Stop it, I say!" And he stamped his foot, in a fine temper; then stood amazed. For, though all the tears had stopped with his own, everything in sight was apparently in just as fine a temper as himself. No rain fell now, but the thunder growled and rumbled; the winds sighed no longer, but tossed the leaves about in fierce gusts; the birds were scolding loudly and making angry dashes at one another; the squirrel wept no more, but chattered his teeth fiercely; the thorns of a rose-spray tore at his coat-sleeve, and even the violets were shaking their heads as if daring one another to come out and fight.

At first Robin didn't know what to make of all this, but all at once he remembered what his fairy godmother had told him.

"Oh, I see what she meant! In the Just-Like-You Country everything acts just the same as you do yourself. Why, how funny!" And he laughed as merrily as if tears and anger had never been near.

Quick as a wink, out came the sun and changed every raindrop into a sparkling diamond; the birds burst into the jolliest of songs; the squirrel displayed his shining teeth in a broad grin; and you couldn't have told whether the rustle of the leaves or the rippling of the brook was the happier, nor whether the roses or the violets were the sweeter.

Just before Robin passed back through the Ivory Gate into a new morning, he heard his fairy godmother saying: "It's really just the same, dear, in the daylight world as here in the Just-Like-You Country, though you don't see it so plainly. It will give back to you what you give to it."

To his mother, as she bent over him with a good-morning kiss and "Mama's glad to see her laddie wake up so happy," Robin declared very earnestly: "Mama, I'm just not going to have any more horrid days—not *never*. Fairy Godmother has shown me how not to have them."

C. AMADON.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

The call of the yellow-hammer is "Pee!" and his answer, "Zee-zee!" The field-lark calls, "Pippee!" and replies, "Preeoo, preeoo, pee preeroo!" The woodlark says, "Badoolay, badoolay!" and replies, "Lu-lu-lu-lu!" The tomtit says, "Titigu, titigu!" and replies, "Steetee, steetee!" The redbreast says, "Weep, weep!" and replies, "Teeree, teereetee, teereeteetee!" The wren, "Zool, zool!" and answers, "Zalp!" The black-capped warbler says "Toc!" The white-throated warbler says "Bshee, bshee!" They both reply, "Clap!" Many birds have only one cry for calling and answering. The wagtail says, "Teetroo, teetroo!" the white-tail, "Farfar!" the sparrow, "Twhee, twhee!"—like the bullfinch. The cuckoo repeats his own name, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" The quail, a bird of good counsel, says, "Pay thy debts, pay thy debts!" The owl, when evening comes, saddens the woods with his dismal cry, in regular time, like the ticking of a clock: "Hoot-toot, hoot-toot!" The nightingale says, "Teeo-teeo-teeo-teeo!" and the thrush, "Zeep-zeep!"—*X. B. Saintine.*

BUT if, whatever you seek, you put *good-will* into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last; for, whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble and beautiful character, which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

TO A CHILD.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one;
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the Sun.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE LITTLE PERSIAN.

Among the Persians there is a sect called the Sufis; and one of the most distinguished saints of this sect was Abdul Kauder. It is related that, in early childhood, he was smitten with the desire of devoting himself to sacred things, and wished to go to Bagdad to obtain knowledge. His mother gave her consent; and, taking out eighty deenars (a denomination of money used in Persia), she told him that, as he had a brother, half of that would be all his inheritance. She made him promise solemnly never to tell a lie, and then bade him farewell, exclaiming: "Go, my son; I give thee to God. We shall not meet again till the day of judgment!"

He went on till he came near to Hamadan, when the company with which he was traveling was plundered by sixty horsemen. One of the robbers asked him what he had got. "Forty deenars," said Abdul Kauder, "are sewed under my garment." The fellow laughed, thinking that he was joking him. "What have you got?" said another. He gave the same answer.

When they were dividing the spoil, he was called to an eminence where their chief stood. "What property have you, my little fellow?" said he. "I have told two of your people already, replied the boy; "I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes." The chief desired them to be ripped open, and found the money. "And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully hidden?" "Because," Abdul Kauder replied, "I will not be false to my mother, whom I have promised that I will never conceal the truth." "Child!" said the robber, "thou hast such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years; and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it."

He did so; and his followers were all alike struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief; "be the same in the path of virtue!" And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on the hand of the boy.—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION. By Florence Huntley. 463 pp. Cloth and gold, $2.00. Published by the author, Chicago.

This work is presented as the initial volume of "the philosophy of individual life, based upon natural science, as taught by modern masters of the law." It is in many ways a truly remarkable book and will make a deep impression on the scientific thought of our age. While Truth is never really "new," though sometimes rediscovered, yet the author's undertaking is a huge one—to reconcile the spiritual teaching of the most ancient schools with the researches and conclusions of modern physical science. In the process, however, the doctrines of materialism are completely overturned—its every fact being shown to have a spiritual basis. In tracing the history of man and the planet, the misconceptions of theologians and physicists and the erroneous speculations of occultists are pointed out and explained. In view of the logic, profundity, consistency, and scientific coherence of this work as a whole, it is difficult to avoid giving credence to the author's intimation that it is chiefly the result of inspiration. The chapters on the sex principle, love, and marriage are especially superb in both conception and diction. The volume is of universal utility and should be in the hands of the adherents of every school of advanced thought. To such it presents a common platform of fundamental truth.

EL RESHID. A novel. Anonymous. 438 pp. Cloth, $1.00. B. R. Baumgardt & Co., publishers, Los Angeles, Calif.

The law of spiritual development—the recognition of the inherent powers of the individual—is here presented in the guise of a charming romance. The incidents have for the most part an Indian and Egyptian setting, and as the tale proceeds a profound philosophy of life is unfolded. It teaches the all-important

truths that the only real power is understanding; that wisdom can be gained only through experience; and that upon the growth of the individual the progress of the race depends. Students and admirers of the different schools of Oriental thought, which under Western influence are developing various cults and "isms," will find this a most inspiring and suggestive story; for behind the modest veil of anonymity is evinced an adept in the mystic lore of the East. As truth is often most vividly portrayed in the form of fiction, "El Reshid" is apt to have a wide welcome among serious thinkers.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WONDER IN HEAVEN. A Christmas poem. By Josephine C. Woodbury. Illustrated by Eric Pape. Cardboard, 7 stanzas. Published by the author, Boston.

WAR ECHOES. Poems. By Ernest Howard Crosby. 16 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, New York.

SEXUAL LAW AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERFECT HEALTH. By Charles W. Close, Ph.D. 16 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Bangor, Me.

WHAT IS TRUTH? AND WHERE CAN IT BE FOUND? By Vivia A. Leeman. 16 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Published by the author, Holton, Kan.

THE COST OF A SEAL-SKIN CLOAK. By Joseph Collinson. 26 pp. Paper, *2d.* Wm. Reeves, publisher, 185 Fleet st., London, E. C., England.

ASTROLOGY VINDICATED. By John B. Schmalz. Paper, 16 pp. Published by the author, Etowah, N. C.

PRACTICAL EFFECT OF ADVANCES IN TAX LAW. By George J. Bryan. 30 pp. Paper, 5 cents. Frank Vierth, publisher, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE METHOD OF HEALING WITH OR WITHOUT DRUGS. By Anagaraca Caskadananda. 24 pp. Paper, 20 cents. C. W. Smiley, publisher, Washington, D. C.

MIND.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MENTAL HEALING.

BY DOCTOR G. STERLING WINES.

Most mental scientists have implicit faith in certain principles of which, by practical application, the truth has been demonstrated to their satisfaction. It does not, however, follow that we understand all the related truths embodied in these principles. It is safe to assume that we possess only fragments of truth; consequently, it should be our constant aim to add knowledge from all available sources to our meager fund. To do this it is essential that we cultivate a spirit of perfect impartiality, and learn to judge all questions on their merits, whether they agree with our opinions or not. This is the truly philosophic attitude that all mental scientists should aim to maintain.

It should be evident to all that, if the practitioner be not familiar with the psychical laws and conditions involved in this method of healing, he is like a mariner adrift on the ocean without compass or rudder. In mental science we have to deal entirely with subtle and hidden operations of the mind that almost defy scrutiny; yet we owe it to ourselves, as students of mental and spiritual processes, to rationalize and systematize these laws and causes and thereby justly merit the appellation of *mental scientists*. We need accurate knowledge concerning the psychical conditions that operate in producing cures by the metaphysical method. The results, on the whole, have been most satisfactory; but the explanations offered have been frequently vague and indefinite.

This method of healing is something more than religious enthusiasm, and should therefore be based on sound philosophical principles. If we are in possession of fundamental truths, we need not fear that the strictest scientific investigation will rob them of any essentially religious or spiritual elements. Science stands for accurate knowledge, and if it were the enemy of religion or of metaphysical healing we should have to confess that we preferred ignorance to understanding. Science means knowledge of facts and causes. Science takes cognizance of phenomena and endeavors to discover their laws; and if we are consistent with our designation we should investigate all phenomena relating in any way to this method of cure. But, if we are to be successful in this difficult task, it is essential that we should have something more than a smattering of knowledge relating to psychical conditions. We have in fact been too easily satisfied when seeking to know somewhat of the laws and causes that operate in absent as well as in other forms of treatment.

If the average practitioner has gained sufficient knowledge to heal, he seldom concerns himself with the psychological principles involved. If we profess to understand the art of treating, and essay to teach it to others, we should have clear and definite answers to give to direct and pertinent questions. We are not at all in sympathy with those who claim that this method of healing is the result of psychic states and conditions so subtle that it is vain to attempt to communicate them to others by means of logical statements. If we have a method of treatment that is worthy of the term *science,* we should have comprehensive rules. By "rules" I do not mean soulless formulas or set phrases, but certain fixed principles that can be applied in all emergencies. If we depend on a formula, we have not discovered the inmost *realities* of the spiritual man, and are at best but mechanical healers. There is little if any virtue in the parrot-like repetition of words or prayers. The vital force of a loving, earnest *wish,* wisely directed, has more

saving power than a thousand ill-directed sentences that may possibly have some effect upon the mind but certainly none upon the *spirit* of the sufferer.

Many practitioners affirm that all attempts to reduce the art of mental therapeutics to a rational and scientific footing will result in failure. They claim that spiritual forces are not reducible to any such material basis. To our mind, if we are unable to do this we have no science or art of healing. But we are convinced that it is possible so to explain this method of treatment that the student can readily apprehend our meaning, and at the same time not detract in any degree from the spirituality of this truth. By this we mean that it is possible to give clear and definite statements regarding the mental effects we should endeavor to produce, and also to explain the laws and causes of the sympathetic communication that must be established before it is possible to give successful treatments. The necessity of this knowledge should be evident to all; and we are convinced that the best and most certain results are invariably accomplished by practitioners familiar with these psychical conditions.

It is self-evident that knowledge is power. Knowledge, in this science at least, must always precede faith, because without it we are only aiming in the air; but a strong and determined faith augmented by accurate knowledge, other things being equal, can overcome most obstacles. All our failures are traceable to a lack of knowledge rather than a deficiency of faith. Knowledge transforms faith into conviction, and this sentiment is a far stronger auxiliary than a superficial faith, however strong, where knowledge is lacking.

Many healers, while accepting telepathy, or thought-transference, as a demonstrated fact, do not believe that this is a correct or adequate explanation of the psychic communication that is established where a successful mental treatment has been given. Telepathy, we admit, does not cover the whole operation; but, being more comprehensive than any other term

that has as yet been suggested, we can see no good reason for discarding it. Again, no argument that we have yet heard has convinced us that telepathy, in the highest and fullest acceptation, is not sufficient to account for the best results that have ever been accomplished through absent treatments. By this we mean that, while there may be spiritual forces in operation that lie entirely beyond our present understanding, and may be prime factors in effecting the results, yet the known laws of mental interchange and influence are sufficient to explain any phenomena manifested in this method of cure. In other words, we are not obliged to enter the realm of the so-called supernatural, but can explain all results on strictly scientific and rational grounds. While, however, we may not understand the subtle laws that enable us directly to transmit our thoughts, yet we can calculate with certainty the results of absent treatments.

Many healers affirm that *telepathy* is too material a term to express the spiritual laws of communication that are established between the practitioner and the patient. They think it savors somewhat of hypnotic suggestion, and should not be employed to express this higher and more spiritual method of healing. They insist that we should never attempt to impress any of our convictions or beliefs on the consciousness of the patient by an effort of the *will;* that so far as we try to do this we are seeking to dominate their freedom of action—hence their spiritual freedom; and that, therefore, when we employ the *negative* and *affirmative*—terms familiar to all students and practitioners of this science—our efforts are closely allied to mesmerism and suggestion and are not in accord with the divine laws of cure. They say that we should rather seek to balance the mind of the patient by holding him in the thought of courage, hope, trust, and other positive emotions that do not restrict his freedom; that our aim should be rather to *awaken* than to suggest or command; that he is in a dream, and we simply acquaint him with the fact by holding him in

truth; and that we should not transfer any tangible thought to him, nor anything of our personality, but only open his eyes to the fact that light and truth have always dwelt with him, but barriers of his own making have shut him out from this glorious freedom from sin and error. With some of these statements we heartily agree; others we cannot conscientiously accept. But this line of reasoning carries conviction to many who do not discriminate between truth and sophistry. Fine metaphysical distinctions are not necessarily philosophic truths or scientific facts; for when we dissect them we discover that in trying to avoid the bugbear of materiality they have become so lost in the labyrinths of metaphysics that it is almost a hopeless task to separate the wheat from the chaff.

Let us consider the position held by many healers—that we should not try to "bias" the will of the patient. We have the highest authority for the affirmation that in many instances it is absolutely necessary to use the will. in the effort to rouse him from his lethargic condition, by firmly insisting that he shall do our bidding. And the patient is often completely dominated by the force of the command we thus employ. Did not Jesus, in most of his cures, follow this method? When he restored the widow's son, he used this imperative language: "I say unto thee, Arise!" In his healing at the pool of Bethesda the same principle was illustrated; he said to the paralytic: "Arise; take up thy bed and walk!" Again, when he restored the withered hand he commanded the man to "stretch forth" his arm, and at once the man obeyed. In these cures we have pertinent illustrations of the saving power of a determined will, augmented by a tender, loving desire for the recovery of the sufferer. Can any one justly assert that such authoritative methods were not perfectly legitimate? And if we wish to accomplish the same results, are we not perfectly justified in adopting the means employed by this Master of the healing art?

In the incipient stage of the New Thought movement, only

a very small percentage of teachers and practitioners of mental science accepted telepathy as the basis of metaphysical healing. The majority bitterly combated that view. In Mrs. Eddy's work, "Science and Health," we find the following: "The malicious form of animal magnetism ends in mental diabolism. The truths of immortal mind sustain man; and they annihilate the fables of mortal mind, whose flimsy and gaudy pretensions, like silly moths, singe their own wings and fall into dust. In reality there is no mortal mind, and consequently no transference of mortal thought and will-power. Life and Being are of God. In Christian Science man can do no harm, for his thoughts are true thoughts, passing from God to man." Comment on this is needless. Thought-transference by mortal mind, yet mortal mind non-existent! The statements annihilate each other.

While denying telepathy in public, many teach it in private, and in their practise use it, however much they may disguise that fact from others and even from themselves. As evidence that it was early recognized as the principal factor in mental healing, we need only refer to "Primitive Mind Cure," by W. F. Evans, published in 1886: "The communication of thought and ideas from one mind to another without the use of spoken words, and that at great distances, has been practised in all ages of the world by the spiritually unfolded man." And Dr. Evans quotes from "The Occult World," by A. P. Sinnett, as follows: "Though it may seem to us a very amazing and impossible thing to sit still at home and impress our thoughts upon the mind of a distant friend by an effort of will, a Brother (an adept), living in an unknown Himalayan retreat, is not only able to converse as freely as he likes with any of his friends who are initiates like himself, in whatever part of the world they may happen to be, but would find any other modes of communication, such as those with which the crawling faculties of the outer world would have to be content, simply intolerable in their tedium and inefficiency." "This

is done," continues Dr. Evans, "in perfect harmony with the laws of spirit, and with as much ease as we can carry on a conversation with our friends in the same room with us. . . . In solitude and inward silence, their thoughts may come to us as 'the still small voice within.' What we call language is only thought expressed on the plane of sense. But our true being lies behind the veil of sense, and this may hear and speak the soundless language of thought and ideas."

Many experience difficulty in comprehending the laws of mental telegraphy, and much patience and perseverance are required on the parts of both teacher and scholar before the pupil can hope to become a successful practitioner. The invisible spiritual wires that connect one mind with another are not in any degree comparable to the public telephone over which any one can transmit a message. These magnetic wires belong exclusively to those who by virtue of interior development have gained sufficient soul-power to avail themselves of such invisible and intangible forces.

Our best mental healers, like persons of genius, are natural, not artificial, productions. The potentiality must be present, otherwise the skill cannot be acquired. In giving treatments many practitioners claim that their will is in a perfectly passive or negative condition. They aim to be vehicles of the Divine (or Universal) Mind. Consequently, it is not their own thoughts or emotions that are factors in awakening the patient to a consciousness of the truth that heals; and if he comes to a realizing sense that he is one with God, and hence is freed from all sin and disease, it is the direct influence of the will and mind of God that produces this transformation. They do not deny that it is possible for them to transmit a thought or an idea to the mind of the patient, but this is said to be not in harmony with the higher and more spiritual phases of this method of cure. They say there is absolutely nothing of the healer's personality—thought, sentiment, or magnetism —transferred or absorbed. The incipient idea of recovery

that is essential before a cure is possible is not taken from the practitioner, but is transmitted through him as light passes through a pane of glass; and this healing essence, or thought-force—whatever it may be—does not enter into the consciousness of the practitioner or depend in any degree on his volition.

With these statements we cannot agree. They are so vague that it is impossible to reduce them to a practical system of instruction or a method of cure. Many of them are not even intelligible, because when we leave the realm of consciousness we have no trustworthy data from which to draw any satisfactory inferences regarding the known laws of mental activity. While we grant that there may be constant interchange of subconscious mental action among all minds, yet it is difficult to demonstrate the proposition. Therefore, we are forced to conclude that all sanative results derived from absent as well as other forms of treatment are the direct result of conscious or subconscious volition or effort on the part of the practitioner. When a healer is giving a treatment, what is he trying to accomplish if not a change in the mental state of the patient? This is a desire, or will, to effect something. It need not take the form of a determined effort, but it is necessary to exercise volition in order to concentrate the mind. The thousands of impressions incessantly crowding into the consciousness must be checked in order to accomplish this most essential result. If any one who has never attempted to concentrate his thoughts on one subject, to the exclusion of all others for hours at a time, tries to do this he will discover that he has undertaken a very difficult and exhausting task. He will find that the mind is extremely restive under this discipline, and does not readily submit to the new experience, but exhibits a most refractory disposition under the unaccustomed effort. Having determined to acquire control of his mind, the practitioner must exercise his will to bring the insubordinate member into subjection. Instead of being in a "passive" condition, the will must be the active factor in pro-

ducing the desired result. Even after the art of centralizing the mind on the patient has been acquired, the earnest desire for his recovery is a form of good-will all-important in accomplishing the wished-for end.

Some affirm that *will* and *desire* are synonymous terms. To quote again from "Primitive Mind Cure":

"Much of the efficiency of the will is lost by our not understanding its true nature and the best method of its use. The highest conception of an act of the will is that it is an inward divine impulse toward a good end or aim. . . . In the psychological method of treating disease, it is a fundamental doctrine in which we must become immovably grounded, that a voluntary activity of mind is the only power and causal agent in the universe. Mind and will are the first principles of motion. . . . When the leper of Capernaum said to him [Jesus], 'If thou *wilt*, thou canst make me clean,' he replied, 'I will it; be thou clean;' that is, thou art clean. . . . All the volition that is necessary in making a psychological impression upon a patient is that of a *wish*, or benevolent desire, expressing itself in an affirmation. This is the radical meaning of the word *volition*—from the Latin *volo*, to wish. This adds to the *thought*—the mere intellectual conception—an element of life-force. The influence of desire or emotion is to give intensity tc the thought—to render it more vivid, or living, as the word means. Desire alone is powerless; and thought alone is lifeless and inefficient. They must be combined into a harmonious unity. . . . It is taught in one of the sacred books of the Hindus, the Atharva-Veda, that the exercise of such will-power is the highest form of prayer, and it is instantaneously answered. For we realize in proportion to the intensity of our desire and the strength of our faith freed from all doubt. For desire is the incipiency of the thing or state desired, and faith is its full fruition."

Dr. Priestley said: "What is desire besides a wish to obtain some apprehended good? And is not every wish a volition? Every volition is nothing more than a desire to accomplish that which may be considered as the object of the passion or affection." According to Ritter, it was a principle with the Stoics that will and desire are one with thought, and may be resolved into it. "Volition," says Belsham, "is a modification of the passion of desire." Mr. James Mill, in his "Analysis of the Human Mind," holds that will is nothing but the desire most prominent at the time.

We do not consider will and desire to be strictly synony-

mous, but every voluntary effort is prompted by desire, the wisdom of which must be determined by the reason. In many cases the act of volition may be spontaneous without our consciously perceiving a distinction between the promptings of desire and the effort of will that follows. It were a great error to suppose the first attempt to exclude other thoughts to be the only act of volition. The will, in treating, is never "passive." The mind throughout is keeping up a threefold action: First, endeavoring to concentrate; second, endeavoring to sense the mental condition of the patient; and, third, endeavoring to project the sanative thought in the desired direction. In all these various activities of the mind there must be a constant, determined effort of will. In most cases the practitioner enters a subjective mental condition, as in semi-trance, utterly oblivious to externalities. This is essential to the higher phases of thought-transference, and consequently to successful metaphysical treatment.

It may be asserted that the will is not a factor in this stratum of consciousness. It is a difficult position to demonstate scientifically, for it is almost impossible to analyze the supersensuous actions of the mind; but experiments with "psychics" have convinced me that in clairvoyant vision and mental telegraphy there is always present an element of the will. If a clairvoyant experiences difficulty in describing places and persons at a distance, one may materially assist in the experiment by causing him to exercise his will-power to establish the magnetic *rapport* that results from a powerful concentration of mind. I am convinced that in the most exalted spiritual states volitional power is always present. It may not exhibit the same phenomena as in normal consciousness, but in my judgment the will, *good will,* is the dynamic agent in every form of metaphysical healing. Finally, no matter in what thought we hold the patient, it is necessary to impress some tangible idea upon his subjective consciousness. However deeply this impression may penetrate his spiritual

nature, or however vivid it may be, it does not necessarily follow that he is in the strict sense dominated by it, or that his intellectual and spiritual nature is in any way limited. The truth has set him free; he has been liberated from the dominance of the ideas of sickness and pain. There can be no bondage to truth; error alone holds the mind in slavery. Thus a suggestion that is an embodiment of truth is recognized as such by the intuitive perception of the patient, who at once makes it his own.

The whole mind, in a healthy state, is centripetally its own potential past, present, and future; and from the depths of this unitary basis, secluded in the realms of Nature, the keys of thought, affected by all forms of influence, float to the surface from the mind's automatism and reveal consciousness—*"life."* The minor counseling of that life, governed by current power, is but the stepping-stone in sister Nature to the individualized whole in the grand ideas of harmony, health, and happiness—the trinity of perfection. This knowledge is perfect. The chain of human evidence comes from the soul and speaks to the soul, echoing through all forms of manifestation and claiming the thoughts verily its own in the fullest and grandest significance.

THE world of corporeal forms is an external expression of the world of mind. Each thing represents an idea; each star in the sky is a visible symbol of a universal power or principle. A diseased state of the body is often caused by a diseased state of the mind. The majority of diseases are due to moral causes, and the treatment ought to be of a moral kind, and consist in giving instruction and applying such remedies as correspond to those states of mind that we wish to induce in the patient.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

"THE sage thinks, but does not discuss."

SOCIETY AND THE CHURCH.

BY F. R. FISHER.

The pertinence of the inquiry, "Whither is the religious world drifting? What is the end to be?" becomes manifest when we consider present conditions and remember that the whole status of government is dependent upon moral culture, which is the direct issue of the religious idea. If the religious concept be false, illogical, and dogmatic, its repudiation is inevitable and its downfall disastrous; for then the average person knows not where to pin his faith, or upon what "authority" to base the measure of his moral responsibility.

There are few things that a man guards with such jealous care as his religious holdings; and any criticism is regarded with suspicion, and perhaps at once resented as a direct attack upon tenets that are an inheritance fostered by careful education and that have become the foundation of his ethics. Often we find men that regard their religious convictions as a sacred trust, embodying the precepts of upright and beloved parents or instructors; and so strong are their sentiments that any approach to a discussion, no matter how delicately it may be made, is denounced with emphasis. Should these convictions be founded upon logical or fallacious grounds, for the time being it is immaterial to the person concerned; for they serve as the basis of his self-government and cannot be rudely shaken without doing untoward violence to his personal happiness and disturbing the equilibrium of that deportment which governs his social relations.

Bearing these and implied kindred considerations in mind, as also the fact that the religious motive is more or less common among human beings, it must become manifest that any

attempt that contemplates the abrupt eradication of old views and the substitution of new ones must be made with caution, or be attended with strife, unhappiness, and failure, disastrous alike to individuals and the social mass; for society bears the average characteristics of its constituents, and the truths cited above respecting individuals apply equally to communities. The proofs of the considerations involved in the foregoing proposition are within the experience of every observant person, and the verity of the proposition itself is clearly evidenced in the calamitous events recorded in history.

The present trend of the religious world is not without precedent, although materially modified in a manner that will become evident. The analogies are to be found preëminently in the conditions prevalent in the epochs that marked the inauguration of Christianity in Palestine and Protestantism in Europe. If we critically examine the beliefs of all peoples from the most remote periods and divest them of their ritualistic symbolisms and mysteries, we find certain ultimate religious concepts underlying them. These constitute the common base upon which all creeds are formulated, no matter how diverse their structure. Perhaps no better instance of this can be cited than the religion of ancient Egypt, with its host of divinities. A careful perusal of "The Book of the Dead" leads to the conclusion that the belief was fundamentally monotheistic, and the multitude of minor gods and goddesses but the attributes of the Supreme Deity personified—by which personification an attempt was made to present the character of the attributes in thinkable shape.

In the Vedas, the Avesta, the Upanishads, the Assyrian-inscribed legends, and similar sources, we find a like discrimination between the Supreme Entity and the attributes so personified as to manifest in the simplest manner their relations to mankind. Yet, again, the highly-cultured Greeks had an altar to the "Unknown God" whom Paul made known to them. We note also upon investigation that the virtues required of men by the Supreme One, under these otherwise

diverse beliefs, are essentially if not identically the same as those set forth in modern theology.

To those familiar with metaphysical considerations, it will be clear that to imbue the mind of the social mass with anything like a lasting impression of the highest religious concepts would be impracticable, except through the medium of a symbolism similar to but more crude than those to which even the most profound intellects must have recourse for rational thinking. It is easy to perceive how such symbolism could, among the masses, eventually come to usurp the place that belonged to the concept of the reality symbolized; for almost daily we find fallacies due to this error, oftentimes leading up to inconvenience if not serious consequences. Such misconceptions were, doubtless, by the clergy, found to be advantageous, and were consequently tolerated if not encouraged by them; for the increase of ignorance and the consequent superstition signifies a proportional increment in power due to knowledge. We find this lamentable truth, not only in the case of ancient beliefs, but also in the conditions that marked the period just preceding Christianity and the downfall of the papal supremacy. Notwithstanding, however, the efforts thus made by the Church to hold the balance of power in by-gone ages, through the encouragement of religious superstition, the purpose has been ultimately thwarted, because the same attention has not been, or perhaps could not be, bestowed on general knowledge.

Freer intercourse between nations and communities and the consequent augmented attrition of minds gradually improved the mental faculties. The enhanced intellectuality could not fail, under the stimulus of the inherent moral sense, soon to generalize the observed irrelevancies between religion (as taught) and daily experience; and, finally appreciating the conditions, to cry aloud for relief—a relief only to be acquired through the mediation of wars or some bold reformer.

It appears that while crude symbolism of abstract truths was adequate for religious equilibrium in the early days of a

people, and served to raise them from absolute fetishism to an improved moral status, yet later a higher intellectuality, inevitably recognizing the discrepancy between such symbols and its more elevated concept, demanded a higher system of symbolism. It would thus seem that, while the primitive religions established general principles, which the early Christian Church formulated, refined, and applied more advantageously, practical religion did not keep and has not kept pace with the growth of intellectuality resulting from the expansion and diffusion of knowledge; and the layman has been compelled to call upon his clergy for more rational elucidations of the relations between Deity and man than the dogmas so long his daily portion have afforded.

Examining the conditions prevailing at the epochs of Christian and Protestant inception, we find a symbolism of religious concepts that had outlived its usefulness, an inordinate abuse of power on the part of the Church, and an improved mental status that demanded a reformation. A like inspection of the conditions obtaining at the present day reveals a striking similitude. We find little or no abuse of power, but are confronted with narrow and conservative ecclesiastical views that deter the churchman, except in a few isolated cases, from meeting the rational inquiry of the layman with a rational, scholarly reply. Happily, improved mental cultus carries with it restriction in deportment; and the diffusion of knowledge has spread this characteristic so generally among men that the change they crave and demand will take place gradually and without strife. In the meantime the religious motive does not degenerate, nor does the moral sense fail; but the advance to a higher standard of concepts is retarded by an unscholarly conservatism that comes with ill grace from the preceptors who should be the first to recognize the increased capacity of their followers. We would indeed entertain but a poor opinion of the capabilities of the schoolmaster who failed to pay due regard to the growth of receptivity in his scholars.

A large proportion of men, ordinarily intellectually bright and capable of recognizing their own deficiencies, are incapable of generalizing abstract truths or of formulating a symbol for such; yet they are as vividly conscious of certain verities as of the positive existence of Deity. Such men require the guidance of generous-minded preceptors, who, unrestricted by sectarian dogmas or doctrinal limitations, may give the inquirer the symbolic concept needed. Until this condition prevails advance is checked, the old system falls into discredit, and agnosticism grows. Agnosticism is essentially a condition due to the absence of an adequate symbol, or system of symbols, that will enable the otherwise unthinkable to be rendered thinkable and therefore tenable. It is an honest doubt, born of an inadequate religious system. It contains no element of irreligion, but, on the contrary, is the evidence of a mind bent on discerning the Truth, or attaining a concept as near thereto as may be; hence, it is commendable. It is preëminently a condition of suspense. Those who condemn the agnostic do ill to him and reflect but little credit on themselves; for, by the terms of the foregoing definition and the proposition immediately preceding it, they are largely the proximate cause of his agnosticism.

Religion is, in a broad sense, the science of faith, and its main functions are the preservation of social integrity through formulated articles of catholic belief and the dissemination of the principles of right doing in accordance therewith through the medium of a Church. It follows, as a corollary, that if the Church is to maintain its dominant power the articles of faith must be of a character that will admit of adjustment to the requirements of an advancing intellectuality. If the doctrines are fundamentally true, no demand that may be made upon them will be detrimental; on the contrary, their verity will enjoy an expansion that must inevitably be beneficial alike to Church and people. It should be the business of the Fathers of the Church to bear this precept ever in mind, and, laying aside dogmatic methods of opposition, meet the inquirer

frankly and lead him gently to that higher sphere of thought which he seeks and to which he is entitled.

As knowledge grows and intellectuality expands, veil after veil is raised, and we perceive with ever-clearer vision the unfathomable depth of the Unknowable; and as each veil presents to us a wider and more beautiful expanse, so in proportion do our awe and reverence grow apace. Unhappily, the Church appears to ignore this, and, by persistent efforts to bind the social mass to a spiritual symbolism long since grown crude, is fast losing its hold upon the layman. Instead of seeking ways of ably meeting the demands made upon them—instead of elevating their minds by deeper study and application to those methods that a few theologians of a small but exalted school have inaugurated—the clergy are wasting time and the welfare of their flocks by wrangles over the ritual, sectarian differences of no import, and the compilation of sensational sermons. Their discourses are often shrewdly formulated for the purpose of drawing large audiences, albeit they teach little of the relations between Deity and man. Even if they do no further harm, they frequently instil in the mind thoughts of iniquity and wrongdoing, often unrequited, that were better left in oblivion.

Under such conditions the Church inevitably falls into discredit, the clergy forfeit respect, and the would-be inquirer is constrained to systematize his own concepts as best he may. And should these conditions grow, it will speedily follow that the Church will give place to the lecture-room; for independent thinkers of large mental capacity and generous impulses are rapidly multiplying, and not infrequently we find them ready and anxious to bestow the result of their study and meditation upon a less favored but receptive audience. Thus we find ourselves upon the threshold of a period that, while in a sense undesirable as manifesting unstable social equilibrium, is a necessity; but a definite unification, which must sooner or later follow, will endow society with a higher system of religious concepts.

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto him: he being the beginning, middle, and end of all things.—*Socrates.*

"Like attracts like." There is something kindred between steel and iron and the magnet that attracts and holds them; for without that relationship there would be no attraction.

The activities we observe in the outer world are but typical of that which is taking place in man's inner world of thought and feeling—the outer being the external expression of the invisible law of God. That *law* is universal few will question; that it has a definite effect upon the life of man is conceded by all. It is possible, however, that in our investigations hitherto we have paid too much attention to the outer manifestation, thereby losing sight of the law that finds its highest expression in the human mind and heart. Whatever qualities of thought or feeling we may have developed in life, sympathetically they tend to relate us to the same order of development in other people and have the effect of calling forth into a more vital existence these kindred qualities. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." We are so related to one another that there is among us in continual operation an alternate outflow and influx—and the latter inevitably partakes of the qualities of the former.

"Like attracts like." Upon the recognition of this law depend health and happiness, because neither can ensue unless in our thought we give out both. The strong, wholesome

thoughts we think; the kind feelings we have; the bright, joyous hopes we entertain—these are so many qualities going out from us to unite with the same qualities in other people, thus making it easier, both for them and for us, to comply with all the true requirements of life. No matter what we wish to be or to do, through recognition of and conformity to this principle of *attraction* it becomes possible. By virtue of this law we make our own environment, realizing through the inner knowledge of life that we have the power to shape its outer conditions and to establish a new and higher order of things, so that the old thought of being controlled by circumstances or fate or any external condition passes away, and we awaken to a knowledge of our inherent dominion and power. We use this knowledge, moreover, both for our own benefit and that of others, because any action on our part that tends to bring real good into our own lives must necessarily have a corresponding action on those sympathetically related to us.

If people would only pay attention to the operation of this law in their own lives they would quickly realize the importance of a thorough knowledge thereof and of its practical utility. Let us consider a few illustrations that show its effect.

A deep interest in any particular subject is sufficient to bring us almost immediately in contact with persons whom we have not met nor cared for in the past. How it is brought about we hardly know; but in a short time we become surrounded by persons interested in the same subject. The interchange of thought and idea works for the good of all. The very object of our coming together is that there may be a mutual giving and receiving. The quality of our thought places us where we belong. A man that has faith in a beneficent Creator, who works through law for a perfect end, or the ultimate perfection of all things—

> "One far-off, divine event
> To which the whole creation moves,"

—has acquired the first element necessary to bring about a complete action of law in his own life.

The next thing in order would be the feeling of confidence and faith in humanity in general; but this should be especially true of those with whom we are brought in intimate contact, so that the trust and faith we repose in them may be felt by them. Again, faith in one's self, one's aims and objects, clearness of vision to see aright, perfect faith and trust in one's own ability to accomplish the desired end—these all tend to set in motion forces inherent in one's own being, so that their action upon others is of that quality that serves to waken and renew the same innate power. We now have something of the element of success to start with, but we wish to be successful in the highest and truest way. Let us, therefore, introduce still other qualities; let us fill the mind with hopefulness. Hope is just as requisite as faith in the upbuilding of character or the promotion of success. Our hope tends to make others hopeful. Doubt saps one's vitality, and doubt is best overcome by hope. Faith and hope, however, without *love,* were barren qualities. Love is the greatest of all, because it includes all. "Love is the fulfilling of the law"; because whatever we do through the spirit of love will not be done through opposition to the law of life, but in perfect conformity to it. Pope says:

> "Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
> As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake."

Love of self is good in its proper place, but it ceases to be love when one ignores the greater call to love and serve God through loving service to humanity. We should always subordinate the lesser to the greater, but that does not call for the doing away of the lesser. It calls rather for a perfect adjustment, wherein the self shall recognize and conform to the universal Self. We now have the real riches of life; but, as all inner states find outer expression sooner or later, we see these inner riches expressed in many ways and degrees. The

faith, hope, and love *we* have for humanity become living seeds sown in the hearts and minds of others. Springing up in and beautifying their lives, they bring forth fruit abundantly, so that all that has been given out by us has returned to us a hundredfold.

Our faith and hope and love take shape in a material way —*i. e.*, they relate themselves to form, giving beauty of color and harmony to external surroundings, so that to a degree the earth becomes transformed into a paradise. The mountains appeal to us in a way that they never did before; the valley and meadow reflect a new beauty; the river and brooklet impart new qualities of brightness and joy; the ocean, in calm and storm, conveys to our minds the greatness, the strength, and the freedom of life; the sun reminds us of that Power that gives of its own life and intelligence to every living, moving thing. And the moon, as the reflector of light, brings to us the thought that only as we reflect the universal Love and become one with it are we truly related to God and humanity; that the inner law is that the soul must follow God as a plant follows the sun; that when the Spirit of Truth illumines the life, then from such inner illumination will God's Word, as it is written without in all Nature, be revealed to man, and the things that have been long hidden shall be known—not as we have believed them to be in the past, but as they are in reality. Thus shall we attract to us everything that heart and mind can desire; for the heaven realized within shall become manifest without. This is not an idle dream: it is what the prophets and the enlightened ones of every clime and age have taught.

Thousands of souls are looking forward to the coming of a new era, when the Christ kingdom—the reign of righteousness, justice, and truth—shall be realized on earth. Let every one know that the hastening of this greatly to be desired end is to be sought primarily through individual effort, which shall tend first to call into existence latent good on the part of the

individual, so that the necessary conditions may exist for the natural action of one mind upon the minds of others. And who can foresee what the result will be? The time will come when the inner unity—the oneness of life—will be as fully manifest outwardly as it now exists interiorly.

"Like attracts like." Man *must* give expression to the God within him. "If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken; . ." The desire to express more of this God-likeness will not only bring us into a closer relationship to Deity, but will make us more truly useful to one another. And in the fulness of time, through knowledge of the law and desire to give perfect expression thereto, we shall attain to the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ.

ON TIME'S HORIZON.

Dim memories, on Time's horizon blent—
Ghosts of the past, in retrospective shrouds—
Quickened to life within the heart of crowds,
Touched by the wand of trivial accident,
Like meteors, flash o'er mental firmament
Impressions volatile, the glance of eyes,
Linked form and feature, subtile sound and scent,
Too fugitive to hold or analyze.
Association revery's mantle flings
(Its mesh too fine for disentanglement)
About the mind, and other scenes arise—
Arise and vanish on their phantom wings:
Singing the songs of summers that are spent,
Breathing the airs of half-forgotten springs.

HOWARD JAMES.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON RACES.*

BY MRS. JOHN EMERY MCLEAN.

No one who has traveled at all widely, and has come into close or frequent contact with members of different branches of the great human family, can have failed to note the obvious influence that climate has exerted on these varying sections of mankind.

Ethnologists point to the five great divisions of the human race, which may be likened to the five fingers of the hand; but the simple division of the whole into five parts, called respectively Caucasian, Negro, Malay, Mongolian, and Red, by no means exhausts the subdivisions of mankind, and it is chiefly with the peculiarities of the white (or Caucasian) family that we are specially brought in contact.

Europe furnishes a wide and fertile field for studying these interesting variations of the common human stock. Tradition asserts that Romulus and Remus, the founders of the early Roman republic, which afterward developed into the Roman empire, were suckled by a wolf. This is a somewhat improbable natural incident; but,—when we remember that the wolf is peculiarly a Norse emblem, and that it figures most conspicuously in Scandinavian mythology,—throwing aside the poetic garb of the ancient legend, we discover an important ethnological probability: it was from the hardy North, the land of sturdy pines and firs and a most rigorous climate, that there descended a couple of intrepid invaders of Southern Europe, and from these north-born brothers grew into existence the valorous Roman people, who after having degenerated into effeminacy were conquered and overthrown by the Goths

*A paper read before the Minerva Club, at its fortnightly meeting in the parlors of "The Majestic," New York, April 10th, 1899.

and Vandals who swooped down upon them from their parent North.

It is impossible to dissociate the idea of bravery from cold climates and rugged scenery, because valor is a virtue that is specially developed through a series of hand-to-hand encounters with Nature in her wildest aspects and most relentless moods. It is undoubtedly true from a metaphysical standpoint that every human soul, or essential ego, contains within itself all possibilities of expression; but certain peculiar environments unmistakably contribute to the evolving of certain distinctive latent elements. Climate and physical surroundings can exert no *creative* power; but, though they cannot create essential attributes or possibilities, they certainly exert a powerful influence upon such as are inborn.

Let us turn to the sunny land of Italy, and, wandering through the picture-galleries of Florence, Venice, Rome, or Naples, contemplate the exquisite perfection to which the Italian genius has risen in this particular field of artistic work; then, crossing the border into Switzerland, behold how different are the characteristic attainments of the hardy mountaineers who, though by no means inartistic, have never developed among them a painter who could compare with Raphael, Guido Reni, or any one of the noble company of illustrious princes of pictorial art who have made Italy famous the world over for her unique achievements in this fascinating direction. Impulsive, easily aroused, keenly alive to all the beauties of Nature, capable of doing glorious work, but somewhat indolent as well as dreamy and poetical, not only the Italians but all peoples of Southern Europe undoubtedly are; and, as we travel further southward and eastward, we find in Asia the very apotheosis of indolence connected with much that is romantic and spiritual in the lives of many of those meditative Hindus who regard external activity as a foe to interior development.

Who can say that climate has no influence on religious ideas and ceremonial? The Roman Church never blossoms

forth in such splendor in northern climes as in the sunny South, while all systems of so-called paganism that find in the North their native home have no such gorgeous rites and ceremonies as delight the worshipers at Oriental shrines.

In America, one has ample opportunity to trace the influence of climate upon character as he journeys from the frigid Atlantic States to Southern California or to Florida. In New England, drive, bustle, push, incessant attention to business—this is the order of the day all through the year, with very few holidays, and only a gloomy Puritanic sabbath observance one day out of seven wherever the old *régime* continues.

Yankee grit and calculation have been developed during three centuries of face-to-face encounter with a climate of almost arctic severity; and now that modern improvements are ever multiplying and devices for counteracting the influence of climate are coming rapidly into vogue, a good deal of the old-time Yankee hardihood is vanishing and the New Englander who lives in steam-heated apartment-hotels is losing much of his once magnificent power of endurance and constitutional heroism. It may, of course, be argued that as civilization advances we can afford to dispense with our old geographical boundaries of character, and so we certainly can; but, while the process of fusion is taking place, we are subjected to many inconveniences incident to the process of gradual assimilation and racial coöperation.

The competitive spirit of Yankee thrift fares ill in Southern California, and no sooner do people endeavor to import into another latitude ideas and practises foreign to the soil than wreckage of fortunes and disappointment of excited hopes quickly follow. The Spanish celebration, La Fiesta, which is so well adapted to Los Angeles and Pasadena—that garden of innumerable flowers—is enjoyed fully as much by business men and heads of families from the towns of New England as by the native inhabitants of that warm and somewhat

enervating clime. The disposition to work hard and continuously flourishes in cold countries, but no sooner are people transplanted to a milder region than they begin to grow less active and either sink into indifference and apathy or else awaken to the pursuit of undertakings adapted to the land in which they have taken up their new abode.

England is proverbially the country of trade. Commerce spreads wherever the Union Jack is hoisted; and nowhere in Great Britain do we find better facilities for attending closely to the interests of trade than in the large, smoky cities of Manchester and Glasgow: both solid, substantial, and in many respects comfortable dwelling-places, but certainly not possessed of climates that invite the population (as in Southern Europe and Southern California) to spend at least three-fourths of its time in the open air. London, the greatest business center on this planet, is, climatically speaking, renowned for its fogs; and though its climate is proverbially uninviting except in the spring and early summer (the fashionable season), it has the largest permanent population of any city on the globe. And let it not be forgotten that the typical trades-person, if fairly well-to-do, enjoys life thoroughly in the damp and smoky districts of Albion. In the Isle of Wight, and in many of the pleasant seaside towns on the south coast of England, one notices a marked difference between the inhabitants and those who come from the banks of the Tweed or Tyne. In Northumbria, in Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and even in the pottery districts of Middle England, the dialect, manners, and appearance of the people are all in accord with the hard, stony nature of the soil and the rigidity of the general climate; while in Devonshire, Cornwall, and other milder counties the genial climate induces a decided softness of speech and gentleness of manner in the inhabitants.

Take France and Germany, as notable examples of contrast, illustrative of the influence of climate on disposition and temperament. The climate of France is for the most part

exhilarating; the skies are generally clear; the air is well charged with ozone, and—behold the volatility of the French nation! Germany presents many leaden skies that give much rain and many somber forests, especially in the northern sections—and behold the stolid, studious character of the typical Teuton! The Gaul is industrious, but he loves light pleasures and takes kindly to the most frivolous music; but it is the Rhine country that has given to the world nearly all the greatest composers of stalwart, majestic harmonies and the authors of the profoundest works on philosophy. Richard Wagner, the incomparable music philosopher, is a German. Michael Angelo, the unequaled sculptor, is an Italian. Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller—these are all German names. Dante is an Italian, and Milton an Englishman.

A careful analysis of conception of plot, style of treatment, and indeed all else that tends to give individual or national character to a novel or treatise, will soon reveal the effect of climate on the literary worker. Balzac is French; Carlyle is Scotch-English; Victor Hugo is French; Dickens and Thackeray are English. We do not always find divergence of sentiment or opposition of root-idea, but we *do* discover wide differences in *clothing* of thought, to say the least.

It is a safe conclusion that climate *per se* cannot make a people or an individual good or bad, kind or cruel; but, though virtue and vice, as direct contradictories, are to be met with everywhere, the particular phases assumed by both are of the nature of local coloring and largely traceable to climatic influence. Drunkenness in France savors of absinthe; while in England and Germany heavy wines and beer (and certainly *gin* in England) are especially responsible for intoxication. Scotland and Ireland fall into sin through whisky; and so it goes through the entire range of belts and districts.

No grander specimens of humanity can be developed or have appeared in one country than in another, and no depths of vice have been sounded in one land more than in another;

therefore, none are justified in saying that good and evil are climatic products, and that we are incapable of living nobly because we were born too near the equator or one of the poles. But we *are* justified in taking into account the influence exerted by climate upon the special types or phases of character that when in order are alike good, and when in disorder are alike evil.

There is a good and sufficient reason for all natural and seemingly inevitable differences that are not discordances. A disposition for hard manual work is fostered by those climatic influences that render it necessary in the districts where rigorous weather prevails; while in other places, where such intense physical activity is uncalled for, the disposition to such exertion is not called forth. The wise metaphysician, the practical educator, the truly helpful physician, is never one who shuts his eyes to natural variations, but rather opens them widely to the existence of these human varieties and seeks to prove the goodness, the usefulness, and the necessity of all.

When the nations of the whole earth are federated in the pleasant bonds of mutual good-will, and a coöperative commonwealth of peoples is established, there need not be amalgamation, though there must be coöperation; and so long as differences of climate remain in anything like the present pronounced degree, there will surely be a continuation of racial dissimilarities, all of which need to be understood, and so intelligently acknowledged and accounted for that universal peace and good-fellowship will be proved compatible with all such variations of temperament and occupation as render possible full-orbed harmony—not mere quiescent monotony.

In certain parts of America to-day, notably in South Carolina, the work of the negroes is worth more than that of the whites because our black brothers are better adapted to work in the blazing sun in cotton-fields and on sugar-plantations. It is sheer idiocy to assert that one set of people should be treated with greater respect or shown higher regard than

others, when reason positively reveals that all are necessary to the general good and all are endowed and equipped for certain distinctive ends of useful service. The last word has certainly not been spoken on the race problem; and this outline presentation of the influence of climate on races is intended solely to provoke thought and call forth sober reasoning on this important and fascinating question.

WHEN the pall of gloom hangs low—when pain of disappointment for the failure of ideals oppresses the soul—'tis well to know that not all of life is contained in a single effort; that "art is long," and Truth at last achieves her end. 'Tis better to try and fail than not to try at all. The hero lives in the soul's purpose, the heart's ambition, the mind's idealism. If not always expressed in the outward deed or in the physical triumph, heroism may live in spiritual qualities that inspire the weak to hope if not to attain—to aspire if not to soar. Even a dirge is comforting to a soul in pain. The sad heart is so chorded that every wave of sympathy thrums upon it its melody of joy. Outward triumph is often inward failure. To think high and lofty deeds, though our lives be commonplace, is to live among the gods and hear the rustle of the angels' wings. To weep is sometimes better than to laugh. A tear is often but a molten jewel; some time it will crystallize again and bedeck the soul as a priceless pendant. To know that nothing fails except the false is to hold the key of life's profoundest secret. Truth is too vast to be all revealed in a day. To-morrow waits upon yesterday, and the present is forever forward. To-day is always, and eternity abides in the flitting moment. Fill out the little minute of time that nestles thee upon its breast, and all the anxious hours will await thy bidding. To master a moment is to conquer a universe. Weep not unless thy tears spring from pain that shall beget thy joy. Life is beyond; the past cannot be resurrected. The morning breeze sweeps from the opening horizon whence looms the rising sun. Let us arise and forward, though the day be long and the pilgrimage oppressive. The sun sets not forever, nor shall our hope.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

REASON AND FAITH.

BY JAMES GARRARD STEVENSON.

Reason is the negative and faith the positive pole of thought. Between these two poles swings the mind of man—between them has swung the world, back and forth, throughout the ages.

Reason represents the self in man; faith represents the God in man. Reason moves in the sphere of law; faith moves in the sphere of love. Reason dwells amid forms; faith dwells alone in the spirit. Reason dwells in time; faith dwells in eternity. Reason sees only facts; faith sees only Truth. Reason sees the world of appearances; faith sees the world of Reality. Reason asks for the rights of man; faith requires only righteousness. Reason is fearful, cautious, conservative; faith is fearless, bold, and affirmative. Reason doubts and distrusts; faith hopes and trusts. Reason gropes slowly toward the light; faith beholds it unveiled. Reason is analytic and critical; faith is synthetic and creative. Reason sees differences; faith sees both identity and unity. Reason separates and divides; faith draws together and unites. Reason sees incongruity and discord; faith sees congruity and concord. Reason sees everything imperfect; faith sees everything potentially perfect. Reason sees only a part; faith sees the Whole. Reason works by logic; "faith worketh only by Love."

While reason is thus negative in character, yet it is that which holds the world and man in the perfect balance and harmony of law. It is the conservative force that holds man to his proper course, restraining him from running headlong to destruction under the impulse of mistaken faith, which is mere credulity. Reason is the mental ballast that keeps man up-

right in his course. Reason is patient and follows in the footsteps of faith, clearing away the errors and rubbish of idolatry and superstition that accumulate about the pathway of faith like barnacles upon a ship.

Reason is good and necessary; it cannot be ignored. It is the friend of man; it holds him to his task, not allowing him to spend his life in mere dreams—making pictures of the Beautiful, the True, and the Good, *in the air*. Reason insists that man shall keep awake, with his feet upon the earth, and not waste his life in vain imaginings that never fruit in action. Reason camps upon the trail of Idealism, holding it true to its high and lofty claims and not permitting it to evaporate into thin air. Reason represents law; it will not suffer mere pretension to pass in the world for truth. When the idealist talks of the "possibilities" of man, reason recalls him to the Actual. When the idealist denies sin, disease, weakness, and death, reason asks him why he devotes his life to dispelling that which he says does not exist. When Faith claims the power to redeem the world from darkness, Reason is right in insisting that the claim be made good in fact as well as in theory.

The Man of Nazareth said, "By their fruits ye shall know them": by which we are to understand that faith must satisfy reason, or it is not faith. Every devout soul in this age has felt these two mighty tendencies contending within him for the mastery. It is impossible to silence either the one or the other except by a faith that is real, not imagined—a faith that shall include and fulfil reason by perfecting it.

The claims of reason are just, and must find fulfilment and satisfaction before the claims of faith are to be allowed. Recognizing thus the right of reason to full satisfaction, faith requires of reason in return that it shall yield itself to the greater Reason that faith alone reveals. In order that the tree may come forth into life, the seed that contained it must give itself up to the greater and freer life that awaits it. So reason contains within it the larger, freer life of the *greater Reason*

that we call Faith; and for this greater life to come forth, reason must give itself up to its own greater Self.

It is only in periods when faith has been strong and dominant in the lives of men that humanity has taken those great upward movements that have marked its course through the ages. Faith has ever been the unseen power working within the hearts of men, moving them in the great periods of expansion whenever a new art, a new literature, a new nation, a new religion, or a new era was to be born upon the earth. The present century has combined faith and reason, but it has found expression mainly in man's dealing with the forces of Nature and in dominating his material environment. In a single century the whole life of man has been metamorphosed in its material aspects, and this has called for the exercise of faith no less than reason.

Having thus gained control of the physical forces around him and turned them to his service, man stands to-day upon the threshold of an age of a still greater faith, which shall give him mastery over the mental and social forces that are surging through and about him with tremendous power. Reason has been at work heroically throughout the century trying to evolve a plan of social life that shall satisfy the awakening sense of justice that is innate in man. Impatient with a religion whose shibboleth is "faith" but whose practise has been timid and wanting in that very quality, men of reason have endeavored to devise a social scheme that would satisfy the demands of self and of the other selves at the same time. Reason, at the promptings of Justice, has sought to reconcile and unite egotism and altruism in a system of society that would satisfy the demands of each. But Reason has seen only the negative side of the problem. It has failed to see that it has attempted the impossible. It has not observed that selfishness and unselfishness cannot exist in the same heart at the same time. The problem is deeper, broader, and vaster than it dreams.

Reason demands justice. It fails to see that justice does not begin to satisfy the mighty heart that dwells in man. He has justice now, and does not know it. The universe is governed by Law, and law means order, justice. It could not exist an instant without justice—the even balance of all its parts. Justice stands unmoved and untouched in the presence of starvation, want, and misery, seeing in them only its own stern decree—that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; and reason silently assents. Reason demands justice; but there is that in man which cries out for something more.

Reason rules the world and man until it comes to the limit of its jurisdiction, when it is compelled to bow before a power that transcends and fulfils it—*Love.* Law is just, but it cannot free man from its stern decrees. Love only can accomplish that; "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Faith is the greater Reason that reveals to man the power of Love, of Truth, of God—to free him from bondage "under the law." Faith is the realization by man of this power within himself to fulfil the law of the universe. Faith reveals the God in every man, to which it ever appeals. A man's faith in God is in exact proportion to his faith in man. This is the key to the New Era that is dawning upon the world. We are upon the threshold of a new experience. We are already in the early morning light of an age of faith that shall be greater than the world has ever known; a faith that shall give birth to an art, a science, a literature, and a religion that shall find embodiment in a new humanity; a faith that shall bring down Ideals into the *lives* of men.

"USE the light that is in you to revert to your natural clearness of light."

AN air-castle may prepare one for very stern emergency.—*E. E. Hale.*

THE INVISIBLE MAN.

BY GRACE LEE ORR.

In dealing with spiritual things, the majority of mankind may be divided into three classes: (1) Those who absolutely deny the existence of the invisible man and maintain that matter alone is supreme; (2) those who go to the opposite extreme, maintaining that this world is but an illusion and a hollow mockery, and who either retire from the world and practise the most rigid asceticism or go about with long faces preaching constantly into unwilling ears the doctrine of "salvation"; and (3) the great mass of people to whom the spiritual man is but a vague, shadowy thing, entirely separate from the physical man, and whose chief concern is for the physical, leaving the spiritual to take care of itself in the "next world." Few, indeed, are they who live in the world, playing their parts in the drama of life, recognizing and conforming to all the laws of Nature, and yet with a perfect knowledge of the absolute unity of all things, a cognition of the real *man*, of whom the physical body is but the outward manifestation.

It is not our present purpose to enter into vain arguments with any of the above-mentioned classes. We shall not attempt to disprove materialism, nor will we strive so to demonstrate the existence of the spiritual plane that it may be measured and dissected as a new kind of plant might be. Neither, on the other hand, is it our intention to enter into a discussion in regard to the merits of the orthodox methods of salvation as compared with philosophy, reason, and common sense. It is useless and generally disastrous to try to *force* people into a belief of any kind. Ideas and beliefs rise and fall; they come and go, as races do; and, as man evolves and

becomes more enlightened, his fallacies and superstitions die out of themselves. But it is our purpose to present, briefly, some of the ancient teachings that have come down to us in regard to man and his relation to the universe, and leave it to the inner consciousness of the reader to decide whether or not they are the Truth.

The first fact that must be recognized is that the universe is *One;* the next, that it is controlled by Law. There can be no such thing as a natural and a supernatural world, each governed by a special set of laws. A law that holds good on one plane of the universe holds good on all planes, although it may work through different instruments. Once grant that the universe is one, and the idea of a personal God, a Creator who is above and beyond the universe and its laws, immediately disappears. That there are other forces in Nature besides matter is self-evident. What, then, remains? What is implied when we say the universe is one? We mean that there is but one Reality—eternal, incorruptible, and inexhaustible. "It is without birth, and meeteth not death." This Divinity —call it Spirit, the Absolute, God the Father, Para-Brahm, or what you will—is in all things, and all that we see is but a manifestation of It. All matter is illusory and transitory. It changes its appearance, comes and goes, according as this omnipresent Spirit manifests through it or withdraws from it, in conformity with cyclic law. Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, light and darkness, good and evil, life and death—these are but different aspects of the One, and as such are purely relative. But behind all these aspects is the Real—the unchanging, the universal, the Divine. And it is the spark of this Divinity in all men that gives to them the consciousness that there is something beyond the mere physical. This is the Invisible Man—the immortal performer who strives so to attune the physical instrument that he may bring forth harmony. And it is the functions and possibilities of this inner man that we wish to consider.

Before we can comprehend man in his higher aspects, however, we must first have an understanding of his lower nature. The old philosophy divides him into the higher and the lower man, and these are then subdivided into different aspects or principles. The lower is simply a reflection, an instrument, and without the *player* it is useless. But most of the aspects of the lower man are invisible also, and consequently powerful. The physical body is the only outward manifestation that we have, and we all know how little we can depend on it. Its organs, in themselves, sense nothing; and the least thing serves to throw them out of order. It is but the outer garment—the covering that the real *man* puts off or takes on as needed. But directly connected with this physical body are the other aspects of the lower man—our inheritance from the animal plane. There are desire, anger, hatred, selfishness, love on the physical plane, and all the hundred other appetites and passions that serve to bind us to the body. There is the love of life that sends the blood tingling through our veins and makes us, like the young animal, jump with joy at the very idea of sentient existence. And even should we once get control of the body and the physical plane, we are met at the threshold of the other planes of being by infinitely greater temptations, not only from our own selfish desires but from those of others who have tried and failed. Strong indeed must be he who is able to rise above himself and push through the clouds and mist into the pure atmosphere beyond. Even in the lower, animal man, therefore, the most powerful causes come from invisible sources. The body is only a sort of playground, as it were, where the effects of these causes may be worked out.

What is the higher, immortal man doing all this time? And how does he set about to produce harmony out of such a mass of discord? It would be utterly impossible for that part of man that is a spark from and a part of the Divine to make itself felt in gross matter. We must ascend to it; it can never descend to us: so it sends out a ray, which we call *mind,* to

illumine the physical brain, and through the faculties of will and reason enables us so to control the animal nature that eventually through this ray we may reach it and become one with it. It is this ray that, together with the lower principles of desire, gives the individualizing touch that causes the personality to recognize itself as "I." The divine spark is the same in all things. The moment that man reaches that point in his evolution from the lower kingdoms where he becomes what we may call "self-conscious," a battle begins—to last through long ages, until he is at one with the Divine. This battle is within himself, and is a struggle between the lower and the higher for supremacy. At first the animal holds absolute sway, and will and reason are under its control; but gradually, as he passes through life after life, taking on and putting off body after body, he begins to learn that as he sows he must reap. He eventually discovers that his experiences of pain, suffering, and sorrow are for a purpose; and finally will and reason assume control. The lessons of life are learned one by one. The animal dies hard, but step by step he is forced down; and then sweetly and softly, but so clearly that it rises above even the strong notes of will and reason, is heard the silvery voice of *intuition.* The inner man, the immortal one, is speaking; for at last we have reached the point where he can manifest directly through us.

A question often asked in connection with the subject of the immortal man is, "Why does this Divinity, which is in all things, which *is* all things, manifest in matter?" And it is impossible for one who, as yet, has scarcely taken the first step upon the path to divine wisdom to answer it. We can only say that it has been taught that the universe is controlled by the law of cycles. There is the rise and fall, ebb and flow, in all things. And so there is the out-breathing (or manifestation) and then the in-breathing (or rest). In all things there is the desire for expression—for sentient existence; and so the Real strives to express itself and raise the lower to the

higher by experience. No one can give physical demonstrations or proofs of these things. Proofs are but relative things; for what is proof to one might be meaningless to another. Each man must to himself be the proof. It is only by raising ourselves to Divinity that we can have any knowledge of It. To the blind there is no such thing as light; and so to those who live only on the physical plane there is nothing else. But even in physical phenomena we know that the most powerful effects are produced by causes that we cannot reach with our physical senses. We have the effects only. It is so on all planes. The light is there, even though the blind man does not see it; and so the real *man* is ever with us, though we may refuse to recognize him. But when we have so learned our lessons and profited by our experiences that we can hear his voice, then he will speak to us, and there will be no more question of proving or disproving; for we are at one with him, have gained our immortality, and have attained to *knowledge.*

"But," again comes the question, "what are we to do to gain this knowledge? How are we to set about raising our lower selves to the higher?" And a reply often made is that we need not *rush out* "to do." Do what you find to do. "To live to benefit mankind is the first step." We all have certain duties to perform, and the neglect of them for any selfish purpose is sure to bring dire results. But every one knows that we live our *real* lives within, whatever we may appear outwardly. And it is in this inner life that our real work has to be done. By striving to overcome selfish desires, by cultivating patience and overcoming anger, and above all by not allowing ourselves to be cast down and conquered by bad fortune or overjoyed and uplifted by good fortune, we can soon reach a point where our whole lives will be one great harmony and a consecration to the Supreme. Too many people judge the success or failure of persons in life by the amount of wealth they have accumulated, by their position in "society," or by the fame they have achieved. These are but shadows that

belong to the physical body, and can have nothing to do with the real *man*. Our success or failure depends upon how well we have learned the lessons taught by our experiences, how much real knowledge and wisdom we have stored by our ourselves, and how much we have helped to uplift humanity. Every good thought we send out, every compassionate or unselfish act we do, helps the world just that much; and it is not necessary to retire to the seclusion of the mountain-top or jungle to attain to a knowledge of ourselves and the world, for the real way to reach our higher selves is so to order our lives that when we lay aside the body for a time the world will be better for our having lived.

The only power to be desired is "that which shall make the disciple appear as *nothing* in the eyes of men." This was not only taught but exemplified in the lives of all the great Teachers who have lived to help mankind. But do not think this is to be gained in one short life. In the struggle for physical existence the voice of the immortal one is lost sometimes for a long period. In one life, perhaps, we learn one lesson—take one step upon the path toward the final goal. And we might well despair if one life were all the time or opportunity we had. But we come to the school of life again and again, each time learning new lessons and gaining new experiences, according as we have profited or lost by those we had before. As in school, sometimes we have to go over the same lesson many times before we learn it; yet, when once learned, we pass on to a higher class. And in time we are *bound* to accomplish the object for which we are striving. Our lives will be attuned to the divine harmonies of the Supreme; the goal will be reached; we shall be at one with the Divine.

Think of the possibilities and the future that open to us when we come to a true realization of what we are! We are divine; and, once we come into our inheritance—become conscious of our divinity—there is no limit to the heights we can

scale. There is spread before us not only the possibility of infinite knowledge and wisdom, but the still grander possibility of raising up our fellow-men. With the consciousness of the immortal man, all of life takes on a new meaning. Instead of regarding this physical life as the reality, we discern it to be simply the instrument for the manifestation of the Real. As we comprehend what the past must have been to make present conditions what they are, many of the puzzling questions of life are solved. Instead of regarding death with fear, and as a destroyer, we realize that it is but a change of condition; for there is no death to the real *man*. We simply lay down the body for a while, and after a period of rest we take another and continue our work where we left off. And instead of regarding the future as a vague state, to be dreaded and shunned rather than looked forward to, we see in it infinite opportunity and hope; for we can make it what we will. Is it not worth striving for?

It is impossible physically to demonstrate the spiritual plane, and nothing that any one can *say* will help us to a realization of it. Each one must learn for himself. Each one must go through this "valley of the shadow of death" many times before the Christos can conquer matter and rise triumphant from the dead. But the resurrection will come to all of us if we but have courage; and to those who would despair we can only say, with the Orientals: "Have perseverance, as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows*—for it *is* knowledge—is not of fleeting life; it is the Man—that was, that is, that will be—for whom the hour shall never strike."

SPIRITUAL development is not necessarily dependent on intellectual acquirements; and there are sometimes persons that are ignorant in worldly things but possess great spiritual powers. —*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

BY HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

The organization of a home, in our own and in other lands, has always been largely a matter of custom and conventionality. From patriarchal ages, the home life has been the foundation of national life. While other movements are often the factors that constitute its historic records, yet the earnest student of sociology never forgets to recognize the home life of a nation as the mold in which is cast the statue of its national characteristics.

Behind the curtain that rises over the comedy and tragedy of life's experiences lie the hidden desires and aspirations in the heart and mind of humanity—and these are the direct result of home influences. Through the laws of pan-genesis, the ideals of a family are transmuted into flesh and blood, forming rates of thought-vibration that renew them in thought from generation to generation.

The corrupt moral atmosphere of imperial Rome was first poisoned by its polluted home life, in which the beasts of lust and greed were allowed to lurk. These same monsters are crouching to-day beneath the polished crust of nineteenth-century civilization, and they have always proved the disintegrators of home and national life. In the present age, however, there are several new factors for lust and greed to contend with that have never appeared in the world's problems before. They are new figures upon the blackboard of time, and therefore will necessarily affect all future calculations. Principally, these may be enumerated as follows: First, a great advance in the average educational percentage of mankind at large—consequently a purifying of ideals; secondly,

the liberty extended to woman along educational and business lines; and thirdly, the widespread desire of thinking people to investigate and test social and coöperative organization. These three tendencies must inevitably change the precedents established by long usage. Especially will they affect methods of home organization, and in ways that prophecy alone could reveal.

There is at present a noticeable movement between the sexes to drift apart, although the all-around observer views it as a natural result of new conditions for women in the labor markets of the world. In changing conditions old customs are unsettled, and before new ones are established the fearful observer looks for chaos to appear; but deep in the heart of humanity lie certain fundamental principles that are inherent —emanating from a divine source. These will always be recognized. Customs and conventionalities change, as we may see by comparing the social life of different nations; but "in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them." Men and women, old or "new," are very similar in natural instincts to the ones who wandered ages ago in the shadow of the pyramids; yet it is to be hoped there are large classes that are far superior in ability to cherish high ideals of home life. In the ideals cherished will be found the key-note of homes organized by the intelligent people of the future.

The money basis of a home cannot possibly be the source of its inmates' happiness nor of its relative value to the growth and development of a nation. The wealth of a Crœsus cannot of itself make a home harmonious or practical, nor a fit abode to usher in the souls who will in time act their part upon the stage of life, according to their inherited and acquired natures, for which the founders of a home are directly responsible.

There are many households, but few true *homes*, in the world to-day. To perform its true mission to the nation, a home must be a place where the threefold nature of man can grow, expand, blossom, and fruit into harmonious manhood.

Provision must be made for physical, intellectual, and spiritual culture. Women need to be educated in scientific knowledge of food values, in hygienic and physiological law, and in the wonderful influence and power that habits of thought exert. Such education will imbue them with a higher appreciation of the dignity and responsibility of motherhood.

The "lords of creation" need much the same training. In the face of a boasted superiority and years of intellectual research, they still fail to realize their individual responsibility as creators of national conditions by implanting in the moral fiber of their descendants germs of the highest and noblest emotions known to humanity. A home founded upon a one-dollar-a-day basis is perfectly practicable—if there be a thorough understanding between husband and wife in regard to resources and as to what is to constitute their happiness in the future. A true home is a place where the highest as well as the most helpful and restful influences predominate; and these are generated, not by the cost of its furnishings, but by the love and intelligence of its inmates. There are few people so devoid of sensitiveness that they do not feel the influence of a true home atmosphere and realize that this subtle influence has very little to do with the material surroundings. It is felt alike in the clean kitchen of a farm-house and in the daintily furnished parlor of a modern city home.

To found a successful home on a small basis requires deeper study than when it is founded upon a liberal basis. To provide all that is needed for an all-around development of its members, its founders must be willing to devote time and thought to the work and be so well grounded in their own ideals that they are not affected by the false ones by which they will probably find themselves surrounded. A certain Stoical independence in regard to the thoughts and remarks of others must be cultivated. Plain, substantial, yet palatable food, and plain (but not necessarily ugly) clothing and modest furnishings must be the rule—in order to leave a margin for

emergencies that will probably arise, although homes founded upon an intelligent basis and in harmony with Nature's laws will be exempt from many of the exigencies brought about by disease, poverty, and untimely death, which seem so prevalent in the homes of to-day.

To found an ideal and practical home, the equality of the sexes must be acknowledged by both. This does not necessarily include the question of the enfranchisement of woman or her place in political life; it includes rather an overthrowing of the Oriental beliefs in regard to woman's inferior intellectual power and of her right to use and develop it at the sacrifice, if necessary, of her place as a maternal parent to the race. The Oriental beliefs in regard to woman still cling most tenaciously to the skirts of Occidental progress.

The recognition women require is the old-fashioned one of "help-meet." Woman can no longer be satisfied with the sphere of satellite, or plaything. She has proved her right to equality of intellectual liberty and equality of social independence. If she can provide for her wants as a social factor, she can provide man with an intelligent and executive co-operation in the organization of true homes. It is because mankind has failed to establish true *homes* that woman has been obliged, by the great law of evolution, to take an advanced step alone, and thus open the door for the establishment of a perfect home life—wherein may be cradled a new race of men and women, in whom the physical, mental, and spiritual development of the nation will be given opportunity to reach its highest attainment.

A MAN, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—*"Sartor Resartus."*

"IT is the ground that you do not tread upon that supports you."

THE SCIENCE OF BEING.

BY JOSEPHINE VERLAGE.

When an answer to a question is presented to the human mind, it is but natural that its nature, quality, and positive value should be accurately measured. History shows that, before a conclusion in any line of research was accepted, it had to undergo much handling, examination, and analysis from all points of view. It is well that this should be so, for mankind cannot afford to concern itself with hypotheses and theories that are not of lasting value.

In the present age of exoteric as well as esoteric development on all planes of being, it is well to possess an unfailing guide in the investigation of certain problems—a guide that, when applied, enables the student to ascertain whether the statements made in regard to a propounded question bear the stamp of conjecture, absolute truth, or error; also, whether they can bear investigation from all points of view—*i. e.*, undergo the fires of criticism, scorn, and persecution up to the very last analysis. If the statements are unalloyed and indestructibly true, this very antagonism will act as a purifying agent, lifting the facts concerned to a higher standard and bringing out their possible benefits in a still higher degree—the fire freeing them from any adhesion that may have partly hidden their perfect nature. If certain statements cannot bear this final test, it is plain that they possess insufficient vitality to insure permanence and will soon cease to trouble the intellect.

A thorough and profound investigation of any theory or proposition is legitimate, and to be desired rather than avoided; for if it be true, no amount of objection will alter the fact, and if it be untrue, it is better for it to drop out of line—which it

will eventually do, even though every human being should uphold it as a fact. The truth contained in a statement is a sufficient guarantee of its enduring value, and the advocate who places himself on the side of this truth, and thus becomes identified with it, is invulnerable.

Within recent years there has been presented to mankind a teaching that, by its adherents, is called a science, by some of its opponents a theory without a foundation, by others "nonsense," and by still others a philosophy in which His Satanic Majesty has had a hand. It is hardly to be wondered at that this teaching has been viewed so differently by the thinking people of the day, for its statements are so different from those made in past centuries and appear to diverge so widely from all previously accepted theories. It must necessarily produce more or less of a mental shock to those satisfied with conventional convictions and beliefs.

The teachers and students of this philosophy, to which the name, "The Science of Being," has been given, claim so much for it and are so positive in regard to the statements they make that it is well worth while to investigate its teachings; for, with the representatives of this science, conjecture and theory are out of the question. To them the statements made are scientific, logical facts, which are primarily of nobody's making, but have existed and will continue to exist as demonstrable, self-evident truths in spite of all disbelief and all attempts to banish them from the world of thought. Does this teaching deserve its name? Is it a provable science? Are its statements merely to be "believed," or are they to be *known*—because understood with that certainty with which the mathematician knows that two and two make four? These questions remain to be answered by the student that is willing to investigate and prove for himself whether this science concerns itself most with theory or fact. Only then may he positively know whether these teachings have a right to the name they bear—when he has for the time being laid aside

his preconceived ideas and is willing to test with an impartial motive whether truth or error is the foundation on which the framework of assertion is built.

Science is ever radical—it admits of no "perhaps" or "sometimes"; and because of its radical nature the investigator is better able to *know* whether it is a real science or only a theory. How, then, can this test be made? How can the honest and sincere investigator, even though certain statements at first appear to him unsound and improbable, positively know the facts concerning their truth or falsity? First, by employing an authority above and beyond a human one; second, by having a fixed principle, which is pervaded by law and which he may apply as a searchlight or plumbline to every statement made and to every conclusion drawn.

It is impossible to change facts; it is useless to try to prove that one and one are not two—the fact remains, independent of belief; and no amount of argument or disbelief will cause the principle underlying the science of numbers to alter the truth contained in the statement. Concerning the Science of Being, its representatives claim for it an underlying Principle—an all-pervading Law—which is as exact and inviolable as that of the science of numbers. The eternal law of cause and effect is the only sure foundation from which any sound conclusion can be drawn in any science. The unalterable nature of Principle *compels* certain causes to have certain effects; and the law underlying these cannot be changed, but must be abided by if individual as well as collective mankind will gain satisfactory answers to its questions concerning the problems that stare it in the face.

Again, is it possible for mankind to gain infallibly correct answers—to have indisputable evidence that they are absolutely true? Can man be supposed to know the exact relation of the different parts of creation to one another—of soul and body, for instance, or mind and matter? And is it possible so to apply the principles of the Science of Being that

he can gain practical evidence of its truth and stability? Is there a law upon which man can depend under all conditions—one that will guide, lead, and direct him in the midst of any environment; or is he compelled blindly to submit to chance and fate? Is he able to rise above certain conditions that baffle human intervention; or are the laws of the universe such that he need not attempt to place himself side by side with them, believing that they are greater and mightier than he, and that he must submit to certain dire effects alleged to be the sequence of these laws?

The answer to these several questions, when given from the platform of the Science of Being, is as follows: There is a principle—there are fixed laws—the application of which will enable man to understand and overcome those limited and cramped conditions that, according to the general verdict, it is useless to struggle against. This principle and these laws can be appropriated and put to practical use by each person, the necessary factor for their successful operation being a perception and understanding of the latent powers in man, which, when made to operate in unison with primal Force and Energy, produce results that elevate him morally, mentally, and physically above the limited laws that draw him, together with the lower forms of creation, to a common center. Whether this is a true, an overdrawn, or even a false statement remains to be tested by the one ready to investigate—using all his powers and faculties to discriminate between the old standard of judgment and the conclusions drawn from the fundamental principles of this science.

Is it not a rod and a staff in the hand of man to *know* that immutable Law is back of all he sees, feels, hears, and experiences; that his whole existence is governed by this law, which when recognized enables him to rule instead of being ruled—to gain entire freedom from those mental and bodily ills that it formerly seemed preposterous to struggle against? When man learns that it is not by grace or divine favor that

he may enjoy the immunities of life, but that it is because of logical—yes, divine—necessity, he will look the mysteries of existence fearlessly in the face. He will be sure of the outcome even before it is reached, holding and using the key whenever it becomes necessary to unlock the door that shuts him out from the peace, knowledge, and consequent harmony that lie on the other side of the blank wall of doubt, ignorance, and fear of the Unknown.

Is the representative of the Science of Being claiming too much for it? It is likely that he cannot objectively prove at once every assertion he makes, however clearly he may be able to do so abstractly. Whether or not he can prove his assertions objectively, however, does not affect their validity, any more than mathematics is affected by the assertion of the critic of the science of numbers—that the higher mathematical problems are untrue or unsolvable because the student and demonstrator of the science has not reached the point in his development where he can tangibly prove the possibility of their execution. When the question is asked, What authority has anybody for making these statements, and what right has he to affix the name of *science* to the teaching he propounds? the answer must correspond to the nature of any science that in its highest analysis is exact, comprehensive, and demonstrable truth.

All science is impersonal, and of a higher than human origin—belief and theory alone being outflowings of the human mind. This science, as does every other science, speaks for itself, the human representative being but the mouthpiece or medium through which it is manifested, or made known. The truth it contains is its only authority. No amount of disbelief in it can change the inexorable facts that are locked up in this science—waiting to be recognized and appropriated by the seeker after impersonal Truth. Is it of any use to kick against the pricks?

IDEAL(ISM)S.

BY CLARENCE MILLER JONES.

Blue is a color whereof azure is the dream, and it is light which of that reality makes this ideal.—*From the French of Catulle Mendès.*

1. Talent is a power whereof genius is the dream, and it is work which of that reality makes this ideal.

2. Ambition is a conceit whereof glory is the dream, and it is humility which of that reality makes this ideal.

3. Pleasure is a sensation whereof happiness is the dream, and it is innocence which of that reality makes this ideal.

4. Woman is a creature whereof an angel is the dream, and it is love which of that reality makes this ideal.

5. Earth is a place whereof heaven is the dream, and it is virtue which of that reality makes this ideal.

6. Kindness is a grace whereof charity is the dream, and it is mercy which of that reality makes this ideal.

7. Man is a being whereof God is the dream, and it is purity which of that reality makes this ideal.

8. Law is a regulation whereof justice is the dream, and it is conscience which of that reality makes this ideal.

9. Government is a function whereof democracy is the dream, and it is honesty which of that reality makes this ideal.

10. Art is a representation whereof beauty is the dream, and it is unity which of that reality makes this ideal.

11. Literature is an expression whereof faith is the dream, and it is truth which of that reality makes this ideal.

12. Life is an essence whereof immortality is the dream, and it is thought which of that reality makes this ideal.

13. Acquaintance is a relation whereof friendship is the dream, and it is loyalty which of that reality makes this ideal.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A PSYCHIC STUDY SOCIETY.

THE recent formation in this city of a society for "the rational and scientific investigation of alleged psychic phenomena" is distinctly a forward step in the new spiritual movement. Its originator is the Rev. Henry Frank, pastor of the Metropolitan Independent Church, whose public work hitherto has been largely confined to the exposition of a scientific religion—along philosophic and intellectual lines. The fact that true religion is fundamentally spiritual, however, can never be affected by attempts to make it answer the requirements of a reasoning, logical mind. And Mr. Frank's private researches have led him to conclude that in the psychic realm itself is contained an abundance of corroborative proof of his contentions regarding the demonstrability of human immortality. In his conviction, moreover, that this plane of existence is worthy of the candid investigation of all free and unprejudiced minds, he has the support of some of the world's most eminent scientists, philosophers, and savants.

In this undertaking there is nothing new or novel—save, perhaps, that the whole subject is to be approached with a little wider knowledge of its mysteries than has obtained heretofore among "psychical researchers." The American branch of the British society has already rendered valiant service along this experimental line, having contributed much to the making of spiritualism respectable in this country. And there are many private clubs devoted to similar purposes; indeed, for several decades the subject in all its phases has been under the scrutiny of impartial minds.

As well-wishers of the new society, therefore, we earnestly advise the directors to drop the word *alleged* from their prospectus. Psychic phenomena are no longer "alleged"—their existence is admitted by every one who is not either an ignoramus or a bigoted materialist. While in no enterprise is the importance of starting right so vital as in the exploration of an unknown land, yet the psychic realm to some minds is much less of a *terra incognita* than to others. The "discerning of spirits" is frequently as much a matter of capacity as of opportunity. By all means be conservative and scientific; but it should be remembered that not all the things of the spirit are measurable by the yardstick of material "science." Their only analogy is their dependence upon *conditions*. As in chemistry and agriculture, so in the affairs of the psychic world—definite results are only obtainable by compliance with certain conditions. This law of dependence pertains to the conditioned everywhere. The Absolute alone is unconditioned.

Another suggestion we would make is, that when the society has at hand and provable a simple, natural explanation of a given phenomenon, it should not waste its time in investigating solutions that are more wonderful and incredible than the phenomenon itself. Remember that "hypnotism" has sharply-defined limitations; and, above all things, do not over-work the "subconscious mind" theory. The inventors of far-fetched and artificial explanations are generally forced to admit that there are *some* phases of psychic phenomena that they have heard of but have never *seen*—otherwise their favorite "hypothesis" would die in infancy.

Experiments in telepathy, psychometry, improvisation, mind-reading, automatic writing, and mental suggestion—also the study of dreams and visions—may be carried on among the members themselves, without outside aid. But when it is thought desirable to enlist the services of mediums, or psychic sensitives, such

assistants should preferably be chosen from among the ranks of the private, unprofessional, and uncommercialized variety. Fraud may be suspected only where there is the incentive of personal profit. In fact, among the very earliest things to be studied should be mediumship itself—a faculty by no means uncommon among perfectly trustworthy persons.

Finally, we would warn the society that over-cautiousness defeats its own purpose as frequently as does over-credulity. In dealing with problems of this kind, the most important conditions are mental ones. The concerted skepticism of a coterie of positive minds, who *believe something contrary to the facts,* has been known to convert a perfectly legitimate psychical operation into a seeming insult to their intelligence. Passivity and receptivity need not be mistaken for gullibility. The continuation of life beyond the grave has already been proved objectively—the proposition need no longer be accepted on "faith," or *a priori* speculation.

We trust the Psychic Study Society of New York will not fear to follow wherever its researches may lead; that it will never be afraid of the Truth; and that the phenomena it reveals and classifies will be regarded and used as a means of spiritual development, not as an end in themselves. We bespeak for its efforts wide success, and shall be glad, from time to time, to chronicle the results of its investigations in the pages of MIND.

NOTHING is ever changed in the Eternal Purpose and Being —no new manifestation made; only the eyes are opened, the spiritual nature awakened, to a clearer perception of that which has always existed within and around us.—*W. Davies.*

WE know little of the laws of Matter because we know little of the laws of Mind.—*Buckle.*

LAW IN MEDICINE.

To the Editor of MIND:

SIR—I have read with very great interest the series of articles contributed to MIND by Charles Brodie Patterson; but here and there I have encountered broad statements that seem to me to require a little qualification. For instance, in the article entitled "Dominion and Power," which appeared in your March issue, the writer makes this claim: "No medical doctor can say truthfully that the system he represents is founded on *law*." Now, this is an assertion that no one who has mastered the principle of homeopathy can for a moment admit. The whole science and art of homeopathy is a science and art of correspondences, with a definite law for its guiding principle. Nor does Mr. Patterson make his case any stronger by adding to the above the further statement that: "The law is that everything must work from within outward. We must work from the inner being to the outer." This was clearly discerned and stated by Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy. His achievement was the discovery of a law, by the application of which the inner forces of the organism can be liberated from the disturbing motions of disease and so enabled to assert their proper healthy (or harmonious) operation.

It is a crude way of putting the case to assert that man consists of mind and matter—an inner and an outer being. Probably the West African negro (as Miss Mary H. Kingsley has just been explaining to the world) is nearer the truth in his supposition that every human being is a kind of "syndicate of souls." According to him, every person has at least four souls, and is open to influences that may assail any one of the four. It seems to me that before Mental Science has any more right to the use of the term *science* than has corporeal anatomy, it must do a little more than it has hitherto succeeded in doing toward laying bare what I may call "the anatomy of mind." That every organ and cell of the body has its mental counterpart I can quite understand, but as yet I have seen only the vaguest attempts to map out the different areas of the mental organism; and until this is done

with something like the completeness to be found in the text-books of anatomy, mental treatment will not be likely to supplant medicinal treatment in the modern world.

In the African's cosmology every "thing" is an "appearance" only—his world is a world of spirit; and, as Miss Kingsley shrewdly remarks, it is the opposite conception among Europeans, namely, that "matter is all," that has given the European such tremendous power over the material forces of the world. Probably it is in the balanced union of the two conceptions that the line of progress lies. Advanced Europeans have recognized in all the appearances of the natural world specific embodiments and manifestations of Universal Mind; and as the human being may be regarded as a perfect representation, in miniature, of the universe, it follows as a consequence that he must have in him points corresponding with every *thing* that is. The mind embodied in mineral and plant is clearly related to his own mental apparatus, as the facts of toxicology, of opium-eating, of alcohol-drinking, etc., attest. It is possible, therefore, to affect the human being, either for good or ill, by influences related to any one of the infinite number of orders of motion he comprises. The law of similars enunciated by Hahnemann has enabled practitioners to find out how so to apply the forces resident in mineral and plant as to remedy disordered motions manifesting as disease in any organism. I do not deny that in the healthy human organism itself all these forces exist and may be applied by one human being to another, *provided he knows how to do it;* but at present the knowledge and the power are only to be found to any large extent in rarely endowed individuals; and until the anatomy of mind is very much more accurately delineated than it is at present, the law of similars as expounded by Hahnemann will find a much larger number of practitioners who have the necessary faculties for its administration. I am, sir, yours truly,

JOHN HENRY CLARKE, M.D.

[We fear that our correspondent, who is the editor of *The Homeopathic World* and one of London's prominent physicians, has misapprehended Mr. Patterson's meaning in the statements

referred to. Our contributor employs the word "law" in the sense of *immutable principle,* to which the ever-changing experiments of *materia medica* offer a direct antithesis. The "law of similars" of Hahnemann is legitimate enough—so long as the removal of *effects* is all that is desired; but the mental scientist prefers to deal with *causes,* in order to prevent a reappearance of the effects. He does not attempt to stop a leak in a boat by bailing out water, which very soon evaporates when its source of supply is shut off. The "inner forces" are always subject to the control of the mind, which consists of *faculties* rather than "areas." Mental Science recognizes a clear distinction between mind and brain—between man and his body; and to search in the latter for the *cause* of disease has ever proved as futile as the medical students' "hunt for a soul" in the dissecting-room. Mr. Patterson is now on his way to Europe, where he will teach classes in metaphysical healing during the summer months; but an article by him, still further emphasizing this lack of mathematical exactness in the "laws" underlying all systems of therapeutics that have not a spiritual basis, will appear in an early issue of MIND.—ED.]

DISEASES often appear without any assignable cause. In acute diseases the patient often grows suddenly worse, or he may grow suddenly better, and no cause can be assigned for it. Such changes are usually attributed to "catching cold" where no cold has been "caught," or to mistakes in the diet where no such mistakes have been made, or they are attributed to "meteorological changes," of whose action upon the human system therapeutic science knows less to-day than at the time of Paracelsus, because it is fashionable among certain scientists to reject everything that they cannot *see* as being "unworthy of their consideration." —*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

"WHY should virtues take the place of Virtue?"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

. . . . . .

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

A LESSON ON BEAUTY.

Look in the mirror at your own face. It is round, dimpled, and rosy. Your skin is smooth; your flesh is firm; your eyes are bright and set in your head like jewels. Your hair is glossy and beautiful, and everything about you suggests life and youth.

Now look at the face of your grandmother, or some other person who has lived a great many years. What a contrast! Yet that wrinkled, shriveled creature, with thin, faded hair and sunken eyes and feeble step, was once as fresh and beautiful as you are. What has caused this change? Thought—nothing but thought.

If you would keep your youth and beauty you must think only the thoughts that make youth and beauty. The thoughts that make the face ugly are thoughts of anxiety, worry, anger, hatred, envy, ill-will, grief, and remorse. Steadfastly keep these out of your mind; and "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, . . . think on these things."

All wrong feelings can be prevented by a belief that all is good, or, as the Bible puts it, that "all things work together for good." Believe in goodness, beauty, health, love, and happiness, and these things will come to you abundantly. Your inner happiness and beauty will be reflected in the outward circumstances of your life and in every part of your body; and you will be beautiful without because you are beautiful within.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

QUACKLING AND DUCKLING.

Quackling and Duckling were brothers, and they spent most of their time in the duck-pond. There was a small—a very small —island in the center of the pond. Sometimes they would leave the water for the island, and there they would remain for a while to enjoy the full benefit of the sunshine.

"How delightful this is!" said Duckling one day. And so it certainly was. The sun was turning the pond into a sheet of liquid gold, and the trees were green and the skies were blue.

"Delightful and beautiful!" repeated Duckling. But Quackling heaved a sigh.

"Why do you sigh, brother Quackling?" asked Duckling.

"I'm wishing to be a swallow," said Quackling; "for then I could fly up into the air so far away that no one would be able to follow me in my flight."

"So far away that you could no longer see the beautiful green earth and this lovely sheet of water, with the sunlight gleaming on it?" asked Duckling. "No, no, brother Quackling; believe me, if you do not rejoice in all the blessings that now surround you, you would be discontented even if, like the swallow, you could soar up into the far blue sky."

Quackling was silent a little while, and then he said: "I think you are right, brother Duckling; and I've made up my mind that, like you, I will enjoy all the blessings that surround me."

"Perhaps all things will be ours in time" said Duckling; "but now, if you are ready, dear brother, we will dive into the water." And so they did. LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

OUR FATHER'S CHILDREN.

Some children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks and dance and play,
While others drudge their life away.

Which is your lot, my girl or boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play!

—*St. Nicholas.*

Now that winter is gone and spring is here once more, covering the trees with leaves and blossoms, making the grass green, and coaxing the birds from the sunny South, little children living in the country, no matter how much they like the winter sports, are glad that the springtime is here again. But in the great cities are many children who see and know nothing about country life. One little boy I know, when asked if he liked the country, said he hadn't been there but once; and he didn't seem to think much of it. And what do you suppose his going to the country was? Why, walking across the great bridge from New York to Brooklyn!

I do not think the children who live in the country the year round, or those whose parents are able to take them from the city into the country every summer, can understand the wonder and joy felt by the little ones who go—from dusty streets, where there are no trees, from blistering sidewalks, from crowded tenements, where God's pure air is unknown, where little parched mouths have no cooling ice, no fresh fruit, and where there are none of the things that make children happy—into the country, where their bare feet can be comfortable in the dewy grass, where they can pick all the berries they want, fill their hands with sweet wild-flowers, and run and shout and laugh. In the winter they are often cold, because they have no warm clothes; and so, like the little country children, they are glad when spring comes, but not for the same reason, you see.

In the last few years good people have been trying to make arrangements whereby these little brothers and sisters of ours can go into the country, away from the stifling heat. I think that some time the hearts of people who have lots of money will become so kind that little children need not suffer either from cold or heat or hunger, but that they will be cared for, clothed, and have plenty of fresh air and all they want to eat; and then they will grow up to be good men and women, just as you well-provided children will, because they will then have the same chance.

Dear girls and boys, you who know not what it is to suffer from cold, or heat, or hunger, think about your little brothers and sisters whose needs are so great. See if you cannot do something to make life brighter and happier for these poor little ones. When you go to get ice-cream, or a new top, or another hoop, try to give up, once in a while, a few of these little pleasures of which you have so many, and send a bit of your spending money to one of the fresh-air-fund societies. I don't believe there's a top or a hoop or a dish of ice-cream that has ever been made or ever will be made that will make you so happy as the thought that you have helped to bring one little child out into the beautiful country.

When you say, "Our Father," at night, do not forget that the loving Father to whom you are praying is the Father of *all* little children. If you will now begin to think of your poorer brothers and sisters, you will grow up with a spirit of kindness and brotherly love that will make you a blessing to all; for you will think of and care for the welfare of others. Always remember "our Father" is father to all.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

SOME OF MY TENANTS.

My home place in California is not a large one—only a bit of a lawn and a garden—and the ground is pretty well covered with orange-trees and rose-bushes and pines and palms; but a good

many families are living on it, without even asking my permission. There is the big brown Towkee, who hops about the grass for all the world like a robin, and says, "Chip-chip-chip," all day long. She has put her house of twigs and leaves right in the top of an orange-tree, and climbs upstairs to it by way of the fig-tree. Mrs. Linnet sits very still in her nursery in the climbing rose-vine, just under the edge of the porch roof, with only her bright, anxious eye and the tip of her tail to be seen. Very still she is, except when her husband, with his rose-tinted breast and crown, brings her a nice fat spider or a bit of a Japanese plum from the loquat-tree. Then she twitters her hunger and gratitude very sweetly and eagerly.

The song-sparrow has picked out a snug corner in the thick hedge, and tells us how pleased he is with it every few minutes during the day. The mocking-bird pours out his delicious song for hours together in the moonlight from the top of a tall pine to his sweetheart brooding below. And two dear, tiny, black-and-yellow warblers—the smallest, friendliest, and sweetest of all my tenants—are still undecided in which rose-bush they shall locate. (Nine-year-old Graham loves this dainty pair fondly; but he finds it easier to call them "wobblers.")

But the most interesting of them all are Mr. and Mrs. Oriole, whose front door is hardly fifteen feet from my bed-room window and in plain sight. He is a beautiful fellow, with a black hood coming well down over his bill upon his orange breast and his black wings and tail edged with white. *She* is not so brilliant, but handsome enough, and the busiest little body I've seen in a long time. She has to work hard, for the sewing of such a house as hers—she builds it with thread and needle—takes plenty of muscle, besides great skill and patience. It is hung from the under side of a huge fan-palm leaf, high enough to be out of reach except from the top of a step-ladder, and perfectly secure from the attack of any prowling cat or crawling snake or dreadful cannibal bird. To make her nest, she tugged away at the tough fibers of the leaf itself until a hundred of them dangled loose. Then she wove them in and out into a tight net, and finally sewed through the leaf again with her long, sharp bill, leaving just room enough at either side for her own slender body to slip in and out. Now she is

lining the cosy swinging cradle with bits of Japanese paper napkin and cotton batting and tiny feathers and whatever else she can find that will be soft and warm for her younglings to cuddle in before their own feathers grow.

These are a few of my tenants, and they pay me a rich rent with the flash of their beautiful plumage, their chorus of songs, and the never-ending variety of their charming ways and winsome manners. Make friends with your "little brothers of the air," girls and boys. You will learn many a story more delightful than any one can write for you, and perhaps the real, true secret of happiness.

C. AMADON.

ELSIE'S DREAM.

One rainy afternoon, while sitting by the fire, Elsie had a strange dream. She dreamed that the little body God had given her became tired of work, causing its little servants to join in; ears refused to hear, eyes grew heavy, nose would not smell, and hands and feet did not stir.

For a short time Elsie thought it fine fun to sit doing nothing; but as the moments slipped by she grew tired of body's laziness and sought to remedy matters.

Soon the bright, brown eyes opened, and through them shone one little servant that body had not conquered; it shone so brightly that the other servants awoke. Ears heard mama's loving voice, nose smelled the cakes that were baking for tea, hands helped set the table, and feet ran eagerly to welcome papa when he came home.

When all were seated around the table, you may be sure Elsie's mouth was quite ready for the cakes and other good things.

Elsie told papa of body's strange actions that afternoon, and what a wonderful servant soul proved to be.

EMMA L. STAMPER.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

AN INDEX FINGER. By Tulis Abrojal. 382 pp. Cloth, $1.25. R. F. Fenno & Co., publishers, New York.

A sure mark of the popularity of any cause is its embodiment in works of fiction. In the present volume the great question of the psychic nature of man is treated from both the philosophic and the phenomenal points of view. The book is fascinating throughout, and in the form of a romance presents some valuable information along spiritual lines. The author's narrative of things she has witnessed in the psychic realm bears the impress of truth—especially to those who have had similar experiences. The development of her central character in the light of the New Dispensation is certainly a "finger" that points significantly to the dawn of a brighter era for mankind. While the author prefers to remain anonymous, yet we violate no confidence in stating that she was the writer of that standard work, "Women in the Business World"; and this of itself is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of "An Index Finger."

FATE OR LAW? By Warren A. Rodman. 218 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston.

What the book just noticed contributes to the cause of psychical research, Mr. Rodman's new work supplies to that of Mental Science—a most attractive summer-reading garb. Its sub-title is "The Story of an Optimist," and in its pages the principles of spiritual healing are given a concrete setting that should convince the most skeptical of materialists that appearances are not necessarily realities. That man is an individual spiritual being, essentially perfect, regardless of the bodily deformities that may result from maternal ignorance or viciousness, and is capable of manifesting his divine perfection in the face of all inherited obstacles, is shown with irresistible truth. The power of love as a sanative

and corrective principle is revealed in many fascinating ways; and to the attention of all who are steeped in the superstition that heredity or anything else has a natural right to enslave mankind the book is especially commended.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GET YOUR EYES OPEN. By Frank Allen Moore. 45 pp. Leatherette, 25 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago.

TEAPOT PHILOSOPHY. By Walter L. Sinton. 62 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, 45 Rush street, Chicago.

WHEN THE JACKSON STREET CABLE STOPPED; or, The Car Conductor's Dream. By Wallace E. Nevill. 40 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, 2929 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

VOICES OF SPRING. Poems. By Helen Van-Anderson. Paper, 10 pp. Published by the author, Boston.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF JUSTICE—By Socializing All Public Utilities in the Interest of the Whole People. By L. Emerick. 32 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Jacksonville, Ill.

MEDICAL MONOPOLY EXPOSED—And Medical Laws Unconstitutional. By Dr. J. W. Lockhart. 31 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, St. John, Wash.

A VISION OF THE INVISIBLE. An Allegory. By the Rev. Henry Frank. 33 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, New York.

THE DISABILITY OF SEX. By O'Bryen Hoare. 16 pp. Paper, 2 cents. Published by the author, Christchurch, New Zealand.

MIND.

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EXPERIMENTAL AND TRANSCENDENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

Hypnotism has found but little favor in this country. American psychologists, with the exception of Professor James, have studied more in German universities than in France; and hypnotism, being preëminently of French origin, has for this reason not received the attention it would otherwise have had. Some American universities are under orthodox influence, and hypnotism is viewed with disfavor in those quarters. Yet, while, like all other human knowledge, it is undoubtedly subject to misuse, it has been found that moral depravity, perversity, etc., may be redressed by its means. Tendency to pilfer and to tell fibs, timorousness, nail-biting, and even the delusions of mania and the obsessing fixed-ideas of hysteria, have been eradicated through its application. Where self-control is lacking and tendency to automatism exists (the conversion of excitations into motor actions, aside from the volitional putting on of the brake), it has been found that the operator's will may stimulate and add force to the patient's will and control. The bad repute in which hypnotism is often held is therefore neither impartial nor just, as regards its influence in the field of morals; while its valuable contribution to the cure of nervous ailments is beyond dispute.

In addition to these considerations, experimental hypnotism has brought most valuable aid to experimental psychology, and served to throw considerable light on transcendental psychology

(the production of psychic phenomena by invisible agents or operators) from the analogies exhibited. It may, indeed, be said that many of the phenomena produced through spiritualistic mediums can be reproduced in a subordinate manner through hypnotic or mesmeric subjects. Similarity of effect logically presupposes similarity of cause. The result of recent hypnotic and mesmeric suggestional experimentation goes to show that mediumistic phenomena are suggestional also. In this sense experimental psychology brings its confirmation to the teachings of metaphysics—that thought is the precondition of manifestation; that things are the sequential expression of "thinks"; that there can be no objects apart from antecedent ideas.

Suggestional phenomena imply an operator and a subject. The latter is rendered temporarily passive, and the operator does his thinking for him. The subject then thinks the operator's thoughts instead of his own, and gives expression to them without knowing that they are not his own thoughts. This requires a little further examination.

Experimental psychology now recognizes as the result of hypnotic investigation that man's psychic activity is dual in mode: active and passive, or volitional and involuntary. Man's volitional thinking activity pertains to his waking, active life. He then possesses the power to choose, to select his thoughts, and to inhibit certain thoughts that arise within him as a result of external impressions or internal sensations or representations. This latter faculty constitutes self-control—the power of putting on the brake; it is one of the highest faculties developed in civilized races. In children and savages it is not unfolded, but develops under the severe discipline of experience.

This positive, volitional faculty of thinking functions during man's awakened life. The thoughts he allows himself to think always entail realization through his nervous system, or processus of psychic activity. They react through his passive

consciousness and are handed on therefrom to his subconsciousness, on which the function of actual realization devolves, as Liébeault and Durand de Iros inform us.

There is, however, a variety of states or conditions in man's life in which this volitional thinking activity ceases to function, and which Liébeault comprises under the term "passive," accompanied by involuntary representation, or emerging of previously registered impressions. All these passive states are partial, superficial, or deep states of sleep, which may be natural, spontaneous, artificially induced, temperamental, or morbid; they may also be partial, local, or general. They comprise all the states in which volitional thinking or external relationing is suspended, and in which the passive consciousness consequently emerges. Emotional states—credulity, faith, meditation, concentration, absent-mindedness, hypnotic and natural sleep, somnambulism, mediumism, catalepsy, hysteria—are all sleep states, varying in extent, area, and depth. Whether the volitional power of thinking be turned inward or inhibited, the passive consciousness emerges—the subject is externally passive. The psychic activity, which during the waking life functions internally (within), emerges to the surface; he sleeps, partially or totally.

Bernheim, Hartenberg, and others have found that quite a number of persons are sufficiently passive, temperamentally, to be suggestionable while awake. A number of striking cures have been effected with such patients. Dr. P. Farez, on the other hand, has been able to implant suggestions in some persons that could be spoken to during their sleep without awaking them. It is always the passive, negative consciousness that is the receiver; while the subconsciousness registers and realizes the suggestions, either post-hypnotically or during hypnosis.

The difference between the states induced by concentration and by hypnotization must be referred to here, to prevent confusion. In concentration, while the man is externally passive he is internally active; in hypnosis and mediumism his voli-

tional thinking is inhibited, or suspended. The former is self-induced; the latter is artificially induced by an external operator. In the former the recollection of the experiences acquired is retained because the within is self-consciously related; in the latter the recollection of what occurs does not emerge into the awakened state, because the normal, active self-consciousness has been inhibited—because the passive state has been produced, not by the subject's own will but by that of an external operator. It is consequently in the latter's memory that the experiences are self-consciously registered. But the reactions entailed in the subject's subconsciousness by the realization of the suggested ideas are registered there, and may be made to emerge when he is again rendered passive.

These considerations show that self-conscious experiences require the interaction of the active and the passive consciousness. This occurs during our waking life in the normal process of thinking—when the active mind suggestions the passive mind with the content of its external relatings, or relations. It occurs also in concentration—when the active mind turns away from the without and relates the within, *through* the passive mind, and knows the "within" in feeling, or receives intuitions.

In hypnotism, mesmerism, and mediumism, the passive state is not self-induced (though prolonged training may develop the faculty), but is induced through the action of another thinker. It is the latter's thoughts that are then thought by the subject. The active mind of the operator replaces that of the subject, which is inhibited; its activity is suspended; it is switched off, while that of the operator is switched on and replaces its suspended activity. The subject thinks and realizes (expresses) the operator's thoughts.

This "connecting up" is stronger in mesmeric than in hypnotic suggestion, but it is closer still in mediumistic suggestion. Many illustrations have now been given in which the mesmeric subject is taken into such close relation (called *"rapport"*) by

the operator that he is cut off from relation with other people and from the outer world. Recent experiments have shown (notably by Professor Boirac, head of the Grenoble University, and Dr. Joire, of the Lille Psychological Institute) that the operator's sensations repercate to and are transmitted to and react in the subject; while De Rochas has shown that the subject feels reactions effected by the operator at a distance. This phenomenon has been carried yet a further stage. A third person may be "connected up" with the subject and the latter made to feel the former's sensations, and even diagnose the state of his organs and organism.

In occultism, or magic, this exteriorized circuit or connection is carried further, and the double of the subject may be made to exteriorize and constitute a relation or connection with another subject at a considerable distance. Suggestions transmitted to subject A will then repercate to subject B, and action can thus be exerted at a distance. In this latter phenomenon we no doubt have an illustration of what occurs through some mediums. It is well known that ideas suggested to a hypnotized subject take form in his mind; they are visualized and become "actual" to his perception. Thus a subject may have a whole scene suggested to his perception by a few words, such as the expulsion of nuns from a convent, which will become more vivid to him than his physical surroundings. A person may be suggested to him as present in a chair and he will carry on a conversation with that person, who to him becomes actually present. A suggested bunch of roses given to him in idea may prick his fingers.

We evidently have here the illustration of mediumistic subjective phenomena. In fact, though a medium may tell you that some spirit is present—that she sees him and correctly describes him—it does not follow that the spirit is there at all. She may be perfectly truthful in speaking from her perception of things, but that perception may be purely internal; it may result from the visualization of an idea suggested to her from

a distance, and may be similar to the "person" with whom the hypnotic subject carries on an imaginary conversation.

When a hypnotic subject has been trained for some time by an operator (and all faculties develop by training), she may be suggestioned from a distance. Professor Janet, of the Sorbonne, described such an instance. Professor Boirac and Dr. Ferroul have given other illustrations. Cases have been recorded in which automatic writing has been produced through a sensitive by a friend acting from a distance by thought-transference. Mr. W. T. Stead had such an experience. Persons have received messages of that character through planchette. Some persons can directly transmit thought messages to one another from a distance. It is now recognized that mental treatment for therapeutic purposes can be transmitted from any distance. Some magnetizers are able to put their subjects asleep, acting from a distance, and then suggestion them. A criminal trial based on abuse of this power was held recently in Austria. Thus we see that distance is not necessarily an impediment to suggestion. In fact, distance is transcended in thought. Metaphysics teaches that time, space, and density are *contents* of consciousness, to which they are subordinate and which transcends them. Consequently, a discarnate spirit could suggestion a medium from a distance as well as when present with her.

But how can we admit that a spirit can suggestion a medium at all? it will be asked; to which we reply that man is a spirit now, as much so as after death—and all suggestional phenomena are spiritual phenomena. Hegel has identified thought with spirit; consequently, thinking is spiritual activity —activity of spirit—and suggestions are transferred or transplanted thoughts, or ideas. *Suggestion* is but another word for thought-transference. Dr. Joire, of Lille, has illustrated how suggestion may be effected by unspoken thought, and calls it "mental suggestion," for which *telepathy* is again but another term.

Metaphysics shows that self-consciousness is preconditional to and transcends time; that time is *for* and *in* consciousness. Consequently, self-conscious selves—*i. e.*, men and women—must be eternal entities. As self-consciousness is spirit (Hegel), men and women are spirit. As particularizations of the Universal Spirit (their logical precondition), they are *spirits*. Death cannot dissolve spirit, though it opens the door to a change of state and liberates it from imprisonment in matter. But suggestion is an activity pertaining to spirit—to thought; therefore, death cannot terminate that activity, and spirits out of the body must continue to think, to suggestion, to telepath, to project and transmit thought as naturally as spirits in the body. That they do so is fully illustrated by mediums who receive suggestions (communications) carrying implicit evidence of the identity of the transmitter. Whether spirits are in or out of the body, their spiritual activity implies thinking; and, being identical in their fundamental, basic element, it is evident that they can think to one another.

Before passing to the consideration of objective, exteriorized phenomena, there is a question, which is often raised with regard to spiritual communications, that may be referred to here—that is, the trivial nature that often characterizes them. Was it Emerson who said?—"Tell me who your friends are, and I will tell you what you are." Some one else has said: "As a man thinketh, so is he." There is a law behind spiritual communion, as there is in all things; and that law may be described as consonance, synchronism, or affinity. The majority of beings who pass from the outer to the inner earth-plane belong to the masses, not to the "classes." Most mediums are drawn from the same ranks, probably to facilitate communion with the masses, who are as much units of the Universal as the "classes" are.

Now, there must be attunement between the instrument and the message vibrating through it. The more refined the instrument, the more intelligent will be the spirits who "trans-

mit" through her or him. But the investigator constitutes part of the mental environment—the ambience that conditions the reception. This is recognized in experimentation in mental suggestion. In fact, the thoughts of the assistants may in part suggestion the subject, as Dr. Joire has illustrated. Hence, a frivolous or hyper-skeptical investigator will condition the reception down to his own level, and need not be surprised at the triviality of the content. A cultured, earnest searcher, treating these investigations in a reverent mental attitude, and going to a refined, intelligent medium (when such are to be found), will have no reason to be disappointed with the messages received. It is not only the medium that conditions the messages transmitted through him as through a telephone: the responsibility of the investigator is equally great. It is his own invisible associates and associations that are reflected through the living instrument. It is because most people approach this subject in a narrow, personal, selfish attitude, or in an intellectually skeptical frame of mind, that so little matter of any permanent value is obtained.

(*To be continued.*)

SAINT JOHN'S Revelation paints the scene, with colors obtained from his Jewish training, on the canvas of his Patmos imprisonment. Bunyan's description shows a simple imagination saturated with the Apocalypse. Protestant visionaries always discover a Protestant heaven and hell. Catholic ecstatics always add purgatory. Swedenborg found the gardens of heaven laid out in the Dutch fashion of his time. English clairvoyants and mediums are properly orthodox and evangelical. American spirits talk broad theology with ridiculous details. The divergence in all these alleged liftings of the veil betrays their subjectiveness —*E. D. Walker.*

IT is better to study health than disease, because all thought-pictures press for outward expression.—*Franc Garstin.*

THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART I. SOME BASIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

The Universe and man are inseparable. Universal law defines the individual expression as well as correlates all in the One. Individual consciousness differentiates the Universal, and evolves through sense, and psychic, to the higher states, by means of the life in which the ego seeks to express in ever-increasing degree of perfection the subliminal nature and wisdom. The higher life is a constant relating of consciousness to the Unchanging and the Permanent, and the emergence of the subliminal consciousness and its synchronizing with the supraliminal or objective consciousness. The art of living this life is first sought in the mastery of mind.

Whence? Whither? These are the eternal interrogatories that haunt the human mind. Dismiss them if you will; let the imperative world crowd them into the background of thought; but they will return with perennial freshness and demand consideration. "A wail between two silences" has not sufficed to express the philosophy of the soul.

Primitive man inquired of the sun and stars and read their silent message; the winds whispered great secrets to him, and Nature became an oracle through which he believed he communed with a higher intelligence. With us, the thoughtful child eagerly puts the question; but, receiving no satisfactory answer, or one quite irrational, soon ceases the inquiry; and the man dismisses it in favor of the more urgent problems of life, possibly to revert to it in declining age. But with the philosopher it is ever present. If he decides, it is only provisionally—only so far as the evidence at hand will justify, and

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always subject to revision upon the receipt of further light. Like the poet Shelley, he looks inquiringly into the eyes of children and asks the question. He searches the halls of memory for some recovery of the past, and tries to fathom the secrets of prophetic intuition to lift the veil from the future.

Thus the Sphinx sits by the path that each soul must travel; and to solve the riddle many have searched the universe of thought, and can say, with the Persian poet:

> "You wish to know the secret—so did I.
> Low in the dust I sought it, and on high
> Sought it in awful flight from star to star,"

—and, like him, have concluded that the search is vain, though ever feeling that the "secret draweth near," and that—

> "Sometimes on the instant all seems plain,
> The simple sun could tell us, or the rain.
> The world caught dreaming with a look of heaven
> Seems on a sudden tip-toe to explain."

Yet it must be admitted that the search has not been all in vain. The achievements in scientific thought, the advancement in modern metaphysics, and the study of Oriental philosophy have brought us to a much better understanding of the problem; while the systematic and intelligent work in psychic research has disclosed many of the latent and higher powers of the soul and given us some insight into the states of existence that succeed the physical—wresting much from the domain of agnosticism.

To-day we know that man is an integral part of the Universe, related to every part as intimately and indissolubly as a planet or a sun. The elements of the material universe we know are constant and ever have been so. Nothing has ever been added, and nothing subtracted. There is a constant change of form and aspect, but no change in quantity. If one atom could be annihilated it would throw the whole into confusion; for that atom is intimately related to all others, and they exist as they are by reason of that interrelationship. The proposition is equally true of a supposed creation of an atom.

Energy also is constant, though ever changing in form. In short, there is nothing known with which science deals, either as matter or energy, that can be annihilated or created. They always have been; they always will be, in essence—only subject to infinite change of form and mode of manifestation.

Shall we say less of the soul-world, the residuum that science cannot resolve—that ultimate realm in which the cause of manifestation lies? Whether you trace matter back in condition to one homogeneous ether, with its vortex-ring as an atom in whose inherent energy you postulate soul-life, or whether you hold to matter and spirit as two distinct and parallel elements, you cannot consistently deny the eternal persistence of soul in the past and soul in the future. An impulsion in the ether occurs in the most remote realm of space; the farthest visible star transmits an energy to its envelope. With the rapidity of 186,000 miles a second, the atom takes up and communicates the motion, until after many years the atom immediately in contact with the optic nerve feels the impulse, and the consciousness translates it into a concept of light. What does this mean? Not merely that the body is in intimate relation of action and reaction with the distant star, but that the soul is as intimately related to the psychic factor everywhere present —the cause of the manifestation.

Hence we may say that the idea of the solidarity of the Universe includes man as a psychic being. He cannot be taken out of it; his history is inextricably woven in its past history, and his destiny is indissolubly linked with and held in its future. Man and the universe are one in history and one in destiny. This does not mean, however, that he will always be as he is, any more than that evolution in matter and life have ceased. Emerson says, "Man is a stream whose source is hidden." But it is true that we trace him (or think we do) as a physical and perhaps a psychic being back to a very insignificant beginning, the monad. Here the source is in truth hidden, except that we may say that it lies in the Ultimate, and hence is without source as truly as is the real Universe.

But to forms and states we may ascribe source: to the essence we cannot. The necessity for the thought of source springs from the limitation of the mind. It is an illusion, just as time and space may be said to be. It has been said that "the spirit sports with time,"—

> "Can crowd eternity into an hour,
> Or stretch an hour to eternity."

This annihilation of the idea of time is referred to in the Oriental legend of the experience of the prophet of Islam, who it is said was transported into the seventh heaven and had ninety thousand conferences with God, and returning found that the water had not all spilled from a pitcher that he had overturned in his first step upward.

This power of the mind to sport with time is further illustrated in the story of an infidel Sultan of Egypt, who expressed to a Mohammedan doctor a doubt as to the possibility of this alleged experience. The learned man said he would prove to him its possibility. A tub of water was brought, and while the prince and his courtiers stood before him he bade the Sultan plunge his head into the water and withdraw it. The Sultan complied, and at once found himself alone on a barren plane at the foot of a mountain. His first impulse was to rave at this act of supposed treachery; but, perceiving that this availed nothing, he submitted to the situation and sought some habitable abode. Finally he discovered some persons cutting in a forest and joined in their occupation. After a time he came to a town, and having had many adventures finally married a wealthy woman to whom were born seven sons and seven daughters by him. He was afterward unfortunate and reduced to poverty, and was compelled to ply as a porter in the streets. One day, while walking alone on the seashore bewailing his fate, a fit of devotion seized him, and, throwing off his clothing to bathe (agreeable to his Mohammedan custom before praying), he had no sooner plunged into the sea and raised his head above water than he found himself standing by the side of the tub with the learned doctor and the courtiers around

him.* He found that his long series of imaginary adventures had occupied but a moment, and was only a psychological effect.

One does not need to vouch for the story to understand the explanation of such an experience, having our present knowledge of hypnotic suggestion. I give it only to illustrate that the experience of men everywhere has been that time is an idea arising from sequence only. Persons have similar experiences in the dream-state. We grow weary and aged in spirit because we are too much under this illusion of time, and live in a changeful consciousness—by days and years, and by counting trifling events and measuring out our existence by a transitory scale; whereas we might remain eternally young in spirit by living more in the thoughts that never change, that are not superseded by others, as universal love and perfection, thereby measuring our consciousness upon a lasting scale.

As the past of man is held in the past of the Universe, and as the present phenomenal universe has been the result of evolution, it would be the natural thing to expect that man also is an evolution. And so we find him to be. All we know of him scientifically is of a being standing at the summit of evolved life. His self-consciousness has slowly evolved from baser and more limited states, and at present is mostly engaged with material environment, which conditioned his personality. He is habitually conscious of the external, of the other thing rather than the self, realizing the latter only by reflection and the experiencing of pleasure and pain. Being habitually conscious of environment, whose imperious demands draw out the soul's attention and hold it tenaciously, he has established a firm, conscious relationship with it, until he believes it to be the only reality. Other concepts, being mostly ideations and deductions from and groupings of these, are as unreal as those on which they are based.

Such states of consciousness are conditioned by matter and by phenomena; hence, they are impermanent, changing, and evanescent. With the passing of the phenomena the conscious

*Godwin's Lives of Necromancers.

state is gone; it survives only in memory, which in time fades away. These states are constantly supplanted by new ones; but they are ever a consciousness of environment and concepts built upon it. Thus he evolves for himself a conscious status that becomes his personality; but it is not his real self. Excluding from it the impulses and intuitions of the subliminal consciousness, it is as evanescent and transitory as that on which it is built. The subliminal phase of the true self, the sublime soul, potentially divine, is in truth behind it, seeking an expression, ever dissatisfied with the present result, always prompting to a higher ideal, and suggesting greater possibilities and a shorter and surer way to perfection and liberation. Says Emerson: "We grant that human life is mean; but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the ground of this uneasiness of ours—of this old discontent? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance, but the fine innuendo by which the great soul makes its enormous claim?"

This evolution of consciousness, of which we have spoken, while it does not at once reveal the true self in its higher states, is nevertheless necessary. It has not reached the extent of its possibilities. It will continue until it brings into knowledge the subtler states of matter upon this and other planes of existence; for we are as intimately connected with all. At present a knowledge of consciousness of only the grossly physical plane is all that most persons have, and the majority pride themselves upon this limitation. But further evolution and unfoldment will bring into the individual consciousness other and more subtle states now unthought of by them. The blind man that would declare he can see no advantage in having eyes would present an analogous spectacle to those who endeavor to persuade themselves that *they* have all the faculties that could conduce to their advancement, knowledge, or happiness.

Parallel with this process of sense evolution there has been another evolution—of a higher consciousness, of states not dependent upon environment and not necessarily springing from it. It has been largely subordinated thus far; but if

progress be made and the goal be reached it must be accorded greater attention, if not made the controlling factor in life. This may be termed the consciousness of the spiritual attributes. What is the spiritual in this sense? The difficulty of attempting a definition must be at once recognized, for it lies above the sense consciousness and the concepts based upon it, and still above the psychic, and must be related to the unchanging aspect of the Universe. We may say what it is not, and then relate it by necessity to the undefinable, but not, as Herbert Spencer would say, to the "unknowable"; for by reason of the soul's nature it *may* know. We may say that all things spiritual must be unchangeable and eternal; hence, the spiritual consciousness as distinguished from the other classes must be that which bears a direct relationship to the unchanging essence, or the attributes which in a sense may be said to belong to it.

Bear in mind always that man cannot isolate himself from the essential nature of the Universe, and it necessarily follows that he must relate himself to some of its aspects. What ones shall they be? Shall it be more largely to the unchanging, and thereby evolve an undying consciousness; or shall it be altogether to the evanescent, and thus remain an ever-changing, ever-dying, and unhappy consciousness? Choose either path and the result will be the equivalent of the life. It is the *living* that will ultimately make us the one or the other. No amount of confidence, or belief, or acceptance of a philosophy or creed, will of itself act as a magic wand to transform our present or future or to obliterate the past. As we find it true that in the past there have been no mighty leaps along the path of attainment, so will there be none in the future. There are no sudden and radical transformations. All we will experience will be a result of the past and the present and that which arises from our creative power; and our future will be only that which we have earned, modified by the power to create new conditions. Life is no gift enterprise.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SPIRITUAL UTILITY OF PHYSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY HENRY WOOD.

In the dislodgment and defeat of a strong foe, through military strategy, the most decisive results are often gained through a movement known as "outflanking." Whether the antagonist be real or seeming, material or mental, the front he presents is always formidable. There his intrenchments are the strongest and in that direction his heaviest guns are mounted and trained. But often, by a flank movement, a weak side is disclosed, and complete capture and defeat are made possible with a comparatively small expenditure.

Taking the principle as outlined, let us attempt to lift it, no less concretely, into the esoteric and spiritual realm. But preliminary to tracing its relative parallelism, we may note an extreme position that perhaps is too common among exponents of the New Thought. In our emphasized loyalty to the basic principle of mental causation for personal physical expression, which, *per se,* cannot be questioned, we have possibly overlooked the important, even if subordinate, influence of bodily correspondence and sensation. Some advise that sensory messages and experiences be ignored; but may it not be wiser to study their laws, and through their teaching to exercise guidance and control? The reflex influence of physical suggestion upon the mind and consciousness must be taken into account, and any philosophy that ignores this factor is deficient.

Suppose that the sensory nerves report to the ego: "You have a headache." From the metaphysical standpoint it is regular ideally to deny the same, and by direct mental effort to dominate the intruder and cast it out. But if that cannot be

done at once, the reflex impression of the physical experience lingers, and through suggestion persistently lends to the mind its own quality. The pain gives its testimony for a purpose; in other words, the body with its lessons forms an important part of our normal educational training on this plane of expression. The physical organism is the testing-ground and gymnasium for soul development. There has been an inclination among the disciples of the New Thought to become imbued with the extravagances of an extreme sect in the denial of the educational uses and even the validity of the material body. Nothing exists in vain. Consistent loyalty to all fundamental metaphysical principles is clearly compatible with the admission of the wonderful reciprocity between the soul and its expression. The relation is indispensable to both. The great Unit of Truth is not one-sided, but is formed of truths in normal proportion. The materialist and the Christian Science propaganda represent the rigidity of opposite poles, while the warm, golden zone of rational and harmonious relativity is spread out between them. An all-around viewpoint is indispensable, for extremes only recognize things that are in their own direction. With these preliminary generalizations, we are led to the specific heart of the topic in question.

It is a psycho-physical law that human thought, when centered upon any particular organ, member, or section of the material organism, sets up an increased local circulation and activity, which in quality will be correspondential. It has often been demonstrated that, in greater or less degree, one may warm his feet on a cold day by persistently centering his thought upon them. It is well known that during sleep, while the brain is comparatively quiescent, a lessened proportion of the circulation is drawn in that direction. But far more delicate experiments in the laboratory show the exactitude of the law. Exhaustive tests indicate that an increased fulness of the veins invariably follows the track of the movable center of consciousness. Emotions and propensities in the mind, when

active, stimulate and quicken the various physical relations through which they function, and the latter send back their note of reply. How shall this fact be utilized? Can a harmful activity be diverted and turned in a new direction? How shall the mind and body be trained to aid each other instead of being at odds? Can a flank movement through the physical, or an alliance with it, be made practically useful in the expulsion of inharmony from both? It is certainly desirable to have a coöperation of the spiritual, mental, and physical, rather than to have the latter in opposition to the first two. The flank movement, then, through which disorderly foes of all grades may be more readily defeated, consists in the utilization of the physical mechanism as an efficient even if subordinate ally.

Coming into closer limits, we advance from the general physiology toward the center—to that wonderful section, the *brain*. Within this fertile domain the mind, or rather the man, functions directly and qualitatively. Disregarding the theoretical details of phrenology, we are aware, in general, that the brain-cells located in the crown of the head function for the moral and spiritual faculties. These include faith, hope, courage, harmony, with an implied recognition of life and strength in the Unseen. Wide observation also indicates that those negative qualities and emotions, among which are fear, anger, inharmony, depression, selfishness, and materialism, function and have their correspondence in those groups of cells that range lower down in the brain structure. Without denying that this subordinate domain, when normal, has legitimate use and place, the fact remains that with the vast majority it has become disproportionately active, congested, and dominant. It has usurped the main current of human consciousness. Too small a portion of human thought is of the ideal quality. In physical terms, the lower groups of brain-cells are over-stimulated. So long as this continues, reflex action tends to promote and accentuate the disproportion, which is already abnormal. It may be likened to a machine working in the wrong direction.

Suppose one begins to send thought in a new and higher direction. He finds it is not easy because the related functioning power is feeble. It has not, in the past, received its due meed of nourishment and invigoration. Then comes the necessity for the real coöperative process. If, as before noted, the concentration of positive thought locally induces an increased activity, why not give the neglected brain-cells in the coronal region their due? Send them the wholesome tonic of a good supply of thick, rich blood through the means of a localized consciousness. Thus they may become fertile and vigorous functioning-ground for the highest soul forces, and concordant reciprocity will result. On the other hand, the diversion will relieve and lighten the congested and overwrought groups of the lower and unspiritual sections. With physical inflammation relieved and circulation equalized, even though the process seem mechanical, the reflex character of the sensory reports to headquarters is changed. Concretely to accomplish this, one should consciously center the thought in the upper brain-cells, and to aid he should think for the time being that his thought *is* located there. This will not be easy at first, but may increasingly become a thought habit. When exercised, it should produce a glow and conscious thrill in the region indicated. After it is clearly localized, the highest spiritual quality—which may be described as communion with the Universal—may mingle and fill it to perfect proportion. Among the favoring conditions for inducing the desired result may be mentioned general passivity and full physical relaxation, with slow, deep breathing. Like an unstrung instrument, there must be an absence of all tension.

By way of a general deduction from the specific activity outlined above, it follows that the consciousness should pay proportionate visits to its various physical apartments and not remain unduly in any one of them. If a part of the many beautiful corridors of the temple of the body are never swept clean by the freshening presence of the executive, vigor dimin-

ishes and opacity becomes dense. If the ego domicile mainly in the lower relations, spiritual elasticity is lost and a cramped rigidity supervenes. We should, therefore, occasionally make a triumphant entry into the various geographical provinces of our physical kingdom, carrying inspiration, encouragement, and renewal. All will learn to welcome our coming.

The *sanctum sanctorum* of the seen form is the coronal section, and all its equipments are in accord with its high-altar service. Here every correspondential feature is congenial. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The "cities of the plain" are the abodes of inharmony, disorder, and animalism. Our complex nature contains so much subtle analogy that even spatial altitude lends some inspiration. When Jesus was about to give utterance to the Beatitudes, "he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him." Again, speaking from the viewpoint of the Christ, Jesus said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The evolutionary trend of humanity is not merely onward: it is upward. The figure of the Supreme Ideal—the subjective Christ—has been carved by the aspiring soul during its loftiest flights; and there it stands in regal beauty upon its pedestal. Come up, O Consciousness, from the dust and grime and sweat of the lowlands, at favorable intervals, and sit down in its presence! Gain there a residence, and feel its transforming power!

WHAT justice is there in this—that a nobleman, a goldsmith, a banker, or any other man that either does nothing at all, or at best is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great splendor upon what is so ill-acquired; and a poor man, a carter, a smith, or a ploughman, that works even harder than the beasts themselves, and is employed in labors so necessary that no commonwealth would hold out one year without them, can only earn so mean a livelihood that the condition of the beasts is much better than theirs?—*Sir Thomas More.*

THE VALUE OF UNDERSTANDING.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

There is a phase of the New Thought that has been somewhat neglected, in the eagerness of its advocates to take advantage of positive therapeutic suggestion; namely, the necessity of coming to judgment, of understanding the precise causes, not only of disease but of the temperamental conflicts and petty social annoyances that stand in the way of further evolution. In other words, it is the distinction between healing and curing—the difference between the result wrought by the healer and the work accomplished by the patient himself. This subject is so important that I shall in this paper devote myself wholly to it, assuming that the reader will supply the deficiencies of the point of view.

Experience is essentially a discipline of the understanding. We exist primarily to develop character, it is true; to attain happiness, and express the heart or soul. But he alone fully realizes these ideals who grasps the meaning of experience—who understands himself through and through. The forces that would make for our perfection, if understood, cause untold misery if blindly obeyed or ignorantly resisted. The blind optimist throws away the greatest opportunity of life. Conceit closes the door to progress, and wisdom is not to be had of the self-complacent.

A failure may teach more than a success, if it be regarded in the light of a high ideal. He that refuses to learn the lessons of his mistakes, or denies that there are mistakes, tacitly assumes omniscience. Such a case is an instance of arrested development. The same is true of any one who, assuming that this science is perfect, aristocratically closes the door to the

criticisms of the people. This truth is well expressed by Emerson when he says, "Blame is safer than praise." The majority of men stand in their own light, and do not wish to be told so; that is, every man has a blind spot, although his vision may otherwise be remarkably clear. No greater service could be rendered him than to reveal this blindness—if he should grant permission. No experience is so valuable as that which reveals one's self in a new light. Consequently, the truly great man welcomes negative criticism.

No one thrives in a critical atmosphere, and every soul needs encouragement; yet few there are who can withstand the temptations of a laudatory environment. The result of continued praise, or optimistic affirmation, and the absence of adverse criticism, can but be harmful in the end—until its deficiency be recognized. Every one needs to be brought low occasionally—such a "dressing down" as only the loved one can give. I do not mean censure; I do not mean anything that savors of pessimism or discouragement. But love knows the way. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

I know of nothing that can be substituted for the ministry of suffering. Some have said that mere belief would suffice. But they show by the omniscient way in which they speak of suffering that they have not yet been brought to judgment as only suffering can bring them. What we need is, first, to live; then to understand the laws and conditions of our experience. Theory alone will not suffice. It is not enough merely to feel. We must both feel and think, so that head and heart may evolve together.

It was a favorite saying of Dr. Quimby that "the explanation is the cure." He believed that mental healing could become not only an art but a science, and to make it a science we must not only learn truth, but unlearn error. Therefore, if he could explain the causes of a person's trouble—the wrong conditions of mind, life, and belief—thus making him self-dependent, he could do more for him than by any other method. Audible explanation was therefore an important part of his

treatment, and frequently this was sufficient of itself to produce a cure.

Is the New Thought missing an opportunity by laying down the principle that negative criticism is to be avoided? Is it postponing the day when it may be comprehensively scientific by neglecting to inquire into the causes of failure to heal certain types of cases? Some believe so; yet if one proposes questions for the sake of stimulating scientific inquiry, or ventures to criticize, one is unsparingly condemned and misunderstood. If, however, truth is always better than error, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of failure, that one may seek a remedy.

Humility is the door to wisdom. No one can preserve humility unless he "watch and fight and pray." Every experience has a wise lesson for him that tries to understand it as it really is. But how hard it is to efface the glamour of pride, prejudice, theory, and self-complacent optimism! Only in case I learn its lesson and practise the truth it teaches, can I say of any experience that it is wholly good. Discrimination is fundamental to permanent growth. The mere fact that an experience has come to me means little. Upon my understanding of it and my subsequent attitude toward it—upon what I make out of it—everything depends. If I am undeveloped or weak on a certain side, the experiences I attract on that side may hinder my growth unless I understand them. I may, therefore, thank fortune if it involves me in experiences tending to bring me to judgment.

The first rule, then, should be: Acquaint yourself with the conditions of existence; understand its laws; master its lessons. Let your science, or accurate knowledge of what is, be broad and strong. Then build upon it; reconstruct it; evolve it in accordance with what ought to be—with the highest spiritual ideal. Know yourself on all sides of your nature. Have no blind side. See to it that your defects become your virtues. Be not afraid to regard them as defects, but immediately ask how they may become virtues. Thus shall everything be

turned to account. Thus shall your weakness become your strength.

One's method of truth-seeking and of self-development must therefore be as comprehensive as life itself, with all its complexities, strifes, and beauties. The wisdom of life is, to be true to every aspect of it, not merely the neglected phase of which I am speaking, not merely the intellectual but the spiritual side—that each individual may be rounded, completed, made whole. The truth is the cure only if it be followed by improved conduct. Understanding profiteth only in case it is balanced by its complement—the application of the new revelation. As all fear springs from ignorance, so all courage must spring from wisdom. Our faith must be the faith of understanding—the knowledge of the higher law.

The critic may reply that the very essence of New Thought teaching and practise has been to convey this understanding of the subtle causes of disease. But I mean something more than this—a knowledge that comes in its fulness only in the solitude of the individual consciousness. If I am of a dominating, negative, or conceited disposition, I must come face to face with myself. No self-complacent affirmations must intrude. I must know my temperament. This means far more than simply to understand and regulate the superficial thought. Then I must dedicate my life to the Higher Self. Henceforth my affirmations and ideals must be of the altruistic sort—not the egoistic, as they are so apt to be when one first learns the power of the New Thought.

The process of coming to judgment is therefore a turning-point in life, the transmutation of the lower self into the higher Self. It is the transition out of the personal into the universal; out of temperamental faults and limitations into the limitless realm of divine communion; out of sectarianism into sympathy; out of theory into life. Thus viewed, it is the most important result of introspection, the highest achievement of self-help, and the noblest outcome of the New Thought.

HIGHER LAWS.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

In a higher classification, mankind may be divided—irrespective of its various minor attributes—into two grand subdivisions of thinkers and non-thinkers: the former susceptible of further distinctions, both generic and specific, becoming more and more specialized. It is the unthinking—the poor in thought—who constitute the real masses, the clay that is molded by the minds of thinkers. So arduous is it to think for ourselves, so convenient to accept other men's thoughts, that we are for a period constrained to waive the high prerogative of creative and original thinking and to dwell within that lesser province of intellection—the sphere of imitative and mechanical thought; and thus are we kept circling well within the horizon of some book. But when we would boldly sail to the circumference of our circle, there to balance on the outermost edge of the universe, where sky and water meet, the horizon has somehow slipped before us and we are at the center of a new circle, this time of our own projecting.

He that owes no allegiance save to the Eternal, and believes first in himself and his divine right and equality, walks thenceforth among manikins. But these men are not elect: they are self-evolved; and constantly do we hear of traitors in the ranks of the non-thinkers who have crossed to the other side never to return, detaching themselves as do icebergs from the mass of a glacier, thenceforth to float away, solitary.

During the period of adaptation to its new environment, the child must gradually become familiar with perspective and must acquire the faculties of assigning objects to their respective planes, of discriminating between two and three dimensions, and of distinguishing solids and fluids. The

development, in some degree, of these faculties through experience would appear to be the necessary preparation for voluntary action. To this end it is probable that the sense of sight contributes as much to delude as to enlighten; and it is by hard knocks that something is learned of the properties and dimensions of solids and their relations to one another in space. So every man begins life an explorer; and, from reconnoitering first a crib and then a nursery, he goes to investigating broader and broader fields.

Thus do we mature infants grope in the mysterious world of unknown quantities and indefinite dimensions, and are bumped and bruised through inability to judge of distances and broken on the projecting corners of divine and immutable laws: relegating to an indefinite futurity that which is contemporaneous with us, mistaking the third dimension for a fourth, and stumbling over the fourth where we saw only three. And in this manner are we brought to perceive the real nature of our environment, that we may conclude our researches within the realm of subjectivity—nor again forsake the oasis of Truth in pursuit of a mirage of the desert.

To have attained an outlook whence we are enabled in some measure to view both cause and effect, the one commensurate with and proceeding logically from the other—and this law of sequence inherent in the nature of all; to perceive action as having its inception in thought and issuing thence, objective proceeding from the subjective and causation the sole prerogative of spirit and not of matter, of the mind and not the body, of the potter and not the clay—this perception in itself constitutes the passing over of the mind from the irrelevant and nondescript dreamland of chance to the consciousness of fixed and permanent spiritual quantities. It is the recognition of the all-inclusiveness of the province of Design, of Intent and Purpose; wherein no more to be pursued by causeless results—the headless horsemen who lie in wait for the unwary: where no longer shall we throw the dice nor play at roulette.

This same outlook reveals the interrelation of theory and practise. To be contemptuous of theory denotes a lack of *savoir faire*—an intellectual brusqueness; for so necessarily restricted is the finite comprehension of natural order, and yet so ingenious is the human mind, that working-theory has become a part of the groundwork of science: and the most eminently practical men are such in virtue of their recognition of its nature and function. In short, theory has been made to supplement human limitations in the cognizance of law, and affords a present working basis; and practise may be largely defined as *theory in application.* The affinities of atoms—their very existence—and the precise nature of various forms of energy are still theoretical to our partial understanding, but serve, nevertheless, as the basis upon which is erected a superstructure of chemical, electrical, and commercial interests: and the world owes much to those practical men whose faith in the theory has made this possible. Were it not for the evolution of theory we would doubtless still wear necklaces of teeth and rings in the nose, and go armed with clubs and javelins: the savage devoid of theory remains a savage. What were the reason without the imagination? A dull tool indeed, which would be forever chipping stone but make never a Corinthian column. The province of theory extends as well to political and governmental science. Monarchism is a theory that has largely failed—democracy a theory that is being tried.

Seldom is the message of the eye or ear wholly trustworthy; and to obey it implicitly is to follow a will-o'-the-wisp over the quagmires of illusion. As we float upon the limpid waters of the lake, sky-line and water-line do sometimes vanish, distant sails appear unsupported in the fluid air, and sticks lying on the sandy bottom seem writhing serpents seen through the gentle surface undulations of this so transparent yet delusive medium. Dip an oar beneath the surface and the straight-grained ash or hickory appears distorted and inadequate. Given the angle of refraction, the reason diligently corrects the

optical illusion and in time makes unconscious allowance for such error. And so the indices of refraction are obtained for various media, and science stands ever ready to apply the tables of correction to the results of the errant senses.

But it is no less certain that whenever we dip an oar in the sea of sensuous perception it is apparently deflected from the normal; and it becomes imperative that we so augment our tables of refraction as to embrace all opinions, concepts, and traditional wrappers and coverings whatsoever, and make specific allowance and correction for all impressions that reach us from the outer world. It is here that we are brought to recognize the function of higher law; for, while there are properly speaking none but divine laws, yet are we so encompassed with hypotheses that for lack of the recognition of something better are constituted laws, and so deemed axiomatic, that it becomes expedient to make the distinction. But the knowledge of the night continually vanishes with the dawn, and the tongues that spoke the loudest are silenced. "Skim milk" everywhere "masquerades as cream"; on every hand arise pretenders to the throne of Reason; and semblance and delusion and all the minions of the Seeming persistently throng the portals of the mind, so that again and again are men constrained to ask, "What is real?" Yet in that Reality do we find our life and being; and these divine laws are the method of its working and impel us ever upward.

We think to "break the law," and at will to set aside divine order, or to divert the stream of good for one brief moment that it may overflow in our direction and leave others high and dry—only to find the bottom has fallen out of our little tub and it will no longer hold a drop. To follow this law of Good is to receive a passport in whatever direction we would travel; and at every port we land we have but to show our papers. But who goes contrary to it and would outdo another opposes himself, not to one man alone but to the power of Universal Good. The divine laws become the sponsors of every good

man; but the very dust conspires to trip a rogue, and every sparrow mocks him.

The world—what is it, then? One lives in a sphere of sensation and another in a sphere of ideas; there are dream-worlds and thought-worlds, worlds tumultuous and worlds serene. Spheres concentric it may be, and these numbered by quintillions. Day after day we bid farewell to this world and awaken to a new one somewhat different: once in a lifetime to have all the old landmarks swept away and to find we are strangers in the land. A man of the world! Man of what world—world of fashion or world of letters; world of society or world of solitude? Close scrutiny reveals for every mind an inner and an outer world—the former the object, the latter its image; and when the world within is comely, then indeed is its reflection fair. We are traveling, after all, the beaten tracks of our own minds, and seldom get beyond them. Now and again some determined explorer breaks away and starts for the pole of his being, returning with some fragments of evidence from that *terra incognita*—perchance returning never at all. Serene minds cast the reflection of their tranquil beauty before them, and who retains sweet thoughts moves evermore in a garden of roses.

We are as yet unable to define the world of dreams, nor is it evident that it is susceptible of definition in that we can set no bounds to the mind in sleep; but the mind when deemed awake tends to limit itself on every hand. Then when are we the more awake—when defined or undefined? Ideas may come in sleep that are more lucid and succinct than are waking ideas, and altogether unmixed with anything extraneous, standing forth boldly as planets on the background of the night. We go a-dreaming with our eyes open, and all our days are somewhat drowsy and indifferent to real issues and a prey to conflicting thoughts. In waking hours the phantoms of death, of ills and imperfections, flit before us and are accounted real; but when in sleep we walk amidst peaceful groves and listen

to the thrushes, we say, "I have had so fair a dream!" It may transpire that in the perfect repose of profound sleep we have possessed the clearest recognition and so have drawn the curtains and discreetly retired within; that we are dwellers in that land of Nod and but visit this earth in dreams—and sleep, the ministering angel of the night that descends unto the mind and bids it return to the Fatherland.

There is a world less intangible than the foregoing, yet whose seeming anomalies forever repel and baffle casual investigation. I speak of the sphere of men's influence. Deference to sense evidence so obscures the perception of what is real that we are readily deceived into thinking men are actually removed from their sphere of usefulness; and where the influence is benign and far-reaching we are at a loss to be reconciled to its apparent and sudden withdrawal. Because the physical man is removed the eye discloses no man, but the reason should reveal an influence steadily growing. The years give prestige to the life no longer visible and hallow the sayings that were once unheeded. One who has apparently left the world has nevertheless not withdrawn his influence, but is enlarging his sphere of good in virtue of the transition: for whereas in the flesh he was known to a handful only, he is now the good friend and counselor of thousands. In place of the good being buried, as the false adage would have it, it grows apace and becomes the beacon-light of ages. But the malign influence of vicious persons—the Neros and Caligulas—declines from the hour of their demise. We talk with a dozen men in the flesh and feel no affinity, but we are drawn by the human magnets of other times and delight to commune with the shades of the departed great. And they are nearer to us than our nearest neighbors, and understand us, it may be, better than brother or sister, and say to us that which none other can say.

As fountains rise and fall, intermingle and disappear, and from an idea assume their form, so there are affinities that hold together and give shape to human lives and their relations—

and repulsions that break asunder. The apple falls to the earth and the earth to the apple, and we call it gravitation; but so am I gravitating to you and you to me, and all of us toward that which we do not know, but of which we are known. Men fall toward one another with irresistible force, and fall away from one another with equal violence—surging to and fro in friendships and animosities. A bird's-eye view of humanity would show it to be segregated into knots and clusters, each revolving about some individual as a center, and these in turn moving around some more distant mesmeric point—all subject to the motive power of suggestion.

My thought reaches you and impresses itself upon your mind; and if I am the stronger presently you are set in vibration and begin your unconscious revolution about me, carrying with you satellites having each its period. And thoughts are winged, and fly about until they find lodgment in some mind; and their coming and going are ceaseless vibrations of the ether. They are every one a suggestion fraught with future action. To every state of mind come like thoughts, and the positive mind is the recipient of messages of congratulation from far and near—a constant stream, resembling the fall of meteors into the sun. We harness the puissant forces of attraction and so sit in communication with gods and men, with all minds and all things. And to the knowing it is the seal of Omnipotence, but to the foolish an engine of destruction. We light the lamp of Aladdin and the earth rocks with the tread of genii, and the winds rise from the rustling of their wings. Now we attract a princess and a palace, and again are conjured up all the ills to which flesh seems heir—and they likewise are speedily forthcoming. Our fears come upon us, and the flock of crows for which we have looked do even now obscure the sun.

There is a state of mind through which some men pass—and it may well be called the winter of their discontent—wherein they leave no stone unturned in the effort to disparage

their prerogatives and to erect barriers against the influx of good tidings. Under the ban of this delusion the mind is persistent in its denial of any good flowing to itself, and with faith in its own ability still defeats its good ends through avowing self-limitation and repelling those benign influences that are tapping gently at every window.

Whoso would rise to the full height of his possibilities must possess an immeasurable faith, not alone in himself but in the coöperation of Divine Love. He must rest in the conviction that all shall work to the good of those who love God; that all desirable ends are to be obtained by whosoever abides in the Truth. To a life so ordered the time is ever ripe to test the assertion of the Spirit. He that once despaired of happiness and equanimity—that in his ignorance gazed upon a Cimmerian world—shall yet behold the dawn of a brighter day and rejoice in the promise of a new life, therein to experience a liberty once undreamed of: a reality and depth of living until then unrecognized. For the tyranny of the unreal shall be overthrown, and that which filled the horizon shall recede and become as a speck.

How dearly are we loved of the Spirit, that it should admonish us of our every fault—that from the cradle to the grave it should walk beside us! And never for an instant are we left wholly to our own devices, nor allowed to deviate a hair's breadth from the right direction without a reproof—that we may turn in time. The divine warning comes in diverse and unexpected ways. An aching face and a lame back have each their message from the soul; and if we live an hour without the consciousness of Love we shall directly be made aware of it. Though we skulk surreptitiously through the streets, a heavenly host is following and angels hover over us; for to what pinnacle shall we ascend, or to what depths may we plunge, and not find there the love of God? Truly was it said of Wisdom that her every path is peace; and knowledge is like oil poured upon the troubled waters.

The Infinite offers us this compensation—that it is in itself the promise of everything it has seemed to withhold or take away: a father to the fatherless, a child to the childless. The seeking of a lifetime, it is there; the aspirations of the illustrious, they are there. "It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the Infinite lies stretched in smiling repose." We live immersed in the wealth we seek; we are surrounded by the good to which we would attain. Here is the vale of Tempe; here are the Elysian fields. We shall cast the potent spell of thought over this world in solution, and out of it shall crystallize the objects of our true desire.

What of the Adepts, Arhats, Mahatmas—mysterious beings having control over the elements? *You* are the Adept who shall control your senses; *you* are the Mahatma of your own destiny, the appointed magician who shall cause the rod of daily life to blossom with lovely thoughts. The Spirit shall lead you on to all good things, and to It nothing is impossible. The will makes the way; and if it be the human will the way may be confusion, but if the divine Will it shall be peace and plenitude. You may be keeping accounts, and presently you shall walk out of the door that for so long has seemed to you the barrier of your ideals and shall find yourself before an audience—the pen still behind your ear, the ink-stains on your fingers—and then and there shall pour out the torrent of your inspiration. You may be driving sheep, and you shall wander to the city—bucolic and open-mouthed; shall wander under the intrepid guidance of the Spirit into the studio of the Master, and after a time he shall say, "I have nothing more to teach you." And now you have become the master, who did so recently dream of great things while driving sheep. You shall lay down the saw and the plane to take upon yourself the regeneration of the world.

We are bounded by no horizon but that of the mind—held captive within imaginary circles. We shall meet with no barrier but that of our own thoughts. "Vaulting ambition" over-

leaps itself, but vaulting aspiration never. Our deeds shall be commensurate with our ideals. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" Hitch it to a comet, and if it takes you beyond one floating speck of earth you shall irradiate the heavens of some other. You who have waited this weary time, impatient to act, shall be hurled into the maelstrom of action. You who have for so long cherished the desire to think shall become the recipient of great thoughts descending upon you like an avalanche. You who have yearned shall find your yearnings take shape, as the ghostly mist rises from out the forest—as from the transparent air at the cold touch of the mountain come beautiful forms made golden by the parting rays of sunlight. Your wishes are running to meet you. Your ideals are taking form, as trees planted grow while we sleep. Past your door rushes the current that will carry you to the goal; but you shrink within the doorway. Come out into the sun and wind!

PHILOSOPHY informs us that the world is made out of the will of God. If, then, all things are made out of will, it logically follows that the causes of all internal diseases are also originating within the will. All diseases, such as are not caused by any mechanical action coming from the outside, are due to a perverted action of the will in man—such as is not in harmony with the laws of Nature or God. If his will begins to move in disharmony with these laws, then will a state of disharmony be created, which ultimately finds expression on the external, visible plane; and it is not necessary that the diseased person should be conscious of such an inharmonious action, for the will in him also produces the harmonious movements of his internal organs without his being aware of it and without the consent of his intellect. A mere thought, an idea, a mental impression, may produce such an inharmonious action of will.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

THE true physician will never propagate one disease under the pretext of avoiding another.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

GATHERING THE FRAGMENTS.

BY Y. E. KRAS.

The idea of waste of any sort is innately repellant to the normal mind; and necessarily so, for Nature herself sets the chief example. She is the great conservative and economist. This fundamental principle underlies every natural law, and consequently is ingrain in every normal organism. Prattle about Nature's prodigality merely convicts the prattler of superficiality and mental near-sightedness. Generous Nature certainly is, and niggardly never. Ample always is her provision, but never by any chance or in any detail is it excessive, unnecessary, or prodigal. The wealth of vegetable life, for instance, with which she clothes our globe is by no means a vain expenditure. Not a single leaf buds, blows, and falls to earth again but in so doing plays a specific part in the realm of vegetable economy. That proverbial rose, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," presupposes man's olfactory nerves to be the sole standard of valuation. As a matter of fact, however, human appreciation of the fixed essences and volatile oils in the rose is, of course, merely incidental in their sphere of usefulness. No sweetness is wasted; no spear of grass pushes in vain its tiny blade up through the mold into the light—in the very teeth of gravitation, so to speak; the "word" of no obscurest blossom ever returned to its mother earth "void" or profitless.

Far indeed from being prodigal, Nature is most severe and final in her practical condemnation of waste. Whatever is not used she withdraws. The neglected muscle she absorbs—recalling its vitality; the unused faculty she speedily eliminates. Nature is the great *utilitarian;* and consequently in this age

we, more nearly and fully coöperating with her than ever before, are becoming more genuinely utilitarian. Those who clamor against the term and its implication are in reality misunderstanding and misusing it. The basic principle of utilitarianism is that the standard of morality is set by the measure of utility; but the professed adherents of this principle have too often read into it the objective and physical meaning alone —expounding it on the material plane only. Hence the storm of protest from the idealists. As a matter of fact, no rational objection can be raised to the real utilization of *anything*.

It is the partial or perverted use of the material symbols of a power or principle—often thereby excluding even the recognition of the true force behind and within—that the much-maligned idealist denounces. It is not the full utilization of the material and apparent, but the total neglect of the intangible and spiritual—not that one can be too entirely utilitarian, but that few people are more than partially and crudely so: this is in reality the point of contention. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is also the only point of contact between utilitarian and idealist. It is just at this point that the two factors can logically join forces and work together for a common end.

I overheard a conversation some time ago that interested me greatly. Some one quoted, "The measure of one's ideal is the limit of one's potentiality." "Well, I've no time for ideals," returned a busy little woman, her needle flashing in vindication of her assertion; "I've hardly five minutes the whole day long to think." "But where are your thoughts while you sew," some one queried, "while you walk, and when you go about your house?" "Oh, I don't know," was the answer; "on my work, I suppose. But it takes time really to think and to have 'ideals,' as you call them." "Ideals and well-directed, purposeful thinking take no more time than breathing," quietly remarked the woman whose quotation had started the discussion.

This aroused the inquiry in my mind, What do the ma-

jority of women think about "between times," when the mind, freed from any special exterior demand, gravitates, so to speak —finds its own level? I determined to discover, and since then have been making some unique investigations. Eighty-seven of the hundred women I questioned at unexpected moments were simply not *thinking* at all. I would meet an acquaintance on the street, hurrying along with brows knit, apparently in a brown study. When questioned suddenly as to her train of thought, it would prove to be a matter of household or wardrobe economy that had in reality been settled some time before. She was just "running over it in her mind." The truth is, her mental attitude amounted to little more than a hollow, meaningless echo. Another, with alert, eager face, when surprised with the same inquiry, would reluctantly confess she was only wondering as to the destination of that interesting-looking couple who had just passed in a cab. A woman of two and twenty, perched in a high window-seat overlooking the level of the city's roofs, gazing wistfully off into the western sky, where the soft, serene glory of the waning moon contrasted weirdly with the flashing, changing, feverish lights of the city below—a scene that would surely give inspiration to any thinker, even to those who are said to think only with their hearts—was only wondering "how much vacation" she would have next summer. The eighty-four remaining answers were all sadly similar.

No single subject of the so-called "thought" was harmful, *per se;* the fault lay simply in the fact that it was purposeless—nothing was accomplished by it. Now, to what does all this inevitably point? To the almost total waste of a force, potentially one of the greatest in the universe—woman's thought: one of the purest, subtlest, and most far-reaching. A man that would habitually go about with a pocketful of gold-pieces, and a hole in that pocket through which the coins were constantly falling, would certainly be classed as a lunatic, especially if he at the same time complained of poverty. Yet many per-

sons do just this silly thing, and on a more vital plane. They bewail their lack of time and opportunity, of influence and achievement, of much or all that makes existence on this plane a pleasure, and at the same time they are frittering away their inheritance of mental power, which if rightly directed would bring them into touch with "all things needful."

Most people will readily admit that nothing of moment can be accomplished without thought; that every effective action owes its effectiveness to mental force; in fact, that everything objectively evident is merely the manifestation of *thought.* Then necessarily every idle thought, *i. e.,* every unthinking moment, means just so much "money wasted," to put it materially—so much wealth and power foregone. Some of my inquiries were made among women of more than ordinary mental caliber, and the result was therefore the more appalling. They seemed wholly unaware of the continual mental "leakage." If we should husband and utilize our moments and mentality—as, for instance, did Mme. de Staël, who filled in her five-minute crevices with work that has long outlived her—what might we not accomplish? What powerful factors such personalities would prove in the daily round of life!

The psychic elements surround us—plastic, and at our bidding. What we shape definitely and persistently in the realm of thought cannot fail of ultimate materialization. If, instead of idly ruminating—echoing and reëchoing insignificant happenings of the past—we would find our center of mental gravity, recognize our own special polarizing force, and point every energy toward some definite aim or aims, *then* would our sincere desires materialize, our soul-hunger be appeased, and we would truly *live.* Of course, much planning and thought-taking about material things are necessary on this physical plane, and I consider this a very good and wholesome mental exercise; it has a definite purpose and accomplishes a definite end—quite the reverse of the aimless, erratic, thistle-down performance too often termed "thinking."

Try to conceive the mentality of the average woman of your acquaintance, as evidenced in her daily life and conversation—perhaps your own, for example. Indulge for a moment the fancy that, divested of physical form, this could make itself evident to the subtler perceptions. Would it appear as a concrete, uniform entity, with definite trend or action, thus insuring definite accomplishment? Does each thought *count* for something—make for some recognized goal? What are you doing, mentally, for the world as you ride in the street-car? Any more than the horses that draw it? Whither are your thoughts tending as you walk along the street? Any more definitely than the dust blowing about your feet? Talk of Niagara's unutilized force! It is simply insignificant compared with the power in reserve in the one-pointed action of a single mind.

Turn once more to Nature—that big picture-book of object-lessons spread everywhere before us. She lavishes every resource on the need of the moment, but absolutely withholds the unused, unappreciated power. As we gain control of one after another of Nature's material forces we must take corresponding possession on the higher plane—in the spirit of the most aggressive of utilitarians. We must bring the largest thought to the smallest need. The secret of success on any plane is absolute concentration on the work of the moment. To live in "the moment eternal," with every faculty instantly at call, is to live on the creative plane. If our mental powers were trained —as, for instance, the physician's hand or the marksman's eye; if concentration could be voluntarily compassed and thought become purposeful and effective at will—our lives would become benedictions: we would bless as we breathe. We would be infinitely more than well-trained mechanisms then—we would be living to the full measure of manhood and womanhood. Many of us are good counting, banking, farming, sewing, or housekeeping machines, and all of these occupations require thought and to that extent are helpful and developing;

but there is a wealth of broken hours—of fragments and ragged edges of time, so to speak—left over and above the planned activity of our lives. These should be "gathered up" and utilized—literally put out at interest for the uplifting of the world about us. We may send the helpful thought where we may not visibly call. As our perceptions grow more sensitive, we will hear the inaudible cry for help and encouragement, however distant; we will simply radiate health and hope and heartfulness. Nor will this by any means prove an added burden; on the contrary, it will develop mental power and increase vitality.

Nature's reiterated teaching is that rest is not found in the cessation but in the variation of activity. Inaction is enervating—achievement is stimulating and recreative. Whatever is utilized increases in power and effectiveness. It may at first seem a little irksome to recall the wandering thought, to give it point and purpose, to substitute aim for inertia; but, as Drummond said, "Nature is always on the side of him that would rise," and in reality it will prove far easier than we think. As the normal mind is instinctively averse to the idea of waste; as we are all naturally utilitarians at heart; as, more deeply still, we all "feel the thing we ought to be beating under the thing that we are"—let us listen to the threefold call. Let us gather the fragments. Let us make the most of our moments, our thoughts, our *whole* selves; and our lives and all other life will be the broader, richer, and more satisfying.

THERE are mental microbes more dangerous to the life, health, and welfare of man, and more productive of disease and unhappiness, than all the external bacilli combined. The highest and most effective therapeutic agencies consist in the eradication of poisonous and persistent entities from the mind, and in the substitution of the entities of life, which will subjugate even death itself.—*The Flaming Sword.*

GNOMAI.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Some people are gifted with a capacity to hunt for opportunities and to find them; others to wait till they arrive and recognize them. But the great majority can neither hunt nor wait; they either fidget or fret.

Few understand the signs of masterly inactivity or of mere laziness—who know Fabius from Micawber.

Certain minds are unable to distinguish the free from the inexact. They may call themselves freethinkers, but are really loose thinkers.

Freedom is not a license to practise the impossible, but a choice out of an infinity of inevitables.

Ignorance is not the crime, but the pathos, of intellect.

Faith is not a conquest over the immutable, but an alliance with the invincible.

Whoever says he never told a lie has one at least to answer for.

Attention is the center of percussion of consciousness.

Life is a photograph of the soul. Death destroys the negative and offers the printed picture to Eternity.

There are two sorts of doubters: those without brains to comprehend, and those too lazy to learn.

Governments derive their unjust powers from the consent of the governed. The people's apathy invites the tyrant's cupidity.

Between "dramatic" and "theatric" is a deep gulf. Heroism and heroics are as far apart as the attraction of gravitation and hysteria.

The sun's energy is not wasteful. It is the potency of influence developed by conditions: as you speak alone to one hearer when a thousand ears might receive your ideas.

Do not flatter me; appreciate me. Do not worship; understand.

Decency has no religion, unless decency itself be a religion.

Religion is like sunlight upon a landscape; it does not alter the form of the land, nor the nature of the soil, but changes entirely the character of the view.

There are no such things as religious facts or infidel facts —no grades, fractions, or adjectives to Truth.

Do not interfere to balk the natural results of Progress. As well embalm the truth as castrate it.

Laziness is the black sheep of the respectable family of Patience.

The things people refuse to admit concerning themselves are generally those that they feel most keenly to be true.

In a quarrel it is often better to be wrong than right, because it is easier to apologize than to forgive.

Now is a perpetual day of judgment of all the yesterdays.

There is one hope for the foolish world: its folly is that of ignorant infancy, not of depraved prime or debauched dotage.

The world acts as if its choice were limited to either credulity or infidelity—as if it were compelled to serve either King Cruel or King Chance.

Many read the fourth commandment: "Six days shall thy neighbor do all thy work."

The eccentricity of genius is one thing; the foolishness of mediocrity quite another. It is one thing to have your farm muddy now and then; another to have it all swamp.

Intellect ruling alone is a despot; emotion a mob.

Nature is a false friend—detective of evil, worming himself into our confidence, seeking to cajole a confession from us, charged with treason to Truth, and offering a pretense of immunity.

Obvious and Oblivious are not twins (like Simple and Subtle), but the same silly baby awake and asleep. His name is Consciousness.

It is not "man" in the abstract who recognizes anything. It is always a certain principle, having become active in him, that recognizes its own counterpart in external nature when it comes in contact with it. Only he in whom is light can see the light; only the element of love can feel love; only the divinity in man can know God in and through man.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

THE TRINITY AND THE VIRGIN.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

It is a mistaken view that regards the dogmas of any religion as either deliberate fictions or concrete facts. They are neither. There may possibly be a historic parallel to some of them, for Nature is full of acted parables; but, as dogmas, the significance is always interior and mystic until through crystallization they become dead, losing their application to the inner life. Then it is that, having no vitality by which to keep their hold upon the minds of men, they are quarreled over, fought for, and insisted upon as essential to salvation. And thus it happens that we have before us the anomaly of a religion that demands, as the foundation of an ethical and moral life, a faith that is simply historic. Such faith is absolutely barren of results, and even worse than no faith at all; because it paralyzes the mind, destroying its power of thought.

It is true that there are those who, holding the historic belief as the principal thing, have yet insight enough to perceive that the interior significance is also necessary.

> "Though Christ a hundred times in Bethlehem be born,
> If he's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn."

There are many minds that recognize a similar necessity, *viz.*, that the parable be applicable to the inner life or thought of the individual, in connection with all the dogmas of the Church.

In regard to the doctrine of the Trinity, it is well to remember that this division of the Godhead subsists as a condition of our thinking rather than as a concrete, material fact. We may divide man into two parts—body and soul; or into three—body, mind, and soul, or body, soul, and spirit; or again

into four—the physical, the intellectual, the psychical, and the spiritual; and still we have not exhausted the possibilities of subdivision. God may be regarded as seven—the number of perfection—a subdivision that finds more support in the Bible than the division into three. "The seven Spirits of God" are alluded to in the first verse of the third chapter of Revelation; and in Isaiah xi. 2. we have an enumeration that is probably intended to include all the "powers," or Elohim, of God. The "Spirit of the Lord" comes first, as the highest; then Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Might, Knowledge, and lastly the Fear of the Lord. These are the Spirits that are to rest upon the Christ, and constitute simply an analysis of the power spoken of elsewhere as "the Spirit of God."

The trinity idea, however, is simpler, and comes very near to our instinctive conception of things—corresponding to the divisions of time: past, present, and future; to the three dimensions of space; and also to the family idea, embracing activity (force), passivity (substance), and the result of their union—the child of the creative fiat. The trinity idea was worked out gradually by the Church, from an inner necessity such as exists in all mystical minds; and, from being at first conceived, in all probability, as the family idea, was finally crystallized as a trinity of aspects corresponding to the past, present, and future. God appears thus as the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of mankind.

It is the purpose of this paper to show how the idea of male and female, or active and passive, with the child (or divine man) to complete the trinity—being an idea more profoundly fundamental to human thinking than even the ideas of time and space—found its necessary expression in the dogmas of the Incarnation of Christ and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Jesus Christ, born in Bethlehem, is the prototype of the regenerate Life born in every soul, when it knows itself a son of God. The history of his birth is doubtless intended as a

spiritual history, which must be repeated in every soul when it attains its full development. The divine life of a perfect humanity is the object of evolution; that is, speaking in symbols, the Divine Man is the child of the Father and Mother God. God is one, being Living Substance, the All in All; yet as Life (or Energy) and Substance, God is dual in Nature; and as Energy, Substance, and Manifestation, God is a Trinity, the third person of this Trinity being perfected Man. The Holy Spirit is evidently identical with the "Spirit of God," which, as we have seen, may be regarded as one or as seven. It represents the divine powers "proceeding from the Father and the Son." When this Holy Spirit was exalted to a place in the Trinity, in order apparently to exclude woman from so high a station, it became necessary to express under some other figure the essential element of passivity—the idea of Substance becoming through evolution the Mother of God in manifestation. For evolution has always been recognized, esoterically, by mystics. This necessity was met by representing the world-soul as a virgin mother, of whom, through the inspiration of the Spirit, a new and diviner Life is born into the world.

"I must become Queen Mary, and birth to God must give,"

—sings the mystic poet.

This representation has one great advantage over that in which the female is a member of the Trinity, in that it does not involve that exceedingly difficult conception of humanity itself as a part of the Divine Life. Until conscious of its divine nature, humanity is not able without blasphemy to say, "I and the Father are one." Therefore, the mystic history of the Virgin represents most truly the developing consciousness of the human race. She is first Daughter, then Spouse, then Mother, of God, becoming thus, in her turn, a trinity. In the Assumption she is taken up to God and glorified, being crowned by "that holy thing which was born of her," and enthroned as the Queen of Heaven.

In the light of such an understanding of the "Mysteries," it is easy to see why Roman Catholic leaders declare that the cult of the Virgin must be preserved if men are to be trained to purity of life and all the gentler virtues. The influence is analogous to the love of a man for his mother; indeed, it is declared by Catholics that, in giving his mother to John, Christ gave her to be a mother to all faithful Christians. To adore her is to adore the "Divine Womanly"; to enthrone her is to enthrone the Intuition; and to acknowledge her as Mother is almost equal to knowing one's self a son of God.

One might trace many further lines of thought in connection with this subject—as, for example, the significance of Joseph's position, of the Wise Men of the East, of John the Baptist, prophet of the new life, and others—finding delicate and subtle meanings underlying all. This entire doctrine, although subject to gross misconception, is much freer from objectionable tendencies than the symbolisms that place goddesses among the gods, bringing in relationships easily degraded into superstition and suggestive of sensuous implications.

The time is coming when the myths and mysteries of religion will be understood in the clear light of perfectly developed reason. For even as science and religion are coming to an understanding in regard to the forces that govern in the material world, so is the full-grown intellect of the race beginning to apprehend and appreciate the glowing beauties of thought—revealed by the intuition in the dim distance of the past. The intuition, or the soul, or the "woman," who has so long been under a "curse," is yet to be reinstated, when through the new life born of her the intellect has become so clear as to see the revelation that she saw mystically long ago. Then shall come to pass the saying recorded of Christ in one of the apocryphal gospels—that the kingdom of heaven should come "when two shall be one, and that which is without as that which is within."

LOST ARTS.

BY JULIA E. CASTERLINE.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said Solomon. In the world of manifestation, or effect, we see men producing and reproducing, in the field of art, things so fine and so beautiful that no mere words can describe them. Yet, back of all we see, we are told there are "lost arts"—etching, china-painting, and decorations that cannot be produced *now*. There have been ages in which the esthetic has so dominated the mind that the harmony of the senses of touch and sight was most exquisite. Indeed, lives were sacrificed to the nervous strain required in producing things so dainty that the hand had to work under the guidance of artificial light and the magnifying power of convex glasses. We have an account of an artist who painted with his own life-blood, so combining it with oil that a natural flesh-color was produced that astonished the world. The artifice was discovered, but not the secret.

I believe that in material ways man *has* reached an ultimate so fine that he could go no further without turning the mental and physical inside out, to study *cause*—the why and wherefore of thoughts so fine and of touch so sensitively refined. Thus much has been lost, in effects, while man has been aspiring higher.

The purely esthetic period seemed to dissolve itself into a more practically inventive age, characterized withal by a study of man, or *mind*. And mind, becoming conscious of its power, began to substitute inventions that acted as servants. The Anglo-Saxon race is perhaps the most inventive and certainly the most independent and free. In this age we have the physical man represented in all kinds of useful inventions—so great

and grand that only the *life* is lacking. The activity, however, is symbolized in the highest material agency we know—electricity; but the real man (mind) has to be the head or master, to plan and direct. Labor-saving inventions are increasing with alarming rapidity. Men as workers are being displaced in numbers so great that our government is in peril from the mental dynamite proceeding from those who cannot see through the fogs that settle down in the lowlands of thought and effect, even though the mountain-tops are gilded with the sunlight of hope.

Is it not possible that our present waiting, uncertain attitude is a promise of something higher? In this hesitancy of seeming thraldom to environment is it not probable that man has to learn that it is self-made, and has to be submitted to until the self is worthy to become master over the lesser environment and its outgrowths? Men have been led by self-constituted leaders, and often have the masses seemingly fallen back; but, as an athlete takes a few backward steps, is it not innate in the mind to know that this pause gives needed strength?

This wonderfully inventive age brings confusion; but, like all incoming of higher truth, it will yet teach man that he can rise higher than machinery, or the physical workshop. He will see ere long that, if he will but learn his life-lesson, individualization must come. Cause rather than effect must be comprehended in *true* advancement—a looking forward, not backward. When man knows himself, genius will be the legitimate, normal life of activity in effect; there will be no labor or "sweat of the brow" even in reproduction of the finest art that to-day is called "lost." The artist who paints a picture of some mother's darling, whom the world in its ignorance calls "lost," will be able to say to that mother: "Your boy is not lost! The principle of life that gives me this genius for placing upon canvas his exact image will replace some time, somewhere, under better conditions, your child—His child—

perfect and unfettered by earth's mistakes." And so will go hand-in-hand man's true consciousness of eternal good and the corresponding good that comes of genius in all its variety—the variety of the Infinite Mind, which forever reflects in Its image the manifest. The physically or mentally fine, therefore, is but the symbol of man's real spiritual nature, which comprehends all that is—a perfect triune: matter, mind, and spirit.

To satisfy esthetic, sensuous desire, or requirement, men have worked in attics and cellars, half clothed and starved and not half paid, to produce luxuries in art. Worn out and weary, man is now coming to his right mind—his self-sense, or sense of selfhood. Hence, the world can well afford to sacrifice the so-called higher art to the higher man. And, while inventions of utility take the place of lost art, and plain, useful, convincing language the place of lost tongues, we can afford to "lose" these while man *finds himself*, and something to live by and in—a better world of effects, where man's inhumanity to man can no longer cause countless thousands to mourn because of false conditions. Freed from even slavish labor, which inanimate machinery can supply, man can rise into conditions that will bring, not only more freely and in abundance the food he needs, but time and opportunity to attend to the *real* man, or mind. All else will then be added in due season.

Surely we can afford to abandon much of the past, which has served man superficially, in favor of a grander present, which is making substantial realities: first in men that understand their race, and secondly in man's useful inventions, which will in time become a bed-rock of dependence to lift him out of slavery and make him master over physical conditions. Ere long, instead of a few rich men owning the inventive product of man's brain (the compulsory selling of his mind-children to the capitalist slave-driver), he will band into a brotherhood and own and work his inventions for the greatest good of the greatest number. Thus, becoming master, he takes from himself and all who have sold their spiritual birthright for a pot

of material substance, earned in the "sweat of their brow," the "curse of crawling"; and standing upright, with his hand at the throttle, he works as master, not servant or slave.

It is for this purpose that useful inventions are increasing so abundantly. They are now, seemingly, the laboring man's enemy; but when he understands, and owns, and utilizes, he will find they are his best aids to higher development, peace, and plenty. When these latter have come, and the deserts bloom, blossom, and produce, man will find time and heart to unfold into higher conditions—following his genius wherever it leads, not imprisoned in garret or cellar, but free under heaven's dome and in earth's bounty. Then all additions of art and refinement can reach their highest development without making any man a slave. The artist will not lift the curtain from his ideal picture, which his love has fashioned in months of toil and privation, and, pressing his pale, weary cheek against it in a last good-by, see it go to the auctioneer to bring a pittance to pay rent or feed some hungry mouths. How much that genius fashioned in the past now graces the millionaire's mansion, while the artist eked out a miserable existence! It were better that art should cease than that men should die in producing it, because of lack of appreciation and just compensation.

THERAPEUTIC effects of different kinds have been attributed to laughter by the gravest medical writers, from Hippocrates downward. The Father of Medicine laid special stress on the importance of merriment at meals. The old physicians recommended laughter as a powerful means of "desopilating" the spleen. Fonssagrives said that mirth is the most powerful lever of health. Tissot professes to have cured scrofulous children by tickling and making them laugh. Dumont de Monteaux relates the strange case of a gentleman who got rid of an intermittent fever after witnessing a performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro," at which he had laughed consumedly. Other learned doctors state that nephritic colic, scurvy, pleurisy, and other affections are favorably influenced by laughter.—*British Medical Journal.*

THE CHANT OF THE MYSTIC

BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON.

I was a dream of Jubal, when he first
  In souls of men made song to sing
A glory jubilant, and them immersed
  In odors such as flashing censers swing.

I was the longing of Euphorbus, when
  He sat at feasts in 'leaguered Troy,
Long ages ere his wistful soul again
  Sought shining Truth and found her not so coy.

I wandered far when Troy was burned, and dwelt
  A mem'ry in the singer's brain
Who in Phœacian palace moved to melt
  Odysseus, lonely, 'reft of all his train.

I lingered in Gautama's thought when, sick
  Of sense since sorrow smote of folk
So many, his soul wounded to the quick,
  He with all ease and pomp of princes broke.

I was a shadow when Plotinus dreamed
  The iridescent fancies which
In subtle span he threw against where gleamed
  The sun of Plato's intuitions rich.

Evolving by the angle incident,
  I grew from shadow into form—
What time the Persian Sufis blent
  Dim Boodh's and thaumaturgic Proclus' norm.

From form aspiring into life, I flushed
  Past Boehme, Swedenborg, and Blake,
Half conscious of the tissues crude I crushed
  In winning matter into bloom to break.

And life was getting to be sweet to me,
  And manhood might have found me blest,
Had not a tyrant thought turned thrice the key
  And left my soul the Concord Thinker's guest.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE MEDICAL TRUST.

"Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover ye see and hear, that . . . this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people: . . . so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but that also the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed. . . . Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"—*Acts xix. 25-28.*

FOR once in the history of medicine the doctors may be said to have agreed. They are practically a unit in declaring that Christian Scientists and all other "irregular" practitioners of the healing art should be suppressed. To this end, during the last few months, they have carried on in this city an aggressive newspaper propaganda, the ostensible motive being the protection of the community against "charlatanry." The new crusade received its initial impulse from the death of a woman while under Christian Science treatment—a fact to which the doctors point as evidence of the "danger" of allowing individuals to choose their own mode of treatment when ill. The same issues of the journals that lend their space to this medico-political persecution of a rival profession, however, contain daily an alphabetical list of scores of persons that have presumably died under "regular" treatment; we are therefore constrained to believe that the "danger" apprehended is really to medical incomes rather than to society.

We do not presume to speak for the Christian Scientists. MIND is not in any sense a representative of the cult founded by Mrs. Eddy; yet we are convinced that, on the abstract questions of liberty and justice as interpreted in recent discussions, these

people have by far the best of the argument. Their position is the more logical and tenable, whether the appeal be made to results or to theory. We are not unaware of the inconsistencies that may be pointed out in the dogmatic teachings of this school; yet it is our observation that it suffers more from misrepresentation and misconception than from the defects of its emotional method of presenting fundamental truths. For instance, by the medical and secular press Christian Science is almost invariably confounded with the theological "faith cure," when the truth is that these systems have absolutely nothing in common. And when the President of the New York Board of Health declares that sorcery, clairvoyance, incantations, necromancy, witchcraft, etc., should all be grouped under the head of Christian Science, it is evident that what he does not know about that system of religion and healing would fill several volumes.

It is said that an attempt will soon be made by the County Medical Society and other conservative organizations to procure legislation that will effectually abolish the metaphysical healer's occupation. The plea is that he or she should be required to pass the same examination and be subject to the same restrictions that govern the graduates of the allopathic, homeopathic, and eclectic schools of *materia medica*. Now, the reason that physicians of these competing schools are properly regulated and "restricted" in certain ways is that they are authorized by law to prescribe deadly *poisons* in some cases; but, as metaphysicians do not administer drugs of any sort, such safeguards are wholly unnecessary as applied to them. Again, it is urged that *no one* should attempt to heal the sick unless he has at least a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology, without which, it is alleged, an accurate diagnosis cannot be made. Yet it does not require an architect or a builder to turn on the gas in a darkened room; and the true Science of Being has conclusively proved that disease is no more *real* than darkness. A piano virtuoso is not necessarily a

piano-maker, and successful agriculture is not dependent on any farmer's knowledge of geology.

But we are informed that these gentlemen propose to exempt the use of ***hypnotism*** in therapeutics from the operation of their intended infringement upon personal liberty, since "healing by suggestion" has received the indorsement of the most eminent medical men. In such a modification, however, will be presented an inconsistency far greater than any that a Christian Scientist has ever been guilty of; for the doctors will then be conceding the metaphysician's basic claim, the very foundation of his system of cure—that in every case of genuine healing the direct curative agent is the ***mind.*** In view of the fact, moreover, that suffering humanity has learned that between the practise of ***medicine*** and the practise of the ***healing art*** there is often a very wide gulf, we do not hesitate to predict that no legislation of the kind proposed will ever be enacted in the State of New York. The fundamental law of this commonwealth will never abridge the right of its citizens to choose their own religion, their own lawyer, their own reading matter—and their own physician.

Less easy to understand than the self-interest of the medical fraternity in this agitation is the attitude of some members of the clergy on the general question of spiritual healing—as expounded in the New Thought. They generally uphold the position of the doctors; yet how they can reconcile their opposition with their New Testament is difficult to comprehend. They grant that Jesus healed the sick without medication, but are inclined to regard it as a miraculous performance. Yet the apostles accomplished similar cures, and our modern metaphysicians are doing likewise by the same means—frequently in cases that have been given up by the "regular" practitioners. We know the means are the same as those employed in apostolic times, because the same results flow from the application of the identical principles that the Master inculcated in the minds of his hearers. The cures, therefore, are

not and never were miracles; they are the effect of natural law, definitely understood and applied. Jesus Christ gave no lessons in chemistry, or anatomy, or physiology; he pointed instead to a deeper realm of truth—a storehouse of power beyond the pale of "experiment" and accessible to the individual himself: the human soul, whose instrument is the *mind*.

Perhaps in the psychology of suggestion we may find an indirect clue to the real motive of this latter-day persecution of believers in the unorthodox and unconventional. The startling increase in number and magnitude of the "conspiracies in restraint of trade" known as Trusts, which threaten the stability of American institutions and bid fair to rob the individual of his power of initiative in commercial intercourse, is certain to have serious consequences in reconciling the average mind to the idea of *monopoly*. The monopolist is becoming respectable. He that is "first on the ground" is beginning to reassert his right to preëmpt everything in sight. Competition has been transmuted into combination in the apotheosis of greed. And the injustice of exclusion, restriction, and absorption is no longer confined to industrial pursuits: it has seemingly placed its blighting finger on the learned professions. Are we to have a Medical Trust?

THE understanding of mental healing will make you strong, healthy, and happy. It will help you with your work. It will help you with the children. It will make you strong to withstand temptation. It will give tone to the nervous system, and vitality and power to the entire man. It will add to your usefulness in every direction.—*Franc Garstin.*

THE growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every expansion. The mind that grows could not predict the time, the means, nor the mode of that spontaneity. God enters by a private door into each individual.—*Emerson.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up!"

—*John Keats.*

LIGHT.

How we all love the light! I don't know that ever a day was so long but I could think of something else I would like to do if only it would be daylight a little longer; and it was always when night was coming on that I seemed to want to do things I hadn't thought of doing before. And then, when another new day came, I was just as glad as if it were a dear friend I had not seen for ever so long. Everything loves the light. The dog and the cat know where the sunniest spot is to stretch themselves for a noon-day nap. Little folks scarce ever like to go into dark rooms, as if there were something in the dark that they feared. Yet darkness is really nothing but the absence of light.

When you begin to study drawing, if you have not already commenced, you will be surprised to find that the very thing that makes a picture beautiful—even if it is only of a little flower—is the light in it and the shade. If it were all light, if the tree didn't have a long shadow tree behind it, if there were no black shadow cows and no black shadow trees and fences, it wouldn't be any sort of a picture; and the strange thing is, that the prettiest part of anything is where some shrub or flower by the wayside has cast a great black shadow behind it. It is very hard to explain what light is. The dictionary says it is "a force by the action of which, on the organ of sight, objects are made visible." But there's another definition I like better that says, "God is Light," which is just the same as saying that Light is God.

Look at that little beam of light on the wall. An artist will paint a field of grass so true that the grass on his canvas seems really living, growing grass; and yet, with all the many colors on his palette, he couldn't well paint this sunbeam on the wall; for it is not red—it is not yellow. How *could* one paint this smile of God? Not all the pictures framed in the finest ebony and gold—pictures of the Madonna and the faces of Fra Angelico's angels—are so wonderfully beautiful as this mysterious little ray of sunlight. Wherever it shines there's a warmth in it, just as there is when mama smiles, and we know it's because we are so dear to her. So, when the brooklet runs by the roadside, and sings its little song as it runs, it's surely a sign that it's glad for the sunshine. I've seen a nasturtium-vine run a long way under a thicket so as to open its red and yellow blossoms to the light.

Now, children, when you see the sunshine streaming into the room from under the curtain or through the half-drawn shutter, don't forget that God's smile is in that light; and ask mama if you may not lift the curtain very high so as to see all you can of God. He is the very best Friend we can invite to our room, because where Light, or Good, or God is, we are glad and well and happy.

MARY J. WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

HOW DAISIES CAME INTO THE WORLD.

You know, when we think bright, happy, wholesome thoughts —think them over and often until they grow to be alive and real in our hearts—though afterward we may forget them entirely, they do not die, but go on living like beautiful blossoms, blowing about on the wind called wishes, or drifting here and there on the stream of desire. And those whose soul-eyes are open to see, catch their beauty as they pass, or perhaps their fragrance as they float, and are glad as they never would have been but for those sweet, true thoughts of ours. And, do you know, sometimes I think perhaps all the flowers we see in the world about us were born by the thinking or doing of some beautiful thing here in our world.

How very different each blossom is—even those of the same family! No two have *just* the same expression. Did you ever look close into their little faces—deep down into their happy hearts? You know, when we study people's faces we can learn from them much of their lives; and it is somewhat so, I think, with the flower-folk—don't you? I know that once, long ago, when I was out in a great wide meadow, I looked into the daisies' eyes, and they seemed to open their little hearts to me and give me the story of their lives. It was a warm, glad day; the winds were all asleep; and the great white clouds seemed dreaming, too, in the great blue sky above. I lay down on the dear brown earth, close to the grass and the clover, the buttercups and the daisies. So close and so still I lay that I thought almost I could hear the beating of their tiny hearts. The daisies everywhere about me, straight and strong and tall above the others, looked up so confidently into the sun's face, and some of them that were closest to me must have understood how I loved them and longed to know them better; for this is the story that came into my heart from them that day:

Long, long ago, when the world was young, old Winter once wanted to have it all to himself one whole year through; and when the sun called down to Spring to wake up and come out to be with him, Winter wasn't glad, for he knew then that his reign would be over. So he scowled like a great black cloud, wondering to himself what he could do to hinder Spring and have his own wild way. Then the wind, which knows all as it blows about, saw that the little red maple-buds were coming out of their winter cradles on the boughs, and the new green grass was creeping everywhere over the hills and meadows. The wind whispered all this to Winter's big black rain-cloud, and it shivered at the thought till it turned to snow and fell in cold flakes on the tender meadow-grass. Then Winter blew and whistled in glee. "This is just what I wanted," he thought. He forgot that his snow was given him only to spread for a soft cover over the tired trees and bushes in the autumn, while they sleep. It belonged to him only to *help* the growing things, not to hurt them. But Winter was old and weary himself by this time, for all he tried to keep any one from taking his place; and he forgot—as you and I have some-

times done, you know. But when the sun saw poor, chilly Spring, with all her shivering buds and twigs about her, he was very sorry, and at first he thought he would shine out fiercely and melt in an instant the snow, and drive old Winter so far away that he would not be able to get back for a very long time.

"But, no," said the sun; "there is a better way. Besides, if I am fierce with the snowflakes, the grass and tiny buds beneath will feel it too. I must be gentle with them; they are tender and young, and Spring loves them. This is what I will do: I will send a bit of my own heart into the heart of every snowflake over the fields. I think this is what Spring would like."

The sun loved Spring; and love can do everything, you know. Now, if in anger he had shot out his sunbeam arrows, pointed at every little snow-star shining on the green grass, a very different thing would have happened. It is not nearly so much *what* we do that matters as *why* we do it. It is the motive—the heart—behind that makes the difference.

When the sun came softly down in love and gentleness to the snowflakes, they did not melt away from his touch, but spread out in pure white rays about his glad gold thought for them; and in a twinkling the land was full of daisies for Spring. And when she found her lap filled with these new blossoms she was happier than ever she could have been had the sun only melted away the snow from her meadows. She smiled down into the daisies' faces, which were always looking up to the sun they loved because he had given them hearts and lives of their own by sharing his with them.

You see, as a usual thing, sun and snow don't agree; but here in the daisy is a heart of sunshine with a crown of snow, and we may come close, and yet the snow never freezes nor does the sun burn us. They live together and are beautiful, because they met in love.

So this is the message the daisies bring to us each year, some of them staying late into aster-time and Indian Summer to tell it—that the way of love is the better, easier, happier way, and that love can do anything here or otherwhere.

Y. E. KRAS.

TWO THOUGHTS.

"I won't play any more—so *there!*" The angry words, a whirr as the clean, starched skirts were rushed through the soft spring air, and the pleasant games of two little girls were brought to an abrupt close.

But that was not all. The words themselves did not amount to much; it was the little, hot-headed, angry thought back of the words—that's where the mischief came in. Oh, it was a sharp arrow, that little thought! The perfumed air recoiled as its chilling vibrations struck it; the little bird that had been singing, away up among the new leaves of the trees, put his head on one side and wondered what horrid, discordant noise that was. In a much shorter time than it has taken to tell all this, the poisoned dart of the angry thought entered into the tender heart of the little playmate, and tears welled up into the big blue eyes. A tiny shadow went across the sun; the air was damp; the bird flew away to where the sun shone brightly. Still the angry thought was not contented. It went right on, causing great sobs to come from the pierced heart, and making the little one's chubby fingers so very awkward that they could not hold anything securely. So, one daisy chain after another got broken, and somehow the green stems of the dandelion just *wouldn't* curl, though they lay in the water ever so long.

In the midst of this confusion there was another little thought trying hard to show itself in spite of the pain of the first thought. It kept on struggling, and after a while it came out like a tender smile: "Her didn't *mean* to be angry, an'—an'—I was mean first. If her'd jess come back!"

The fragrance of the flowers joined the newly perfumed air; the tiny cloud scrambled away—far away; the big, shining sun fairly outdid itself in good humor; and the bird flew back to the swinging limb, quite certain that there was the brightest spot in all the garden. Around the branches of the evergreen-tree a little smudged hand was held out, and the hand was followed by a little shamed face. The second little thought went on working hard

at its good work, and played round the rose-bud mouth until the lips just *had* to smile.

Again, two little girls played with their daisy chains and bath of golden dandelions. The second little thought had completely routed the first.

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Little fairy raindrops,
Dainty, fairy raindrops,
Over field and meadow
  How they sport and run!
How they laugh and prattle,
And their soft feet patter,
Idling in the shadows,
  Dancing in the sun!

Now, the sun obscuring,
Rush they like an army,
Beat the lovely lilies,
  Bend the grasses tall.
Now, in gentle frolic,
With a merry tinkle,
Laugh they in the sunshine
  Once more flooding all.

Little fairy raindrops,
With their countless legions,
Build the bridge of rainbow
  Unto heaven afar.
Comes the message over
From Our Father's dwelling,
"As the rain life-giving,
  So your sorrows are."

HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

ECHOES. Poems. By Josephine Curtis Woodbury. Decorated by Eric Pape. 124 pp. Cloth, white and gold, gilt top, $2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

This is a most beautiful specimen of the bookmaker's art. The coöperation between author and artist has effected a subtle blending of idea in a joint product of rare excellence. Even the exquisite initial letters and tail-pieces, designed by Mrs. Pape, are characterized by the same sublimity of mental concept that marks Mrs. Woodbury's harmonious lines. With one or two minor exceptions, it is a collection of poems that are spiritual in the true sense—optimistic, uplifting, soul-searching, ennobling. In many of those written during recent years, the author's conspicuous labors in the widespread metaphysical movement and her study of the New Thought are clearly reflected. Yet they are conservative, as a whole—the new Philosophy frequently appearing as a mere undercurrent of suggestion. This large octavo volume will be welcomed by all lovers of the beautiful either in poetry or art, and will prove an ornament to any library.

CREATIVE FORCE IN THE VEGETABLE, ANIMAL, AND HUMAN WORLD. By Anna M. Pennock. 64 pp. Illustrated. Leatherette and gold, 75 cents. Thought Circle Publishing Company, publishers, 1348 Broadway, Toledo, O.

The author of this attractive book has had twelve years' experience as a training teacher in practical psychology—the psychological influence of thought in the school, home, and business—and as an exponent of mental training as the basis of character-building and success. She is admirably qualified, therefore, to teach "the knowledge of life" to those whom false modesty has made victims of ignorance or misinformation. Applying the maxim, "Unity underlies diversity," she furnishes to parents and teachers a key to the best method of instruction in matters commonly tabooed from the class-room and the domestic circle. As a lover and associate of children, the importance of the early imparting of right knowledge concerning the procreative function has

led Miss Pennock to ignore conventionality in a way that entitles her to the gratitude of every one having the welfare of the young at heart. Every mother, especially, should read and cherish this book, which has many fine illustrations and a frontispiece portrait of the author.

PRONOUNCED as is the trend of the German mind toward the metaphysical, it is a noteworthy fact that the new presentation and practical application of these old ideas are almost entirely lacking in German literature. Speakers and readers, therefore, of that tongue, which our own Longfellow so profoundly admired, are much indebted to Mrs. Josephine Verlage for "Die Wissenschaft des Seins" (published by F. E. Baumann, Bitterfeld, Germany; 173 pp.; paper, 50 cents), which is a most complete and lucid textbook of the Science of Being; also, for "Fingerzeige und Wegweiser" (published by the author, Milwaukee, Wis.; 236 pp.; cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents), which is a series of examples and directions for applying the principles. Mrs. Verlage contributed an excellent article to the June issue of MIND, and we trust her work in another language will increase the circle of her readers. The style of both these books is terse and vigorous, flavored perhaps at times with a tincture of American idiom that adds to its originality. We bespeak a wide perusal of both volumes among our German cousins.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCIENTIFIC LESSONS IN BEING. First and Second Booklets. By Edith A. Martin. Paper, 25 cents each (3 lessons). Published by Unity Society, Kansas City, Mo.

HARD TIMES: The Cause and Cure. By F. G. R. Gordon. 30 pp. Paper, 5 cents. J. A. Wayland, publisher, Girard, Kan.

MIND.

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THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

BY R. OSGOOD MASON, M.D.

Without venturing far upon the vexed question of multiplex personality, it may be confidently affirmed that the psychic entity known as *personality* in man consists of at least two well-defined and independently acting parts—namely, a conscious, reasoning part and a subconscious, perceiving part. The former is the personality by which we are usually known to one another, and by which we are judged as to our character, intellectual capacity, and sanity. It is this part in which men specially glory, which has always been the object of assiduous study, and to which the science of psychology, as heretofore understood, chiefly relates. Its origin and development through the various ascending grades of animal life have been minutely traced, and its action, training, and growth in man constitute some of the chief interests of life.

The other part of our personality is comparatively little known, but its action even when recognized is for the most part misunderstood. It is looked upon as abnormal, undesirable, and even as a mental infirmity. Glimpses of its more conspicuous action are obtained in somnambulism, dreams, visions, automatic writing and speaking, and in trance and ecstasy; but these exhibitions are usually unwelcome, and are treated with neglect. Seldom is any effort made either to regulate, cultivate, or utilize them. In different ages, however, they have received treatment varying according to the beliefs then prevalent regarding them. In early ages and among primitive peo-

ples the persons in whom these manifestations occurred were reckoned and honored as divine; in medieval times they were tortured and burned as witches and bearers of satanic influences; in modern times they are simply tabooed—are often looked upon as fit subjects for asylums and treated by puzzled physicians with tonics and "nervines." A more enlightened and scientific view, however, is beginning to obtain. A subconscious psychic condition, a subliminal self, an acutely perceptive and receptive portion of the psychic entity that constitutes personality, is being recognized and differentiated. It is found to have been allied to the loftiest movements of the human soul in every age. It is that which has at least greatly influenced men as prophets, seers, poets, leaders, and geniuses in every department of science, literature, and art.

While, as stated before, the origin and development of the intellectual, conscious self have been carefully traced, yet for the subliminal self a like kindly office has rarely been attempted. Facts, however, have accumulated; deductions have been made and theories proposed. And I would ask the reader's attention to a brief study of its origin and normal growth along the lines of evolution, and its relation to that peculiar faculty in man usually characterized as *genius*.

Whatever may be the nature of the psychic operations carried on by creatures very low in the scale of life—such, for instance, as bees, ants, and, lower still, polyps, rotifers, and even the actinophrys and ameba—all these psychic processes are carried on with a rudimentary brain, and in the last-named instances certainly without any brain at all. In the bee and ant we find a complicated mechanism presided over by ganglionic masses of brain-matter, and even in the polyp something in the nature of ganglionic matter may be detected; but in such organisms, if we may so call them, as the ameba and actinophrys nothing of the sort has been found. And yet of this lowly creature, the actinophrys, H. J. Carter, F.R.S., an eminent naturalist, has declared that it is capable of what seem to

be complicated mental processes. He has, for instance, seen it approach a ruptured fungal-cell from which starch-grains were escaping, and, seizing one of these grains, go to a point some distance away, where it incepted it—that is, infolded it in its own protoplasmic substance; it then returned and obtained another starch-grain, which it carried off and incepted in like manner. All this, he declares, was repeated several times, showing, as he infers, that the actinophrys *perceived* that the starch-grains were nutritious, and, having gone to some distance and incepted the captured particle, that it was able to *remember* its good fortune and find its way back to the ruptured cell again for more food.

The ameba, or jelly-speck, is a simple, minute mass of homogeneous protoplasm, without organs of any kind. If it be divided, each part is an ameba capable of everything of which the undivided individual was capable. If it move, this is its method: first, a little wart-like portion of its own substance protrudes upon one side of the mass; this gradually enlarges by drawing to itself more and more of the material from the general mass, until at length the little protuberance has absorbed the whole protoplasmic substance. It is now the same individual, but it has by so much changed its position. It has neither mouth nor digestive cavity, nor organs of any kind. To take nourishment it simply incepts or infolds in its own substance whatever particle, suitable for food, comes in its way; and there the food-particle is dissolved and becomes a part of the ameba.

Now, the actinophrys is a creature only a single remove above the simplest ameba, and it differs from it only in this: Instead of the temporary protuberance that the ameba puts forth when it moves, the actinophrys has several ray-like filamentous protuberances that are more or less permanent; and, instead of being homogeneous, it has a few vacuoles, or little cavities, scattered through its substance, filled with air or water. It has neither head, mouth, nor digestive or-

gans—much less any sort of ganglionic substance or recognizable brain-matter. It was long doubtful whether it had even a nucleus—the important part in the organization of a simple cell; yet, without sight or sense of any kind, it performed the actions described by Mr. Carter and quoted by Dr. James Weir, Jr., in a very interesting article in the *Medical Record* of July 11, 1896—exhibiting the psychic qualities apparently representing perception, memory, and the sense of direction. As before pointed out, these psychic qualities must have been exhibited without brain or any differentiated brain-matter or sense organs, or any organs whatsoever; how, then, was intelligent reasoning or other psychic action of this high quality possible?

Protoplasm, of which the actinophrys is solely composed, is a substance midway between the highest form of inorganic matter, as represented in the crystal, and the lowest form of organic matter—the simple cell. But if we consider carefully we shall see that even inorganic matter has its psychic element —it chooses its associates, repulsing and rejecting the uncongenial. Oxygen and hydrogen unite—we know not why—and dwell together in harmony in the form of water; the elements of the various crystalline forms choose one another and unite, forming an association upon a higher plane than was occupied by either before the union. So with all inorganic substances: they choose that with which they can unite with mutual advantage and for the elevation of their condition; and this process is continually going on throughout the inorganic world. It is that "promise and potency" in matter itself, doing its primitive work.

Protoplasm is an advanced form of matter produced by this very process of selection and companionship, and even in its semi-organized form in the cell-less monera—the ameba and actinophrys—it displays new qualities; the psychic element exists in a higher degree and upon a higher plane; it has no organs through which to act, but it pervades and permeates the

whole mass, and in that general form displays itself in acts of a higher character than was possible in the lower condition of inorganic matter. But it is still simply the "potency" in matter playing a more important rôle; it is this same capacity for companionship—for selecting that which is congenial, advantageous, and conducive to a higher development—acting in a wider field; it is natural selection in a low form; it goes toward the thing it needs and with which it is congenial; it is attracted to it even from a distance; it goes to it with a precision that seems like actual, conscious perception. But no such high psychic quality is present, any more than in the inorganic world the various combinations accomplished through affinity and choice of that which is congenial exhibit the psychic quality of conscious perception. It is that potency in matter which, acting on this higher plane, gives promise that—through the organs that this same choice and association (gradually, in the course of ages) bring into being—life, sensation, instinct, intelligence, reason, and all the higher psychic manifestations that higher organisms make possible will be established and manifested.

Ascending in the scale of life and organism from the protozoa, with their single speck of protoplasm or single organized cell, we quickly come to a creature still sufficiently low in organization, but yet an immense advance from the ameba or actinophrys. It is a single little bag or sack, headless, but with two apertures—a mouth and a vent; but the manner of manifesting the psychic element is entirely changed: instead of being diffused through the mass, the psychic base is collected and centered in a knot or kernel called a ganglion, consisting of matter similar to that of which the brain in the higher animals is composed, and from this radiate slender filaments of material similar to that of which the nerves are constructed. So here we have a definite organism, presided over by a single ganglion of brain-matter and communicating with distant parts of the body by means of nerve-filaments. This is an ascidian mol-

lusk—a soft-bodied, bag-shaped animal; and it marks the beginning of a well-defined nervous system and a proper reflex action.

Ascending again, we have the same soft-bodied animal still further differentiated and having a rudimentary head—as represented in the snail—with imperfect organs of sense and a separate ganglionic mass to preside over them, constituting a rudimentary brain, which in these low types of animal life is called the sensorium.

Then comes the tribe of articulate animals, from the caterpillar or centipede with its many segments, all nearly alike and each provided with a pair of legs presided over by a separate ganglion, and all ruled by the larger and more complex ganglion in the head, up to the highly differentiated insect tribe. It is here, with the same kind of imperfect, rudimentary brain, that occur those wonderful psychic phenomena that we recognize as instinct, and that reach their most conspicuous, though, as we shall see, not their highest, development in the ant and bee.

Still higher in the scale of organisms comes the fish, with its spinal cord and spine (the bony case to inclose and protect it), special sense organs, and an improved brain. Then appears the reptile race, with, in the higher grades, all the special senses developed, and the definite plan of higher animal life—a head and four fully differentiated extremities, a stock of inherited instincts and acquired knowledge; then the bird, and last the mammalian races.

Let us examine a little more carefully the psychic developments displayed at some of these different stages of organic development. We have already noted the analogy between the actions of so-called inorganic matter and those of matter in its early stages of progress toward organization, as shown in the ameba and actinophrys, and we have seen how the action of the actinophrys seems to involve the psychic possibilities of perception, memory, and the sense of direction; but when we con-

sider the almost entire lack of organism and absolute lack of differentiation of anything like brain-matter, through which alone we are accustomed to see the higher psychic actions displayed, we are led to question the reality of this apparently high psychic exhibition and to seek some other explanation of the phenomena presented.

On examination we find that the action is analogous to that of inorganic matter in displaying its likes and dislikes, in its power of choice regarding that with which it will associate and combine for its improvement and elevation in the scale of existence, and in its movements to effect that combination; also, that the combination of the elements that form the quartz, the ruby, the emerald, and the diamond is just as wonderful and difficult to explain as a display of psychic action as that exhibited by the actinophrys in its choice of a food-particle and the action involved in effecting that choice. Both are wonderful, but neither is an expression of any *perception* of its attraction to that with which it forms a combination, nor of any *consciousness* in the action that effects the union; one is just as absolutely automatic, if we may apply the term to actions of so simple a character, as the other, only the action of the actinophrys is exhibited on a higher plane and in matter of a higher grade. No one will contend that the conjugation of the complete vegetable cells of the various confervals, or the rapid movement of the resultant flagellated spores, is a conscious, voluntary action; yet it is an act in the process of reproduction, which in itself is a higher process, and an exhibition of a higher psychic quality than that of the choosing and inception of a food-particle as seen in the actinophrys.

In the class of mollusks, or simple, soft-bodied animals, we find a nervous organization consisting of ganglionic masses of brain-matter irregularly distributed—connected with one another and with distant parts of the body by filaments of nerve-matter. It is the beginning of a new plan of nervous organization and psychic manifestation. The simplest ascidian, as we

have seen, has only a single ganglion, and its action is dull and uninteresting compared with that of the ciliated protozoa—as, for instance, the rotifer, or wheel animalcule, which is one of the most active, beautiful, and interesting objects that come under the observation of the microscopist. And the slow and apparently uninteresting action of the ascidian would at first be taken as a retrograde psychic action; but on a more careful examination, while the simple reflex action of contraction (forcibly to expel the water contained in the cavity of the bag-shaped body), which is its most obvious action, seems dull and uninteresting, yet the process of a rudimentary digestion and respiration is found to exist; and it is to these activities—more wonderful than any before exhibited—that the ganglionic function is chiefly diverted.

In the class of articulate animals—worms, centipedes, and insects—there appears a series of ganglia, connected by a double thread of nerve-matter and presided over by the more complicated collection of ganglia situated in the head, and hence called the cephalic ganglia, or sensorium—a rudimentary brain, but lacking the cerebrum, or organ of intelligence; and it is through this rudimentary brain that by gradual improvement wonderful examples of psychic activity come to be exhibited. It is at the head of this series, among the so-called social insects—the ants, wasps, and bees—that the most remarkable examples of instinctive or automatic action occur: examples apparently rivaling actions guided by a high intelligence. It is not necessary to follow in detail the wonderful performances of this class of animals—the skill shown by bees in building and caring for their cells, in storing food, and in their sagacity in selecting the larva from which the queen-bee comes and preparing the larger cell for her accommodation and special nourishment for her use; nor the great skill shown by ants, not only in their home-life, but in their wonderful military operations, both in attack and defense, when engaged in their frequent predatory excursions.

Tentative Scheme of Psychic Evolution.

FORM	SOUL	NERVOUS ORGANIZATION	METHOD OF ACTIVITY
Inorganic Matter	Affinity	An Inherent "Potency"	Motion
Protoplasm The Protozoa	Life	Nervous Material Diffused through the Mass	Automatism
Mollusks Articulates	Sensation	Ganglionic System	Automatism Instinct
Fishes Reptiles, Birds Mammalians	Intelligence	Cerebro-spinal System	Automatism Instinct, Intelligent Action
MAN	Reason Wisdom GENIUS	Enlarged and Improved BRAIN	Automatism, Conscious and Subconscious Perception and Reasoning CREATION

Going upward again in the process of organization, we arrive at the race of fishes, with its new plan of nerve organization—the introduction of the cerebro-spinal system. Here is found an augmented brain, with a rudimentary cerebrum and cerebellum, and a true spinal cord, with its wonderful functions and reactions. Yet, on examining the psychic action of the fish as compared with the bee or ant, there seems to be again a falling off in every department of action; and the early fishes are to the superficial observer a tame and uninteresting lot compared with the wonderful development of activity and brilliant psychic action observed in the insect class. The plan of organization, however, is in every way an advance; and while its work when first put to the test in the fishes of the paleozoic period was feeble and imperfect, yet as the ages advanced the reptile world, the bird, and the vast concourse of mammalians successively appeared, and the gradually increasing intelligence of the higher animals became conspicuous: wonderful in itself, and presenting promise of still greater development.

How fares it with that instinctive, automatic work that we found displaying itself in such wonderful performances in the insect tribes? It culminated, as a simple form of psychic action, in the bee and ant; and as soon as the plan of nervous organization was changed to that in which intelligence was to be the crowning excellence and modifying influence, instinct at once (in its then conspicuous form) dropped to a comparatively low level; and, intelligence not having yet appeared as a prominent psychic element, a creature of low psychic activities was at first the result. Instinct, however, though less brilliantly active, was by no means lost. The sensorium through which it had been seen manifesting itself was still retained and even improved. Instinct was still present in the fishes, and was manifested in their migratory habits, especially with reference to seeking and returning to their spawning-ground. In the reptile race it appeared in a form most useful to the higher ani-

mals, and even in a way more wonderful than that which characterized the insect tribes. In the turtle was developed the wonderful long-distance returning or homing propensity—the sense of direction without any discoverable landmarks or clues. The same faculty exists in birds along with the analogous migratory instinct, and is conspicuous in the pigeon. The same instinct is also conspicuous in domestic animals. An interesting case in point is given by Dr. Weir in the article before referred to. An Indiana farmer went to visit his father in Kentucky, and while there was presented with a fine pair of steers. He drove them to his home in Indiana, two hundred miles away, of course crossing the Ohio River on the journey. A week or ten days later the steers appeared again at their old home in Kentucky. They had escaped from their inclosure in Indiana, had taken an entirely different route, crossed the Ohio River at a point more than one hundred miles below that at which they had crossed it on their out-bound journey, and had arrived at their old home in the shortest practicable time.

But in those particulars in which the automatic work of the insect was most wonderful—as, for instance, the perfect building instinct—the deterioration is most evident as soon as the element of intelligence is added, and may be noted in the imperfect architecture of the bird as compared with that of the bee. But it survives, even in the mammalian races, as witnessed in the burrowing and storing instinct of many animals and in the building instinct of the beaver. It is here, however, as purely automatic as in the insect tribes. A curious instance is related by Dr. Carpenter, in his "Mental Physiology." In this case the animal was in captivity from its infancy, had always been kept in the house, and had never seen a brook or pond; nevertheless its building instinct was exercised the moment it was liberated from its cage: firewood, books, boots, brooms, brushes, old clothes, or whatever available material was at hand was utilized for its dam and house-building pur-

poses. The absurd and perfectly automatic character of the work is evident when it is considered that the creature had never seen enough water to swim in and that it was already comfortably housed. But the building instinct still further deteriorates as intelligence advances; in apes and primitive man it becomes limited to the rudest structures—the protection of caves and natural coverts being rather preferred—and when indulged in shows individuality instead of uniformity and is mingled with the results of racial and personal experience.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ethical leverage of the doctrine of reincarnation is immense. Its motive power is great. It reveals as magnificent a background to the present life, with its contradictions and disasters, as the prospect of immortality opens up an illimitable foreground, lengthening out the horizon of hope. It binds together the past and the present and the future in one ethical series of causes and effects, the inner thread of which is both personal to the individual and impersonal, connecting him with two eternities, one behind and the other before. With peculiar emphasis it proclaims the survival of moral individuality and personal identity along with the final adjustment of external conditions to the internal state of the agent.—*Professor William Knight.*

WE cannot despise those who are tending down, for who knows but we have journeyed that way ourselves? It is impossible for us to scramble up alone, for our destiny is included in that of humanity, and only by helping others along can we ascend ourselves.—*E. D. Walker.*

EACH is building his world from within. Thought is the builder; for thoughts are forces—subtle, vital, irresistible—and according as used do they bring power or importance, peace or pain, success or failure.—*Franc Garstin.*

THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART II. MENTAL STATES AND SELECTED CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

Having briefly considered the philosophy of unfoldment along the higher paths of being, we may next consider some of the right mental states that make such an unfoldment possible. It must be understood not only that the mental life is an expression of the ego, but that the further expression is greatly aided or hindered by past and present mental states.

But first it may be asked, Why all this philosophy? Because the living that is not conformable to some philosophy, some reason, some purpose, is only drifting on the tide of time: it is living by expediency, the reason of the moment sufficing to determine the acts and thoughts. It may be conceded that there is spontaneous and unreasoning excellence, which no doubt is a very high state; but we may be assured that, when we find it, it is a result that has been earned somewhere and some time.

The fact is not to be overlooked that the living is essential and not to be avoided. Unfoldment of the higher nature must come through an expression of it, which is only possible through the life—the thought. We must not make the mistake that achievement lies in shutting one's self up and lapsing into general indifference, nor imagine that we have become so superior that the character of our achievement will not be modified by our every act. Each act has thought behind it, and if the act be ignoble or harmful there is either a like thought correlated or an absence of the better and higher thought. In either case the ego stultifies itself.

To live the higher life is not an impracticable or chimerical

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undertaking. It is natural and practical in the highest sense, but not in the sense of being altogether best suited to all conditions; for it cannot harmonize with conditions that are the result of low ideals. It has been said that "art is the path of the creator to his work." In this case the creator is man; his work is living; and the method and manner of this living are the art.

The living, then, must be such a conduct of the daily life as is most conformable to the principles of universal and unselfish love and the manifestation of truth in every phase; the making of the life beautiful within, which will always insure its loveliness without; the masterful conquest of the lower nature, and the willing renunciation of the trifling and unnecessary habits and likes and dislikes that hold the soul in bondage to a lower and an imperfect state; the love of the true and the perfect, and the studious avoidance of the untrue and the imperfect; the attainment of some degree of mastery whereby come contentment, peace, and happiness. I do not now refer to possible higher states of consciousness.

Is this too much to hope for? It must come some time. Man must become a conscious creator. He must realize that his powers for good or ill are far-reaching; that whatever else others may do or be, his conscious universe will be made for and by himself. He must learn something of the potential powers of his soul—what natural means he is using daily to weave the web of life around him, and how they may be so used as to lift him into a higher condition instead of fettering him. Hence, the key of the life and the art of living are expressed in the words *Mastery* and *Attainment.*

Let us examine them more in detail. Assuming that there is an agreement to the foregoing philosophy, or some other that recognizes soul and its destiny of perfection, the first consideration will be of Freedom. The soul is in bondage—in a thousand particulars it is a bond-slave: bound by birth, by the age in which it lives, by the conventional opinions of other human beings, by inherited dogma and philosophy, by its own

errors of speculation, by its belief in the supremacy of the body, by the weakness of character it has brought with it, and by fear and ignorance. To be free from all these would, it may be thought, make a perfect being. Its condition would be only a negative one, however, and would lack the positive element of good. It may be asked, Can we free ourselves from all these? Yes; but not in a day, though great progress may be made in a given time—if one have the wish and the will. The soul must be free to be in a condition to receive and apprehend the truth. An angel may stand at your door, but, if you are sure that nothing will convince you that there is such a being, his visit will be useless.

The soul can never be receptive of truth so long as it is clouded by prejudice, opinion, and irrevocable predilection. If a gleam of truth occasionally percolate that condition, it is sure to become distorted and unrecognizable. Take as simple an example as that which arises from Nature. Emerson says: "The pairing of birds is an idyl, not tedious as our idyls are; a tempest is a rough ode, without falsehood or rant; a summer with its harvest sown, reaped, and stored is an epic song, subordinating how many admirably executed parts. Why should not the symmetry and truth that modulate these glide into our spirits, and we participate in the invention of Nature?" And yet how very few have sufficiently divested themselves of conventional thinking to be able to receive such suggestions from Nature!

One must free himself also from the tyranny of approbativeness. This, like most other forms of bondage, is self-imposed. As long as we permit the opinions of others to determine our action and thought, we can never be free. We will have set up public or private opinion as the standard of conduct, rather than the right and the truth. Act rightly, and give no thought to opinion. The love of praise and commendation is ignoble; it holds the soul in bondage. The fear of disapproval is even more tyrannous. Break them both, and to that extent be free.

One of the results of freedom is original thought. It knows no limitations; it recognizes no obstacles. With a disregard that appals the weak and circumscribed, it complacently passes by and beyond for the moment the opinions and theories of others and seeks the truth itself. It raises without hesitation the veil from every Isis. It enters the sanctuary, and generally finds an idol instead of the Truth. It descends to the atom and reaches out to the stars. It is fearless; it is lofty. It is that which relates the ego to all things, as the sun's rays proceed outward and embrace illimitable space. It broadens the horizon of existence, and the soul that has it ceases to be merely of a race, or a country, or a world, but becomes a being of the Universe.

The soul must love Truth, and love it above all opinion, theory, dogma, doctrine, or philosophy. It must appreciate the fact that to know the Truth and live it is the highest state, and be willing to abandon every theory for it. Some who think they love the Truth are mistaken; they love their opinion of Truth. They are not free. The Truth of which I speak is not taught; it is not found in books. Only the method of knowing it may be thus imparted. It itself is internally perceived by him who fits himself to perceive it. It is an interpretation, or a *self-revelation,* of the Divine.

The soul must love the pure, and be pure. "The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body," said Emerson. The intellectual life must be kept clean and beautiful, the thought ever free from distortion, and then the consciousness will be so likewise. Ruskin wrote: "You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet." So far as our own higher evolution is concerned, we should ever bear in mind the teaching of the Japanese Buddhists—that we should "neither hear nor speak nor see evil." No one who allows his mind to dwell upon the details of crime, or upon the many phases of moral obliquity, can keep

his mind pure. In the use of the term *pure* I do not simply refer to the absence of obliquity: I use the term as comprehending the whole realm of the perfect. Whatever is perfect is pure; whatever is a deviation from the perfect is impure.

We must, then, recognize and make part of our lives only those things that approximate perfection, and disregard and refuse to take into our lives all that is a deviation from the purpose of perfection. This should be applied to conversation, literature, art, and the commonest thoughts of life; and, if studiously followed, will transform the habitual consciousness into one beautiful harmony in unison with the higher expression of soul-life on our plane, rendering the life sweet and fresh and free from monstrosities of thought.

What I have said is not to be taken to mean that we should be uncharitable and harsh in opinion—not that we shall disregard duties that deal with imperfect conditions—but applies to the realm of thought and action that lies within the free choice and is purely an individual condition.

It is not the highest philosophy that holds that we must learn virtue by studying vice: that we can appreciate sunshine only by passing through the night. If that were true the divinest nature would have to steep itself in vice in order to appreciate its own divinity. The philosophy I hold is a positive one, and teaches men to love the thing for itself—not a negative one, which teaches you by contrast. There is no real virtue in a preference formed by reason of a contrast. To be good in order to escape the result of evil is not to be good in a very high sense. Such will do for primitive men, who must have rewards to bribe and punishments to deter them. But to be good because of the good itself—that is virtue.

The next consideration is that of Being, as distinguished from seeming. The thought too often is, How may I seem to my acquaintances and the world in general? More stress is put upon reputation than upon character. Reputation is merely the aspect in which we appear to others; it may be true or it may be false, but in any event it is nothing in itself. It is

a shadow at best. Character is the *real* man—reputation only the *seeming*. Men will be content to know that they are in fact ignoble, if only they seem to be otherwise to the world. The personal man is valued higher than the real man, and virtue is not esteemed for itself but for some extraneous reward. They should be content to know that they are noble, and unmindful of what they may seem to be. Emerson says: "Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things, and the nature of things makes it prevalent. It consists in a perpetual substitution of *being* for *seeming*, and with sublime propriety God is described as saying I AM." The soul can never appreciate Truth until it rises out of this illusion, this preference for the seeming over the being.

Ambition and the love of fame are to be classed here. All have them more or less, but they are not recognized on account of their insignificant aspects—because perchance they do not take the form of Napoleon's passion. They are the petty rivalries and vanities for social and other place and position. Of the more pronounced phases we may say, with Juvenal, "Go climb the Alps, and be a theme for schoolboys." It is sufficient comment: the words speak volumes. There is no real greatness or nobleness in such lives. Men think they love greatness and burn to do some noble deed: but they mistake; it is not greatness or nobleness they love, but themselves. They love the acclaim of the multitude. Greatness and nobleness are as great and noble in the obscurity of an unknown life as in the full glare of the world's eye.

One of the most conspicuous examples of this false view is to be found in Cicero's essay on fame: "Why should we dissemble what is impossible for us to conceal? Why should we not be proud of confessing candidly that we all aspire to fame? The love of praise influences all mankind, and the greatest minds are most susceptible to it." To this we may reply, briefly, in the words of Epictetus: "Is there no reward? Do you seek a reward greater than doing what is good and just?

Does it seem to you so worthless a thing to be good and happy?"

Again, we must be self-centered. This does not mean selfishness. It means that we must recognize the power of self, and its legitimate field of independent and originative action; that our work which shall be effective for self and others must be projected from a self-consciousness of power; and that all true advancement must come from an unfolding of the life within—not through an expectation of a transforming power from without. Matthew Arnold finds a similitude to this in the sublime self-sufficiency of the heavenly bodies, where he says:

> "Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,
> These demand not that the things without them
> Yield them love, amusement, sympathy,"

—and points to the mighty life they attain by pouring their powers into their own tasks.

The analogy may be faulty, and we may prefer the words of Epictetus, if in truth we feel the need of going to another for the expression of a thought: "What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing, and only one—philosophy. But this consists in keeping the spirit within free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, nor feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and besides accepting all that happens and all that is allotted as coming from thence, wherever it is, whence he himself came." Interpreting this last clause as intended to include and recognize the laws of causation upon all planes of experience, we may say this is good philosophy.

Let us consider briefly universal love—that condition which holds within itself the possibility of every virtue. As a rule, it is weakly perceived and faintly felt by the soul of average unfoldment—so dominated by personal and selfish love that the very existence and possibility of this condition are often denied. Nevertheless, it is the golden cord that unites all humanity in a

thought of ultimate unity; it is the state of consciousness that widens beyond family, friends, country, and race, and claims a kindred with not only all humanity but all life. It softens contrasts; it levels differences in favor of the higher principles that inhere in all. It varies in degree in different personalities, but it may always be known by the absence from the concept of the thought of requital. It goes forth as freely as the sunshine, and has no more thought than it of a reward or requital. It never asks a return of love for love: it is free from any idea of self. It gives itself wholly, an unqualified gift, and exists for naught else. It never diminishes love, but broadens the field of its application. It never withdraws affection when bestowed by reason of personal relations, but lifts it to a higher plane of thought and experience and makes it but a part in an infinite sea of love. The soul must grow into this state. It can do so only by the exercise of it.

In conclusion of this branch of our subject, let us give but a moment to the consideration of that without which one finds himself largely powerless, although he may believe he has attained much of what I have spoken. I refer to the Conservation of Psychic Energy.

As imperfect as is the bodily life rendered by ill health, so is all the higher life made largely ineffective by a failure to conserve the psychic energy. This is thrown away in a multitude of ways: by anger and irritation, by envy and jealousy, by worry, by useless anxiety and grief, by melancholy and pessimism, by useless and inane talking, by inordinate emotion, by useless acts and movements, by incontinence and a disregard of the laws of the creative function. If one would know the higher states of consciousness he must give assiduous attention to all these things. If he would feel the consciousness of a greater power within himself, and wish to know what richness of thought, aspiration, and realization it adds to life, he must in some measure master these defects and at once raise himself into another and newer classification of man.

(*To be continued.*)

EXPERIMENTAL AND TRANSCENDENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

(II.)

The experiments in exteriorization of sensibility and motricity by Dr. Luys, De Rochas, Professor Boirac, Dr. Moutin, and Dr. Joire bring considerable light to bear on the objective or physical phenomena produced through spiritualistic mediums. The force so described is the energy that normally circulates in our nervous system, and is therein termed *sensor-motor.* But for the same reason it is seen to be psychic and vital, or "animique," as some Germans, Italians, and Russians have preferred to designate it. It is identical with the energy used in mesmerism (or "magnetism," as the French say), but is caused to emanate or radiate or exteriorize from the subject's organism. Du Potet described it as the magical agent, or agent of magic; while occultists generally define it as the astral force, or astral body. Inasmuch as it emanates from man's psychic processus, or nervous system, it may preferably be termed *psychic force;* and the phenomena produced through its agency may be classed as psychic (or pertaining to soul) and substantial, in distinction from the purely subjective, internal, spiritual, suggestional phenomena referred to in the previous paper.

Many most interesting phenomena have been produced by the above operators through the use of this psychic emanation. It has been found that when exteriorized it can be stored in certain objects. If those objects are pricked or pinched, when in another room at a distance from and invisible to the subject, the sensation will repercate and react in his organism.

Using this exteriorized energy as a medium for the transmission of suggestion beyond the circumference of the subject's nervous system, Dr. Moutin obtained the realization of those suggestions in motor actions, at a distance beyond and away from the subject. He thus determined raps "to order" against a mirror, and movements of a cuckoo clock and of chairs, without visible contact.

De Rochas and Dr. Bremaux have pushed this exteriorization so far as to have produced the psychic double of the subject, carrying relation with the inner earth plane (called astral). This "double" De Rochas calls man's soul, and argues that while it may exteriorize temporarily it may also come to do so permanently. In fact it demonstrates the actuality of an already existing link with the "beyond," or transcendental, showing that there can be no break in the continuity between the without and the within—the outer and the inner states of being. The "double" of our present life may be identified with the "spirit" that returns, or the "ghost" of the invisible, supersensuous world that survives the death of the body.

The doubles of several of the sensitives of De Rochas, when arisen in space, entered into relation with discarnate selves, thus demonstrating the identity of this psychic energy with the principle that survives death. Cahagnet induced similar experiences in his sensitive Adèle, it should be noted, though they were not understood and did not have the recognition they deserved. Fowler, an English mesmerizer, also induced the exteriorization of the doubles of several subjects; but these were visible to normal sense vision, while the doubles exteriorized by the French experimentalists above referred to are only visible clairvoyantly. Fowler's phenomena appear to have more resembled materialized forms, for they were seen by a number of persons.

It is well known that man's double exteriorizes; many such cases have been recorded. But these demonstrations bring the phenomenon within the field of experimentation and show that

the hereafter and the now actually penetrate each other and interblend in ourselves. As Du Prel puts it:

"Magic is the scientific foundation of spiritism, because the astral body is the very same inner man that survives death. The problem of magic is thus fundamentally identical with that of immortality. To both the like condition attaches—the separability of the inner man from the outer. In magic this division occurs partially and transiently; in death wholly and durably. The last word of magic, the astral body, is thus the first word of spiritism and of immortality. The astral body, with its transcendental consciousness, is the agent in both cases—in the magical function of the living and in the normal of the spirit. In the magic of the living this function is without the use of the earthly body; in spiritism it is without possession of it. The forces of the inner man are thus identical with those of the spirit phantom."

It is not only the "astral body" of occultism that this applies to, but to the psychic double experimentally exteriorized by De Rochas, Cahagnet, etc., and spontaneously exteriorized in other cases apart from conscious, volitional action, as in the case of Mollie Fancher. The presence in man of this internal link between the sensuous and supersensuous worlds constitutes a basis of continuity of experience between the now and the hereafter, or "beyond." It has led De Rochas to say that the question of man's immortality is lifted up from the domain of faith, or uncertainty, into the possibility of proof by experimentation.

It is the same psychic energy emanating from men that constitutes the basis of *rapport*—of relation between the invisible operators in the inner earth plane and the phenomena they produce by its means in the outer earth plane, determined by suggestions realized through the medium, who serves as a converter and relay between the two worlds. In some of the séances with Eusapia Paladino at Bordeaux, Madame Agulano, a clairvoyant, was invited to assist and describe what she saw. The account was issued in a private report only, but was communicated to the writer with permission to use it in England or America. The clairvoyant saw the operator, "John King," magnetize Eusapia and project energy through her. It

was this energy, constituting lines of light, that produced movements of objects at a distance, as determined by the operator, through the medium. The hands, busts, bellows, etc., that were formed were constituted by the operator's ideas or suggestions exteriorized through the medium and substantialized in her psychic vitality. They were thought-forms, or enformed thoughts.

M. de Rochas magnetized Eusapia and produced the exteriorization of her psychic energy, intending to push it to the length of inducing the disengagement and distinct functioning of her double, as he had previously done with several other subjects, hoping even to obtain a partial materialization. "John King," *i. e.*, the invisible operator, stopped him, saying that that was the force he used in the production of his own phenomena and he required it all for that purpose.

These facts clearly demonstrate that it is man's inner psychic energy that constitutes the link between the inner and outer earth plane. While this energy is invisible to the microscope, which can only reveal the effect it produces, it is visible to clairvoyants, and is similar in their perception to the same force associated with spirits of the inner earth plane. Mollie Fancher, for instance, whose physical eyes are absolutely sightless, says that the human friends who come and call on her, and the spirits of her mother, aunt, and others who come and visit her, are of similar appearance as regards form, color, etc. She only knows that such and such persons are spirits and not human beings, because she used to know them when they were on our earth in physical bodies, and knows that they have since passed through death.

These experimental demonstrations of the presence of a psychic man within the physical man, and who may be temporarily disengaged or exteriorized, brings confirmation to the teachings of occultism, of mysticism, of mental science, of Yoga and Kabbalistic magic—that it is possible to reach this inner stratum "within" man by turning the mind inward in

concentration on an idea: in monoidism, or on a symbol; and thereby to reach that stratum of the outer world, *i. e.,* the inner earth plane (called astral) instead of the outer world known in sense perception. Man may *relate* inwardly as well as outwardly.

Most magic is, however, merely superficial, selfish, and dangerous to spiritual equilibrium. True "white" magic can only be attained after the personal will has been surrendered to the inner will—when "Thy will, not mine, be done" has become a living reality. Only then do "I and the Father" become one: "I in Thee and Thou in me." The sensuous mind has to be subordinated, sacrificed, surrendered to the inner light of the supersensuous soul; to the Divine Love shining in the central, sacred sanctuary—the heart: the Holy Grail. The effulgence of the central light and love then subordinates the outer mind—the personality, with its ambitions and sensuous life, and shines through them to the circumference attuning them in consonance; so that the divine law becomes manifest on the circumference: the Father becomes manifest in the Son. And the body becomes the temple built without hands—the footstool of the Divine Image within. This is impossible where any selfishness, or self-interestedness of aim, persists. Personal abnegation is the door to Divine Love. All schools of occultism, of mental science, etc., in which these principles are used as a basis for personal ends and ambition, will end in failure and disaster.

Another evidence that this psychic principle within man is the link connecting the inner with the outer world is shown in the fact that quite a number of mesmerizers have found that their subjects, after being prepared by themselves, *i.e.,* thrown into the secondary sleep state, have passed under the control of invisible operators, and have become by that fact what is called "mediums." There is in fact no difference between a subject and a medium, except that the former term is used when the operating suggestioner is a human being and the

latter when the operator is a discarnate spirit. Dr. Joire has, however, called his subjects *mediums,* though they are mostly medical students. De Rochas has had this experience; likewise Dr. Ferroul and Dr. Moutin. Cahagnet had it repeatedly, and the writer also has seen other instances.

It is necessary here again to refer to the degradation of phenomena that may be entailed by hostile, adverse, hypercritical, conceited investigators. Physical phenomena presented through mediums are "thought-forms," determined by suggestion and presented in the pabulum of the medium's psychic, substantial vitality. The phenomena of exteriorized sensibility show that any action exerted on this stored-up sensibility repercates to and reacts in the subject. Experiments in mental suggestion show that the thoughts of the assistants determine the subject, and may prevent the realization of the operator's suggestions or degrade it. This has been maintained by Ochorowicz, by De Rochas, and by Dr. Joire. Not only do words suggestion, but *thought* does also.

When a medium is entranced she is not self-conscious, and is in an involuntary condition. If fraud occurs it is evident that she cannot cheat while asleep. It is either the invisible operators who defraud then, or it may be the thoughts of the assistants that suggestion and determine fraud. If the medium is not entranced, then she may consciously cheat.

The communications we receive when we go to a trance (*i. e.,* a test) medium show that we are surrounded by a host of invisible friends. A man's friends usually resemble himself in character. The same law holds when we go to a physical medium. A vulgar, trivial, or antagonistic investigator takes with him to the séance-room a number of unseen friends of similar character. These tricky spirits may delight in the opportunity to suggestion fraud to the medium, and thus spoil the séance. There are as many spirits in the inner earth plane who are adverse to communion between the two worlds as there are on the outer earth. All these things must be con-

sidered when pursuing experimental investigation. The matter is far more complex than is usually supposed; but when it is realized that all these phenomena are suggestional, it becomes evident that the effect of human suggestion therein must constitute a most important element.

A word must be said with regard to the unpleasant characters that often manifest at séances. It should be remembered that death does not change the character of a person. When a man's double is exteriorized it takes with it his normal tendencies; and it must be recognized as fortunate that most men cannot effect this exteriorization. As it is even now, it is well known to students of these matters that most objectionable things do occur by these means, and which are beyond legal or police verification and punishment. When the psychic double or inner man leaves his body permanently, the same law continues to rule. We may guess what the great mass of men that pass away from the earth must be subjectively. Fortunately, they become severed from the outer earth by the loss of their outer body and sense apparatus; otherwise society would become polluted. These selves have no knowledge of higher states, and, severed from the earth, they "drift," immersed in their desires, their fixed-ideas, their preoccupations, and their sense of wrong, of suffering, of injustice; or perhaps haunted by the memory of a crime, of a treasure, of an unfinished work, or of a favorite property. These subjective ideas "possess" their subject and entail objective representation, as in somnambulism, dreams, and hypnotic visualization of suggested thoughts (as in hysterical emerging of fixed-ideas). Purgatory is a state of mental representation, consequently; and, like all mental states, can only be cured by mental medication: suggestion.

While these unfortunate sufferers are disrelated from the earth, they are yet too low to see or respond to suggestions from higher spirits, who are quite as invisible to them as they are to ourselves. These higher spirits consequently bring them

to mediums with whose psychic principle they can enter into relation, so that their memory may be stimulated by the experience, and a desire to progress awakened upon which the operators may subsequently act. Many such spirits fall asleep, and do not even know that they are dead. It is consequently evident that mediums are used as missionaries to ignorant spirits in the inner earth plane, as well as to us on the outer plane; and when these unprogressed entities appear at séances, their presence should not be objected to—the work of their mental healing should rather be assisted by a kindly attitude. And though many mediums are drawn from the uneducated classes and are not always attractive, yet we may recognize with gratitude that if we, when our time to "pass over" comes, avoid falling into the subjective prisons of illusion above referred to, it will be due in part to the knowledge of higher possibilities that mediums have been instrumental in presenting to us while here.

These considerations show that this study must be approached by two methods—the experimental and the introspective. The former should comprise a comparative research in hypnotic, mesmeric, and mediumistic suggestional phenomena. If the study of these several branches is pursued contemporaneously, then the similarities interrelating them and the distinctions that differentiate them will become manifest. It will be found that all these may be classified under the heading of *passive* phenomena, produced through passive subjects, and postulating an external suggestioner as their precondition.

In the introspective system the student becomes his own suggestioner and his own subject. The experimental method deals with the "without," and consequently with the metaphysically subordinate: the *a posteriori*. The introspective method deals, on the contrary, with the "within"—the transcendent: the *a priori*; consequently it is more potent in its results and brings higher and more satisfactory relations. By

its study the inner and the outer may be consciously related and connected in consciousness. By the gradual development ensuing, man may come to live in both at once, even while here on the outer earth. But there are much greater possibilities in this method than the relating of the inner earth plane known by mediums in what is called lucidity, or clairvoyance, or what is called the astral plane by occultists. These are but the inner, psychic, soul plane of our physical world, and are related by the psychic perception of our lower, outer, sensuous soul, or mind—the soul of physical heredity.

But man has a supersensuous soul—a spiritual soul, which "cometh from afar," which descends into physical parentage and birth and reascends therefrom at death and subsequently from the inner earth plane at the second death: the death of the psychic soul body, which ascends from the physical body at the latter's death.

It is to this inner soul that the mental scientists turn in concentration, and from which they draw strength, hope, faith, and love with which to replenish the outer, lower mind and body. Relation therewith imparts exalted feeling and intuitions. It is the supraliminal soul (not the subliminal, which is but the subconsciousness). The outer mind cannot ingress into this spiritual soul; but it may kneel down mentally at its shrine, approaching its sanctuary within the living temple in reverential aspiration and prayer for illumination by its Divine Light and Love. The "Voice of the Silence" may then speak, but its message must be known and not spoken of in the streets. Happy are those to whom the message comes!

The introspective message includes the study of magic, of telepathy, and of sleep states. Magic has already been referred to. It is distinctly dangerous till the personality has made the great surrender: and such surrender is most difficult for the Western mind to comprehend. Only when the outer mind has been permeated by the illumination of the inner mind does magic cease to be dangerous. Telepathy is known and prac-

tised in mental healing; it implies concentration on a subjective idea—a mental image. The study of sleep states implies an effort to carry the active consciousness through the gate of sleep, which corresponds to the portal of death.

Some persons have, by long training, acquired this faculty to some extent. Dreaming about a determined thing is a preliminary stage of this faculty. It is equivalent to self-suggestion. To carry the active consciousness into sleep is equivalent to carrying it through the gate of concentration on an idea or on a symbol (or on a fixed, bright spot, as in Braid's hypnotism). It is the inner psychic plane that is reached. Some occultists learn to "go through" the symbol and exteriorize into relation with the inner principle thereof, as Mr. Loomis teaches. Others relate the inner plane of the sleep state. Most people have a vague recollection of traveling spontaneously during sleep. Some persons acquire the faculty of doing so to order. The same stage is reached through concentration, and during trance. It is always the same plane—that of our subjective mentality. Mental healers use the same process in fixing the mind on the mental image of the person they wish to reach and treat at a distance. The door of concentration, or of sleep, opens into the same plane as the door of death. The introspective method reaches the same level, or stratum, or psychic principle, as has been experimentally exteriorized by De Rochas and others. Thus the "without" and the "within" meet in that basic principle which constitutes the connecting link between the two worlds and is consequently the basis of continuity of experience.

(*Concluded.*)

IF the revelation of immortality is forthcoming, it is my conviction that no drowning sailor ever clutched a hencoop more tenaciously than mankind will hold by such a proof, whatever it may be.—*Professor Huxley.*

WHAT IS SPIRITUALITY?

BY EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

Spirituality is widely recognized as the great need of humanity. The philosophy of materialism—the belief that the material is the real—is fast passing into decadence. Everywhere we hear of spiritual law; that the spiritual is the real; that man is a spiritual being, and that spirituality is his highest attainment. Yet, with all this talk about it, there is little understanding of what true spirituality is. In the minds of many it is held to be what it is not, and this misconception has brought the ideal of spirituality into contempt in the estimation of the so-called practical world. To the man of affairs, the mock spirituality that is the ideal of many church people is mere sentiment, cant, or hypocrisy. The wrong interpretation placed upon spirituality by the prevailing teaching of the Christian Church has made it a thing entirely unfitted for practical use in this world, and only serviceable in some imaginary realm of bliss in the future—called heaven. It will be well for us, then, to know what spirituality is not.

In the first place, it is not something supernatural—that is, out of the range of natural forces, and bearing no relationship to human life on this planet. This view of it leads to a condemnation of the world, the body, and all physical enjoyment. This is asceticism—a negative thing, devoid of power. Spirituality is not renunciation, nor is it the denial of the material. The glory of the spiritual is not the abasement of the physical: the physical must be made to partake of the same glory by bringing it into the unity of the spiritual world. Spirituality is not "duty," in the ordinary sense of that word as a "bondage." Spirituality is something higher: it is an instinct and a passion for righteousness. Spirituality is not resignation.

That is mostly helplessness or ignorance. It is a deadening ideal. Spirituality giveth life. Spirituality is not sacrifice, nor is sacrifice one of the best means of attaining it. Whoso gives must also take, and he must take largely and freely for himself before he can give. The idea of sacrifice too often stands in the way of the attainment of the consciousness of individual power. Spirituality is rather sanctification. It is a glorious self-realization. Spirituality is not the attendance of church, nor the belief in creeds, nor the observance of ordinances. It does not call some things divine and others secular —some places holy and others common. Spirituality is the unity of all things in the Divine.

If we have cleared away some of the rubbish, let us now see what stands revealed as true spirituality. To be truly spiritual is to be spiritually minded. It is to have a conception of God as Spirit—omnipotent, infinite, immanent in the universe. It is to be able to see God, the Good, the spiritual Reality, in all things. It is to have faith in spiritual law as the foundation and governing power of the natural world. It is to trust this spiritual law and power as the law of our being. It is to have the spiritual consciousness; that is, the conscious relation of our own being with Infinite Spirit, in harmonious interchange of Life, Wisdom, and Love. It is to realize an organic unity between God and man, which relationship can be expressed in no better way than by the terms *Father* and *son*. It is not only intellectually to know this, but to *feel* it, as the very substance and life of our bodies, as a force that quickens the nerve centers, stimulates nutrition, and gives us the sense of power. It is to rescue the body from the dominion of the carnal mind, which looks for good in selfish pleasure. It is to make the body the organ of God's Spirit—a means of the highest joy. It is to recognize that the kingdom of heaven is within —to find our heaven in a happy, peaceful, contented mind. It is to recognize also that heaven is all about us—that it is our environment; to see it in the sunshine and rain, feel it in the

air, know it in flower and tree and bird and beast—in every manifestation of life. It is so to relate ourselves to Nature that we are ministered unto by the Spirit that pervades it all. It is so to relate ourselves to humanity that we realize that each one is a member of the great body of mankind, and that the moral, social, and physical health of the whole depends upon the life, wisdom, and love that each individual manifests. It is so to relate ourselves to God as to know that in him we live and move and have our being.

How shall we attain this true spirituality, which seems to offer so much that is desirable? I have said that to be truly spiritual we must be spiritually minded; that is, all our thoughts must proceed from the realization of an all-pervading Spirit, and must partake of the nature of that Spirit, which is *to unify*. It manifests itself in a universe of law, beauty, and love. Max Müller says that the carnal mind always detects differences, while the spiritual mind looks for and finds similarities. The great work of the spiritual mind, therefore, is to unify; to see good in every person, thing, and event, and to love that good. In the thought of that mind there is no place for any fear, envy, malice, worry, gloom, or sinful desire. The thoughts of the spiritual mind are only of serenity, patience, and trust, because it knows that the Good is the arbiter of law, and that law is ever operative. It believes in health, happiness, and opulence here in this world, because thus always does Spirit express itself; and spirit and matter are ever correlated.

The thoughts of a spiritual mind will build up a healthy, strong, and well-nourished body, because it will draw to itself the elements of strength that are in food, air, water, and sunshine. As man becomes thus a coördinator between the spiritual and the material worlds, he may use the organic power of Love as an uplifting and healing energy for the sinful, the sick, the maimed, the blind; and the gospel of Christ is preached again with power in the purification and glorification of the body.

In the attainment of true spirituality, we will not condemn the body, nor any of its organs and functions. It is not the body that fosters the carnal mind. Animals are free from lust, avarice, and malice. Temptation is a mental product and operation, not a physical. The root of the carnal mind is selfishness: the root of the spiritual mind is oneness with the Infinite Life. As Emerson says, "the heart that abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers." And again: "By contenting ourselves with obedience, we become divine. . . . All reforms aim in some one particular to let the soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey." Another inspired writer has said: "Obey, and thy soul shall live." Such obedience is not the submission that belongs to the victim of inherited sin; nor can it be enjoyed by the beneficiary of a vicarious atonement. True obedience is at-one-ment, and through it alone do we come into true spirituality, which is life and peace. It will come to every soul who is awakened to a sense of his own true self, and who consciously communes with the Over-Soul.

THE LIVING LANGUAGE.

In all the wondrous treasure-house of art,
The whole array is but the minor part
Of the rich treasures heart reveals to heart.

Dead ages may a glorious tale unwind,
But in their chronicles are not confined
The living treasures of the human mind.

Here is a language all can comprehend;
Here is an art in which all ages blend:
Love—Life: our Source, our Being, and our End.

ANITA TRUEMAN.

HOW TO BECOME SOUL-CENTERED.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

In our search after fundamental truth—after the Law of Being—we need to become as little children: to be taken by the hand and led on, step by step. For this truth, though so simple that even a child can grasp it, to the mature mind that must first unload a cumbersome accumulation of erroneous ideas, often seems most difficult of comprehension.

Now, I do not know anything harder in life than to become again as a little child. I do not know anything more difficult of accomplishment than the stripping off and ridding ourselves of the old thought that was born and bred with us; that was stamped into our subconscious minds before we came into the world; that we have always been surrounded by; that we have breathed in with every breath; that we have grown up with, and that we have borne the burden of until we are bowed to the earth with sickness and poverty and heartache, and have utterly lost sight of our divine birthright—our royal privilege of standing erect and free with brow bared to the white light of truth, veritable sons of God.

How to get back to our sonship; how to "arise and go to the Father"; how to stand unabashed in the presence of the naked truth—this is the message of the New Teaching. This can be done only by right thinking; by thinking straight from principle; by finding our own soul center.

What we all need is to learn how to use our thought-forces. We must first grasp the fundamental principle that there is but one Life in the universe—call it Infinite Spirit, Divine Love, the Father, or what we will; and, secondly, that of this universal Life each one of us is a part—each one of us is being

pushed out into visible expression by the Divine Spirit living at the very core of our soul. As the soul unfolds—slowly, steadily, never-ceasingly—the Divine Spirit, the Higher Self, stands forth, continually and more and more abundantly revealed. The Spirit, the living universal Intelligence, enthroned in the heart of our soul, speaks to us through our intuition. This is inspiration—the "still, small voice."

Now, thought is of the mind—the intellect. Thought is a force for us to make use of as we would use steam or electricity. Thought, therefore, is the connecting link between the voice of the Spirit in our innermost soul and the outward expression of the soul, namely, the body. It is thought that builds the body. Thought is food. Thought is the force, the motor power, by means of which the soul expresses itself in physical form. Our circumstances, our material conditions, our environment are also created by thought-force—used for the most part unconsciously, and then continually affected and modified by the quality, control, and direction of our conscious thought.

Indeed, Spiritual Science may be expressed in a single phrase: *Evolution of the soul.* The Divine Spirit at the core, the principle of Life, the eternal Sun whose children we are, is ever striving for higher and better and more perfect expression. It is ever pushing the soul from within outward. Thought, the connecting current between soul and body, either consciously connects itself with the soul center or it does not. There is always the unconscious connection, or we should not live at all. But to-day after two thousand years of Christian teaching, sickness, poverty, and sorrow are dominant in the world—simply because with most people the thought-force is not *consciously* connected with the soul center. Poor humanity has not yet learned that it *has* a soul center, filled with the very Sun of Life; nor that all we have to do is to let the Sun shine *through.*

It is our self-consciousness, our ego, our individuality, that directs and controls thought. Students of thought-power, and

all seekers after truth, learn little by little to hold their thought centered at the core of the soul, in the Divine Love—in God. But, with those who have never given heed to these things, the thought-force is most frequently not directed at all. It flutters from one thing to another. It is not controlled, nor held in check, nor sent out in strong, bold waves straight to port.

With successful people in all walks of life, thought is concentrated on particular aims; but with the masses of mankind it is but a wandering vagrant, a loafer, a tramp, loitering upon the outer wall of circumstance. Or it is allowed to float about aimlessly, like an air-plant, sometimes lighting on the body and fastening itself there in pain or un-ease; and again, after another purposeless excursion in space, settling into the mire of outer conditions, business perplexities, and all sorts of cares and limitations. Observe for a few days the ordinary conversation of the people you meet in ordinary ways—in the cars, on the street, in society, at church, or at school—and you find that almost every one is talking grievances: political, commercial, domestic, or personal; while, if every other topic were to fail (though of this there is no possibility), there always remains the standing grievance, the weather.

When the thought is centered within, at the very core of the soul—in God—we are at peace; nothing can harm us, nothing can hurt us, nothing can make us afraid. On the other hand, when the thought is fixed on our bodily conditions or on our environment, particularly when it is fastened upon our troubles, we are standing (in consciousness) on the outermost rim of our circumference and are at the mercy of every wind that blows, whether it be good or ill. We are a target, set in the open, for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." We are exposed to every slap of fate, every pinch of misfortune, every sting of malice, and every buffeting wave of unrest.

Now, the mind is a magnet. At the core of the soul lies our attracting power. We get what we expect. We see what we look for. Every thought we think images itself in the

mind, and every image that is persistently held in mind is bound to externalize. This is the law. I cannot tell *why* it is so, any more than I can tell why from a few seeds sown in fertile soil we reap an abundant crop. I only know that the law of thought-externalization is as definite and as sure in results as are the laws of seed-time and harvest. It is essential, therefore, that we sow the right sort of seed in our minds. And it is in order that we may think right thoughts—that we may learn how to think the thoughts that make for our highest well-being—that we must find and hold our thought-center in God.

As the thought is persistently held to our center, to the immanent God, to the Spirit dwelling in the very heart of our soul, we begin to grow. The soul opens like a flower to the full sweetness of its golden heart, and little by little we grow up and out of and away from our present environment. We need not be afraid of soul-growth; we need not fear changes. To the mind stayed in God nothing but good can come. The will of God, the Father, is good-will toward us, his children. "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above," and "it is the Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom." What kingdom? What, indeed, if not the kingdom of heaven within our own souls?

We are to seek for God's will, not in outward circumstance, not in hampering conditions, not in whatever happens to us whether it be to our liking or not, but *within*, always remembering that the will of our own Higher Self *is* the will of the Father in us. The will of the petty, personal, selfish self is that most pitiful delusion, self-will—a something, a nothing, that is foredoomed, self-doomed, hollow at the core, lifeless, and showing as the merest sand-grain beside the great, grand, onward flow of Universal Will. But the will of our Higher Self is always in harmony with the Divine Will. It is the Divine Will individually expressed in the individual soul.

We are to follow our highest ideal, and, thus following, we are to step through every open door. We are to go *with*

things instead of against them. We are to float in the great onward sweep of the Life-current—in the current of health, well-being, happiness; in the eternal sweep of love and joy and peace.

The will of the Father for us is grounded in the eternal verities, the very qualities of truth. The will of the All-Father can never express itself through the contradictories of truth. It is blasphemy to say or to think that God sends us sickness or poverty or affliction or sorrow. Our God is the God of eternal Life. The qualities of truth are faith, hope, love, joy, peace—all that makes for health, well-being, and happiness. All things are ours; for are we not children of God and heirs of the Infinite?

But our thought-forces need to be trained. All our lives we have been holding a wrong or a misdirected or a weak habit of thought. We have been saying two and two make five, and working out our problems in fear and trembling because we knew they were likely to work out wrong, though we could not tell why. With all the world, with all the generations of our ancestors, we have been persistently, though unwittingly, thinking disease, poverty, weakness, failure, sickness, old age, and death. We have believed in God *and* the Devil—in good *and* evil; we have been worshiping false gods; we have been trained in error-thought; we have *not* been working out our life problems by a knowledge of mental law, by unswerving principle, by "two and two make four," by a knowledge of truth, by instant dependence upon the one true and only God. We have failed, not through wilful disobedience, but through ignorance. The heart of the All-Father may ache to breaking for us, his ignorant children; but misuse of immutable law must bring its inevitable penalty. Let us thank God for immutable law—that law of Love which is God's very Self! In the immutability of law lies our only hope of salvation.

Coming into this New Teaching, at first we have to watch our thought-habits as carefully as we would guard ourselves

against an onslaught of wolves. We must never allow ourselves to think a weak or negative thought—much less a malicious, or resentful, or slanderous one. We must think the qualities of truth—life, love, joy, peace; and we must never for a single instant let our thought dwell on the contradictories —fear, anger, worry, hate, discord.

According to our faith will it be unto us—according to our faithfulness and our persistence in well-doing. Just as rapidly as we can train our weak habit of thought into a strong one, just so rapidly shall we rise out of undesirable conditions. For this reason strong affirmations are most helpful; they train the mind. It is well to reiterate them until the mind retains them with as little effort as it retains the alphabet or the multiplication table. Never mind present appearances; speak the absolute Truth from the viewpoint of the very core of the soul. For truth works from the center outward to circumference.

> "Talk health; . . .
> Say you are well, or all is well with you,
> And God will make it true."

Here are a few strong affirmations:

I am a growing soul. I rest in the Divine Love. I am a child of God, the All-Good. God is ever present in me. God is all-powerful in me. God is all-knowing and all-seeing in me. God's will is being done in me. Nothing but good can come my way. I am well. I am strong. I am rich. I am prosperous. I am loved. I am lovable. I am radiantly happy. I enjoy every minute of my life. I am in harmony with the Law of my Being. The Divine Will is my will. I am at rest. I am a child in the All-Father's arms. I am on a journey through the Universe. I am an immortal soul. I am free. As the starry worlds swing free in space, so am I poised in Divine Love. I am a growing soul. Daily and hourly I am growing to the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

But we are to be single-eyed. We are not to look to the

outward manifestation. We are not to take anxious thought over demonstration; for this is to withdraw the thought-force —our attention—from the center to the circumference. It is like digging up the newly-sown seeds, as children do, to see if the flowers are growing. The only way to realize a flower is to sow the seed and fulfil the conditions—then to wait with faith until in due time the tender green shoot pushes itself up out of the soil. Even then we must wait in patience for the fulness of time of leaf and bud and blossom.

So, also, in order to bring any desired good into manifestation we must picture the image of it in our minds and hold it there with faith; hold it cheerfully, trustfully, joyously, expectantly. For desire and expectation, united, win to the goal. It is not for us to determine the "how" or the "when." It is ours only to observe the conditions faithfully and trust immutable Law to bring it to pass.

Our faith increases by practise. If we have faith but as a grain of mustard-seed we shall begin. Then, little by little, as we find that the law does work, our faith will grow. Let us take one thing—anything that appeals to us. Let us image it in mind and hold to it persistently, but not impatiently, and thus put right thinking to the proof. For instance, if all our lives we have been in the habit of saying, "I am tired," until we have come to feel a body weariness, or a mind and heart weariness that often makes life seem a burden too heavy to be borne, now, just by way of experiment, let us deny ourselves the self-indulgence of saying, "I am tired," and affirm instead: "I am strong. I am vigorous. I am so strong and well that life is a perpetual joy!"

It is no matter how we "feel," for feelings are of no consequence whatever. We are to make our affirmations by always remembering that Sun of Life, at the very core of the soul, from which we continually draw our health and strength, our life, and our fulness of joy. To say this once or twice, or half-heartedly, will not avail us much. We are to be *steadfast* in

our desire for better health and the larger life. Or let us take this thought:

I am a child of God. The Father provides for me largely, "above all that we ask or think." He supplies all my wants. I rest in the Divine Abundance.

Then utterly refuse to let the thought dwell on any appearance of limitation or lack. Let the eye be single. God is our abundant supply. With this thought faithfully followed and trustfully persisted in, we shall find our way smoothing out before us, opportunities opening to us, and good things coming our way—new friends, new work, new play, more abundant leisure, nobler service, a wider outlook, brighter ways, and happier days.

But this is a faith that must be put to the test—a belief that must be worked out. It is a life to be lived. No one has a right to doubt the truth of it until he has honestly and persistently tried it. No one can prove it to another. No one can work it out for another. In this the individual soul stands bare. "If any man shall do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

THE more man seeks for the object of his existence in external and sensual things, the more will he depart from his spiritual faith or point of gravitation from his own divine center, or God. He becomes experienced in external and superficial things, and loses sight of that which is real and divine. His external knowledge, which after all is only imaginary, as it deals only with passing illusions, awakens his pride and self-conceit. He begins to assert his personality against immortality; he becomes cruel, selfish, and passionate; and unless he be redeemed by the awakening of spirituality within himself, he will end in awakening in him the "fiery foundation," the "principle of evil," the "devil." Instead of the Christ, Lucifer will be revealed in him.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

REFORM FOR ALL.

BY ELOISE O. RICHBERG.

In this age of discussion, dissension, and general disintegration—when upon every side may be seen crumbling ruins of revered but decaying institutions—one belief remains common to all classes: *Reform is needed!* From the lowly laborer to the millionaire merchant, from the humble philanthropist to the egregious politician, goes forth the same cry.

Reform in what? In schools, in government, in society, in business, in homes; briefly summed, in humanity—for through humanity alone can this reform be effected. The cause is deep-seated, and will be found only by a thorough analysis of the soil and conditions contributing to its growth. Much energy is already devoted to palliative measures; but the most sanguine philosopher will finally admit that Womanhood must be strengthened and purified, Wifehood liberated, and Motherhood ennobled before the elevation and progression of Humanity become possible.

So long as children are conceived in passion, born in suffering, and educated in ignorance, so long will they help to swell the tide of disease and crime. So long as girls are carried blindfold from a helpless childhood to the shores of a helpless womanhood, and launched at the mercy of wind and wave upon the vast Unknown—to seek aid from any chance pilot crossing their destinies—so long will the work of humanitarians be in demand, and homes for the drunkard, the idiot, and the insane be needed; so long will there be fallen women to reclaim and fallen wives beyond reclaim.

When buds are blighted; when the leaves and twigs begin in spring-time to ripen, wither, and decay; when all possible

care and protection prove but partial preventives, and only occasional fruits reach maturity—look down deep into the soil about the roots for a cause. Your orchard may fail to yield a harvest one year because a late frost captured the tender buds; another year because an insect horde swept over it; or a third year, even, suffering a severe drouth. But when the vigor of growth yields to gradual decay, when effort is lacking and Nature seems apathetic, go to the root and with full faith in the omnipotence of health seek the real disease before applying cures. What lacks the soil?

From childhood to an indolent and frivolous or a dissatisfied womanhood; from womanhood to a dependent and disappointed wifehood; from wifehood to a motherhood of slavery and imprisonment: this is the history of conditions that flood the earth with every disease to which flesh seems amenable and every crime that desperate humanity can devise. Girls whose eyes have never been unveiled to the powers or limitations, the glories or sufferings, the blessings or sacrifices of a true wifehood; to whom that most sacred of all relations, motherhood, is but a vague something, the mere mention of which calls a blush to the cheek of ignorance—a something to be avoided, to be shunned as a plague, to be feared as a thief who wantonly robs them of liberty and happiness: such girls are the prey of any actor who chooses to mask as lover and are destined to become miserable mothers of more miserable children. Has the State no voice in these matters? Must this faulty generation be succeeded by a worse, and so continue indefinitely? Has the State power to punish and even to kill such offspring, and is she yet powerless to prevent their conception?

Women, it rests with *you*. You are the blessing or the curse, as you choose; you are awakening, but your sight is still imperfect. Look about you; study humanity from an unprejudiced standpoint. Exclusive of the limitations attendant upon motherhood and those that fashion and custom have imposed, are you more dependent than man? Facts have re-

peatedly proved your ability to perform any labor required in the production of your own necessities—to meet any emergency life presents. A universe without man would be no more crippled in resources than one deprived of womankind.

This brings us, then, to the consideration of that one relationship necessitating, for purposes of procreation, both sexes. In this, woman bears the heavier responsibility; why, then, in all justice, has she been relegated to slavery during this all-important and all-holy stage of evolution? She alone should dictate the time and circumstances of approach and conditions of development, and she must be educated to know the magnitude of her responsibility.

This essential readjustment cannot be immediately secured; but there is a reasonable method by which the State might assume guardianship over the parents of the coming generation—until they have themselves progressed to that advanced condition wherein they become competent self-judges. Herein lies a noble work for philanthropic legislators—a work that would glorify their lives both here and hereafter, and leave to their descendants a name to be spoken reverently.

Why should children's eyes be veiled to the most perfect work of the universe? There is naught in the true story of Life, from its beginning, to shock "the pure in heart;" for they do indeed "see God" in all his wonderful accomplishments. Before the glass is tarnished by Passion's mists, show them the beautiful truths of love and life, of birth and change; and never shall the picture be warped, never shall you look remorsefully upon a distorted reflection of those truths, when maturity has opened their eyes to the realization of their childish dreams.

Never give your daughter one untruth as to her present incarnation. "You are not yet old enough to understand" inspires her with a respect for her approaching unfoldment—with a determination to prove worthy of the expected confidence; and, when the long-wished-for hour arrives in which

she receives the desired reward, how proudly she accepts and cherishes the jewel! No rudely inquisitive companion will be encouraged to spoil its glory; never will its luster be dimmed by heedless, gossiping passers-by. The truth is to her a sacred trust, and its realization accompanied by no self-abasement. She is not then fascinated against her will by an emotion she has been taught to understand. As she waited for the gradual growth of root, stalk, bud, and bloom in her miniature garden —as she watched the long days through over the little speckled eggs in the apple-tree—so has she watched and waited with honest desire for her own unfolding. As she hailed with joy the blossoms and the birdlings, so with a holy delight does she welcome her own development, recognizing the portal and stepping proudly from girlhood to womanhood, radiant with hope, strong for conquest, and assuming, without that well-worn admonition, "more womanly ways." She knows her resources, understands her power, and respects herself in their possession. Unworthy humanity has for her no temptation; she would no more discuss her own precious womanhood with foul-mouthed inferiors than she would analyze the last opera with an organ-grinder. She will make no mistake in her choice of a husband. Her children must have a noble father; and, if educated to meet life's demands, she will wait for him, holding the mother of her children too sacred for the amusement of an hour—for the gratification of a gross desire. She will learn, understand, and obey her Creator's laws of conception, development, and birth; and, while teaching her own worthy offspring these same beautiful truths, will bless in word and thought that loving mother who feared nothing so much as ignorant blindness.

Woman, to you whose brains are not stunned by the ceaseless jarring of modern business life, whose moral natures are not clouded by tobacco or intoxicants, and whose hearts are unclogged by sensual dissipation, Purity looks for liberation and protection.

One fiction of so-called reform movements especially requires explosion. Man is not responsible for woman's slavery. No more conscious even is he of his cruelty to her than woman of her inhumanity to children. It is habitual for sufferers to hold those who have been accepted as, and have assumed the position of, superiors accountable for the martyrdom; but who granted man the throne and encouraged his sensuality? Man and woman, born under similar conditions and educated along the same lines, will be equals in strength, in wisdom, in powers of endurance, in materiality and spirituality. Who directs them into diverging paths? Woman, are you quite guiltless? Give to both sexes the same education, mental and physical, and the same moral and spiritual restraints, and the demand for sensual gratification and indulgence will be no stronger in the one than in the other.

Who guards the daughter, laboring earnestly and often desperately to inspire within her—for womanhood's sake, and often despite alluring and pernicious tendencies—purity, self-control, and honor, while the son is left comparatively to his own inclinations and associations, because he will as a man not be counted lost if he occasionally falter or stumble? Man is no more the architect of society's absurdities than his weary partner, who, failing to realize her childish air-castles in the realms of married life she entered so recklessly, tires of her unjust restraint, of the duties she fails to understand, and of the drudgery she cannot wholly neglect. She becomes irritable and ill-tempered, or despondent and desperate, according to her temperament.

A strong agitation in the thought world is awakening sensitive minds throughout all civilized countries. Women, being more helplessly enchained and consequently forced to endure a more passive and receptive condition, are the more readily conscious of this vibratory message from the all-knowing and all-pervading Power. Occasionally a man less positive than others—perhaps through his peculiar business habits or a state

of vital depression from ante-natal causes, disease, or associations—is awakened by the call; and he too listens, understands, and accepts the warning. If he be brave and honest, he becomes a most effective ally in the struggle for Justice and Right; if a coward, fearing public disapproval, he shouts for Liberty only in the presence of its defenders, and stands in the background or on neutral territory, ready to applaud and to blazon his own early conversion after the last battle is won.

The real fight is not on the surface; it is not between the Suffragists, the Prohibitionists, the Radicals, the Socialists, and the "Anti" of all of these. It is waging in the thought-atmosphere—in homes, in churches, in legislatures, in clubs; one might even say in saloons and workrooms, in schools and prisons, or wherever mankind meets his brother or sister. The loud-mouthed lecturer, the bloomered bicyclist, the slum-hunters, the sensational suffrage-seeker, the officious philanthropist—these are but the ripples on the surface, the breakers that betray the obstructions: the dangers below. Their work is good and necessary, but it is not *remedial*. It is the warning pain that neither cures nor kills, but demands a wisdom that shall recognize the disease and apply the antidote. To you, fathers and mothers, do these warnings come.

Go not forth to struggle against the breakers, ye who hear the voice of Nature demanding the unfoldment of the divine possibilities in humanity. Leave the confusion of battle to those who, having eyes, see not the real enemy, and, having ears, hear only the martial drums and brasses. Seek ye in silence and with faith that Wisdom and Strength which shall by love alone conquer and subdue the sensuality that has already too long tyrannized over poor, ignorant, deluded human creatures. "Knowledge is power," and "Truth is indeed mighty," and naught can withstand their onslaught. But when the moral atmosphere has become so contaminated that fathers smother conscience, turn a deaf ear to Honor, and teach their sons the necessity of wealth at any cost; when Money and Suc-

cess are to them synonymous terms, and health, happiness, and even love are sacrificed in their pursuit—mothers must take the lead. They may be tired, discouraged, disappointed, and injudicious, but they are not yet drugged to frenzy. Incapacity is a better counsel for youth than immorality. Better allow immaturity its own way, even in a barren soil, than to overload it with fertilizers; the winds of heaven are kinder to such than the over-officious nurseryman. Remember, when listening to the applause and words of approbation accorded the so-called successful man in the commercial world of to-day, that assertion is not proof, reiteration is not logic, noise is not victory, nor silence defeat, however it may appear to those blinded and stupefied by indolence, ignorance, immorality, or possibly indigestion.

Many there are who fail to penetrate the *débris* floating so gaily on the surface of popularity, and are quite unaware of the unfathomable waters of human possibilities lying so quietly below and available to all. In their foolishness they are bawling: "There is no Virtue; Truth is helpless, and Honor dead and buried! Look at the fleet monopolizing the sea! The commanders are Ignorance, Hypocrisy, Selfishness, Cruelty, and Crime! We do not like them, nor approve their methods; but they use the only available means for success in this world!" And the weak, the doubtful, the diseased, and the depraved, fascinated by the noise and the floating wreckage, join in the cry, never asking, "What is the cargo afloat, and whither bound?" But Wisdom investigates the showy craft, reveals their rottenness, and discovers the gorgeous colorings to be but phosphorescent announcements of decay. They carry no purity, peace, or happiness; they are bound for no port; their mission ends, as it begins, in the change called death; the appearance of wickedness in command ever indicates dissolution.

Life is a moral ether. It assumes various forms; it pervades all with self; it is eternal happiness; it is Truth embodied. Like the emblematic serpent, at certain stages of development

it casts aside its materiality to assume a more perfect garment. Every change is progress—upward—toward the ideal. When we note before us retrogression or degeneracy, we are watching the fate of the discarded garment; we have lost sight of Life and are in the wake of decay—are nearing the region of miasmatic swamps. It is then time to pause, to arouse ourselves, to look about, and to listen. Is it the happy forest bird one hears or the croaking frog? Are those twinkling stars our sister planets or but delusive will-o'-the-wisps? Are we following Life's footsteps or her shadow—Death?

Mothers, deny your dependence in both word and deed. Be true to conscience, which is God's voice. Say to the man you once promised to honor, unknowing the possibilities of either nature: "Teach our children to love, honor, and obey Truth above all else, or I now renounce my vow and all loyalty to your parental power. Better that I inspire them with contempt for you than to jeopardize their eternal welfare!"

Fathers, who may be still pure and upright but manacled by wicked wives, assert your freedom and manfully bear the consequences. Too long has the fear of scandal stifled Justice. What is scandal? A fetid breath—unwholesome, but ever shifting and impotent. Children are a sacred trust. Defile not their purity by an immoral home influence; this is indeed a crime for which nothing will exonerate you before the Judge of all.

IT is a corrupting doctrine to open the brain and tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of gray pulp, and that, if man is the first of living animals, he passes away after a short space like the beasts that perish.—*Frederick Harrison.*

ACCURATELY and strictly speaking, there is no foundation in Nature, or in natural law, why a set of words on parchment should convey the dominion of land.—*Sir William Blackstone.*

MENTAL INDEPENDENCE.

BY INEZ G. BEARCE.

By that power within called *Reason,* every thinking mind is convinced of the truth of immortality. And no assault of dissenting arguments can disturb this foundation of all ambition and progress. Equally must every believer in immortality of the individual soul believe in the doctrine of repeated embodiments. The fact that we *have* existed is as obvious as that we *shall* exist.

It is not only possible, but quite probable, that we shall eventually learn to recall our past environments and experiences. Even without conscious effort, a "chance" word or situation will cause a panorama of happenings to pass before our mental vision, bringing a kind of startled recollection that we only too hastily dismiss. Who has not experienced the sensation of seeing persons with whom a sense of previous intimacy became at once noticeable, although it was certain no prior meeting had occurred in this life? Phases of Nature—a thousand and one things incite a sort of dazed remembrance; therefore, it is evident that, in our long-forgotten past, ties, seemingly as enduring as those now existing, have been formed, lives with all their vicissitudes lived and finished, and the soul entered upon one more stage of its upward journey.

This law of reincarnation accounts for the dissimilarity of character in children of the same parentage. The thread is taken up where it was dropped, and, in the new life, traits formed in past lives are evinced. If the mind of the mother is stronger than that of which her offspring is possessed, she may instil certain characteristics that will appear similarly in each child borne. These hereditary propensities need not dominate, when the art of concentration is prop-

erly understood. If desirable, they may well be fostered, but vices and disease certainly do not rank in this category.

As the mind strengthens with the experiences of many incarnations, the capacity for individual government increases. In past ages, when consolidation was necessary for self-preservation, the vast families united under one head, who, by virtue of age and experience, was fitted to guide the less intelligent. This relic of antiquity exists to-day, in the modern family. Parents of questionable fitness seek to mold the growing minds according to their own standard of right. In many cases this course succeeds in subduing or obliterating all individuality, and a sort of automaton is the result—a piece of human machinery respondent to the will of the stronger, and minus the independence that marks the true man. As Emerson says: "The patriarchal form of government readily becomes the despotic, as each person may see in his own family. Fathers wish to become fathers of the minds of their children, and behold with impatience a new character and way of thinking presuming to show itself in their own son or daughter." Yet, when the time is ripe for the influx of truth and light, it will surge into the receptive mind, regardless of environment. Then the soul is, of a verity, "born again;" then it is plain that all things make for good. And once the new seed is implanted it can never be uprooted; slowly but surely it will grow into the light of perfect knowledge.

As the soul feels its need, it will reach out for more understanding; and the demand is met with sure supply. Once possessed of a knowledge of inherent capability, the first idea is to seek congenial environment, to the furtherance of the process of evolution. This condition is *possible* of attainment in this life, but *certain* of fulfilment in future lives. It is in no wise our duty to allow ourselves to be suppressed by existing conditions. As individuals, we have much to accomplish, and no obstacle should hinder the work. Moreover, it is useless to attempt to impart knowledge until we ourselves

have attained a definite degree of success. This perfection of self need not entail indifference to those about us. The Alpha and Omega of advancement are brotherly love. But it does entail a breaking away from the customs of tradition—from the stereotyped ways of our ancestors.

The period of parental control would necessarily extend over the period of infancy, as infancy would seem to be an established form of growth. But it can be conceived that the perfected mind will solve the problem of evolution by dispensing with the interruptions of "life and death." To do this it will be necessary to understand the perfecting of our physical bodies harmoniously with our spiritual development, which is one of the possibilities of the future.

It is only through the independent working of individual minds that perfect knowledge can be attained; yet centuries of custom have allowed no advance beyond holding the advocates of advanced thought in little more than contemptuous toleration. In whatever lies beyond common knowledge we easily adopt the beliefs of those around us. We are too prone to dismiss as fanciful the more advanced thoughts of some speculative mind whose utterances differ from all we have deduced as truth; yet it is only by throwing our minds wide open to all that earnest thinkers may conjecture that we shall know higher truths. Therefore, it is wrong to attempt to influence in any way a mind recently awakened to new ideas. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" conveys a profound suggestion.

Our mistakes will aid us in our mental progress. The unbiased working of our *naturally* infallible reasoning powers will soon separate the tares from the wheat. Let us beware, then, when intolerance seeks to deafen us. It is a relic of that bigotry we would disclaim. Truth will be given to the devoutly earnest seeker for it. Even though the end of this life find us still in a state of nursing, we can rest confident that it has been time well spent—being necessary to fit us for the grasping of higher truths as we progress.

THE EGYPTIAN GUIDE.

BY LOU PACKARD GAY.

Written on the old papyrus, in the land of lotus-flowers,
Was this legend, quaint and curious, not designed for times of ours;
And the story that it telleth is the tale of hearts that beat
With vain throbs of bitter anguish—and the ages still repeat.

In a vast, dim, columned temple, wrought and carved in every part
With the beetle and the scepter—emblems of a mystic art—
On a mighty, snowy dais, sat the ruling power, whose nod,
Like to that of Jove in heaven, was the edict of a god.

Tall and straight, with the grave features of the monarchs of his race,
Ruled he with a rod of iron; and his nature had no place
For the love of any woman, though the gods had made for him
One who reverenced and adored him, passing fair in face and limb.

But he would not share his kingdom—would not even bend the knee
To the dear gods of his fathers, nor obey their just decree.
Died the maiden broken-hearted, and a shaft of burning light,
Sent from out the clear blue heavens, pierced him in his kingly might.

Robed in white, defiant, haughty, heeding not the prayer of love,
Stood the ruler on the threshold of that better life above:
While the maiden he had slighted, pure and white, with love replete,
Passed before him 'midst the angels, straight unto the Father's feet.

Many hundred years have vanished; but the gods do not forget,
And their plan will be completed, though it causes vain regret.
Seated far on high Olympus, they see all things—understand
How the good of many people sanctifies the pain of man.

Wrapped about with shining raiment, like unto the radiant sun,
Comprehending all love's meaning, oft this kingly one doth come
To the dear earth child of Venus, who is wise enough to know
Love and life must blend in union, else there cometh grief and woe.

Now he knows that love must enter heart and brain and soul of man,
Shaping all the inner nature to the great eternal plan;
That to gain the heavenly kingdom we must ever share a part
Of our earthly power and plenty with some other suffering heart.

Mighty souls of many peoples, who have entered into Peace,
Seeing where they erred in blindness, watch and strive without surcease
To impress us with this message that each child of earth can be
Like unto the great Creator: like the shining angels, free

From the sins that have defiled him, from the errors of the past,
If he will accept the guidance—will obey the Wisdom vast.
Look within thine own great nature, child of earth and child of fate!
Do thy duty in the present—learn to love and learn to wait!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC RENASCENCE.

ONE of the most marked and time-honored peculiarities of the mass of mankind is its reverence for Authority. We are a race of idol-worshipers—and man in all ages has usually made his deities in his own image and likeness. Not only do we revere the creations of our own fancy, but we bow in humble submission at the feet of those whom we have endowed with the right to direct our mental processes. For its religion, the multitude goes to the theologians—while its political opinions are molded for it by newspapers and politicians. Social customs everywhere are regulated by an arbiter of either sex, whose decrees are blindly obeyed even by those to whom Society is not a fetish. The standard of virtue changes with the necessities of human experience—while our ethics and morality are always just what certain "professors" declare they should be. Our "knowledge" of the laws of health is based upon the *opinions* of physicians, and when we *do* distinguish between right and wrong it is generally on the authority of the legal fraternity. In almost every attempt to move in a new direction the masses find a bell-wether indispensable.

This slavery to the authority of "great minds" is a superstition, and many attempts to justify and defend it have been made. The world does not crucify its saviors until they have been first rejected by the scribes and Pharisees; but a new movement requires only the indorsement of these intellectual potentates to receive the applause of the populace. Yet the history of the

human family shows very few instances in which the officially "great" were the pioneers in its forward steps. Obscurity of birth and mediocrity in worldly wisdom have ever been the concomitants of seership—a quality that pertains only to those whose knowledge is *enlightenment,* pure and undefiled. "All questions of social and moral reform," said Lincoln, "find lodgment first with enlightened souls who stamp them with their approval." And such souls are seldom conspicuous according to human standards.

While there is no truth in the universe that depends for its potency on the authority of any book or the dictum of any individual, yet to gain acceptance by the ordinary mind it must bear the authoritative label of some person or institution of eminence. This is especially true when dealing with facts the cognizance of which involves the exercise of something more than the five physical senses; for there are minds so constituted that no amount of mere evidence could convince them of the existence of anything beyond the grasp of the group of faculties that we possess in common with the lower animals. By the multitude, however, the conclusions of "great minds" are accepted without question—and this is often the real source of popular ignorance.

There is a chance, therefore, that the claims of Spiritualism will shortly be placed on a more acceptable and enduring foundation than they have hitherto enjoyed, because several university professors in this country and some of Europe's leading scientists have avowed their belief in "spirit return." Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, asserts that—through the organism of Mrs. Piper, the famous Massachusetts medium—he has received scientific proofs of the soul's immortality. Yet his every fact has been known and proved by tens of thousands of less distinction during the last half century. But the Spiritualists have been handicapped, not only by their lack of affiliation with the "great," but by their failure to apply the scientific method in

their investigations. Inability on the part of many to interpret the significance of their discoveries has also contributed largely to the stagnation of their movement in some quarters and its total decadence in others. There has been very little apparent progress along this line of research during the last twenty years, chiefly for the above reasons. But now that certain leading intellectual lights have publicly indorsed the basic claim of Spiritualism, it is probable that the thousands of thinking minds who have timidly withheld their affirmative convictions on this subject will come out into the open and declare what they know to be the truth. Their "respectability" will no longer be in danger.

Actual and conclusive proofs of communication, direct or indirect, between the living and the so-called dead, does *not,* however, prove the soul's immortality. Through such phenomena we can get nothing to contradict the assertion that the "beyond" is simply the butterfly stage that follows our caterpillar existence here. Immortality involves the principle of *pre-existence*—beginningless, and therefore endless; and its proof is not a matter of phenomena, but of philosophic deduction from facts about which the "dead" know no more than the living. Yet the corroboration by Spiritualism of the claims of the Science of Being —of which immortality is a demonstrable principle—is both welcome and valuable; and, in the anti-materialistic crusade that is reconstructing our theology as well as our science, this numerous cult is an important and worthy factor.

AN aged teamster, noticing that a young man was driving with a great deal of care over a road that was smooth to him, said: "Young man, if you would let your wheels run in the deep ruts it would make the traveling easy for you." "Not so," was the young man's reply; "my wheels will not track with those ruts that are smooth to you. My crossing this country safely lies in my avoiding them."—*E. A. Sheldon.*

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Great is the power of imagination. There is a man in Bellevue Hospital that is likely to die from imagined lockjaw. The physicians there say that he undoubtedly developed the disease by persistently thinking of it, fearing it, and talking about it. Such cases are not extraordinary. Many historic occurrences show that people actually die from causes that never existed—except in their minds. Some Parisian college students, as a practical joke on the janitor of their rooms, carried him off, gave him a mock trial, and condemned him to die by decapitation. They produced a block and an axe, made the old man lay his head upon the block, and struck him across the neck with a wet towel. Then they ordered him to rise, but he could not. He was dead. He had taken the joke seriously, and died from the blow of an axe that never struck him—except in his mind. Napoleon III. gave his permission to a similar experiment by physicians upon a condemned criminal. The man was blindfolded, bound to the guillotine, the knife was allowed to start on its downward journey, but checked before it reached the man's neck. The man was nevertheless found to be dead. And so real was the shock of the knife —in his imagination—that a deep red line was found across his neck in exactly the place where it would have cut him if it had not been stopped in its descent. The number of deaths from purely imaginary ills is no doubt very large. Fear of sickness invites it. To dread death in any particular form, as the man in Bellevue dreaded lockjaw, is to invite it and go half-way to meet it. There is much truth in the paradoxical saying, "Our worst sufferings arise from misfortunes that never happen to us." And the moral of it all is that since the power of thought over health is so great, it is worth while to cultivate a cheerful imagination. "Hope on, hope ever!" is a motto that makes always for health and happiness.—*New York World.*

"THE sternest 'irony of fate' may lie in the fulfilment of our wishes."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"But the child walked forth and was glad; for the birds sang sweetly, and it seemed to him as if everything sported and danced out of mere joy to be alive. Here flew two finches through the thicket, and, twittering, pursued each other. . . . and the tender leaves peeped out, and expanded themselves in a warm sun, as if they would abide in his glance forever; here a dewdrop trembled, sparkling and twinkling on a blade of grass, and knew not that beneath him stood a little moss who was thirsting after him; there troops of flies flew aloft, as if they would soar far over the wood; and so all was life and motion, and the child's heart joyed to see it."—*Carove.*

"MAY YOU ENJOY YOUR SIGHT."

"May you enjoy your sight," say the little Greek children as they offer flowers in return for pennies along the roads of Corfu.

A pleasant wish, is it not? May you enjoy everything that the good God has put here for your enjoyment—the blue skies, the rainbow-tinted clouds, the great sun that sinks in a blaze of glory behind the Western hills, the fair pale moon and radiant stars, the flowers that bloom in every garden, and the wild flowers, those nurslings of the fields and forests—their brilliant coloring is all for you. "May you enjoy your sight!"

In the orchard birds are flying all about, a happy company whose song is of joy and praise. Joy! joy!—it is the keynote of the universe.

"God who made us has us in His keeping," say the song-birds. "There is no need to fret. The Father has us in His care; we will rejoice and be glad."

See how the river reflects the sun's rays, and sparkles in its light. As it ripples along, it shows in its mimic depths a thousand beauties of woods and hills, and the skies above it. The very

shadows are beautiful. There is a beauty of shadow as well as of light.

Dear children, "may you enjoy your sight."

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

THE GRATEFUL DOG.

"Please tell me a story, Auntie May," said little six-year-old Florence, as she stood by her auntie's side one bright summer morning.

"Well, Flossie," said Auntie May, "there will be time before your lessons begin; so what kind of a story shall I tell you—a fairy story?"

"Oh, no, Auntie; something about yourself when you were a little girl like me."

"Then, Flossie," said Auntie May, "I'll tell you about something that really happened, dear, when I was only two years older than yourself—what you call a 'truly, truly story.' Do you remember the poor old dog that came down to meet us, last summer, when we went out to Cornville to see Grandma?"

"What!" said Flossie, "old Waif? Yes, indeed I do, Auntie; and how he jumped upon you and whined and tried to wag his poor little stump of a tail! Is Waif in the story, Auntie; and why is he called *Waif?*"

"Yes, dear, I told you he was in the story, and we called him *Waif* because nobody claimed him. A waif is something that nobody claims. Yes, Waif is the hero of my story. Now, Flossie, listen with 'bof your ears,' as you used to say when you were a wee little tot.

"I was walking across the Common one day, all by myself; for it was my sixth birthday, and I was allowed to go out alone on that account. Mama had given me a dime to buy some candy, and I was crossing the Common, because I was in a hurry to get to the shop and spend my dime. As I came near the pond, I saw two or three rough-looking boys standing by it, and I heard a most pitiful little cry. I was afraid somebody was hurt, and asked one of the boys what was the matter. He said: 'It's this yer pup. He's squealing 'cos we're going to put him in the pond.'

"Now, my dear mother had always taught me to be kind to *all* dumb animals. She said the poor things had enough to suffer at the best of times, and I must always be kind to them whenever I could. I saw those bad boys had tied a string with a big stone on it to the poor little puppy's neck, and they were going to throw him into the pond; so I ran up to the boy, who was holding him, and said: 'Will you sell me that puppy? I want him.' At first he laughed at me, and said: 'Such a little kid as you haint got no money.' And there I was dressed in my new birthday dress, and new kid shoes!—*such* a pretty pair of shoes I thought they were.

"Well, when I showed him my dime and told him I'd give it to him for the puppy, he said, 'Well, yer can hev ther pup—hand over the tin.' So I took the poor little fellow home, gave him some warm milk—for he seemed half-starved—and made him a nice little bed by the stove. Mother (your Grandma) let me keep him, and there he is now. You saw how glad he was to see me. He always cries whenever I leave the house without him; but he is too old to walk out anywhere except in the garden, or down the lane, and he always sleeps at the foot of my bed at night. I imagine he thinks he is protecting me. He *knows* that I saved his life. *Dogs never forget;* and he tries to show his gratitude in every way possible. There, Flossie, is a true story."

"And you didn't get your candy, after all, Auntie," said Flossie.

"No, dear, but I bought what was worth more than all the candy in the world—the affection and gratitude of a dog."

MARY M. CLARK.

ANGER.

You have heard people speak of "righteous anger;" and there is a passage in the Bible which says, "Be ye angry and sin not." But there is no such thing as righteous anger, and you cannot indulge in the slightest feeling of anger without sinning against some one. You may refrain from striking or injuring the person you are angry with, but you cannot avoid injuring your own body. For every thought of anger works destruction in the nerves and tissues of your body.

Anger causes the heart to beat violently, and many persons think they are suffering from "heart disease" when really they have the "anger disease." The heart trouble is only a symptom of the mental disease of anger.

Anger affects the brain, and many persons have died of "apoplexy," as the doctors call it, when the real cause of their death was nothing but a fit of bad temper. Anger affects the nerves very injuriously, and nervous headaches and nervous prostration may be expected when people cannot control their tempers.

"But," you ask, "how is one to keep from being angry when he sees others doing wrong things, cruel things, unjust things that cause pain to helpless people and dumb animals?"

Do you remember what Christ said when he was hanging on the cross? He had no thought of anger for the people who crucified him, and he said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

People do many wrong things because they are ignorant. When they know better, they will do better; and, instead of being angry with them, we should teach them the better way of justice, or kindness, or mercy.

Learn to control your temper. Happiness and health will be the result of such control.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

A FLOWER'S LAMENT.

"Oh, that I might be beautiful—
So plain to all do I appear!
I only can exhale perfume,
Tired wayfarers perchance to cheer."

Blest mission hath been given thee,
Thou lowly mignonette, so sad;
So be content. Sweet perfume shed,
And weary-burdened hearts make glad.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

PSYCHISM: Analysis of Things Existing. By Paul Gibier, M.D. 287 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Bulletin Publishing Company, publishers, New York.

This is the third edition of a standard work by the director of the New York Pasteur Institute. It gives in fascinating form the psychic experiments and philosophic deductions of a distinguished French scientist—a man thoroughly grounded in biology, physics, and physiology. From the standpoint as well of a trained psychologist, Dr. Gibier presents in this volume a unique contribution to the literature of scientific spiritualism, broadly interpreted. It is valuable alike to the intending investigator and to the student of phenomena who knows not how to classify the results of his researches. As a philosophic treatise the work is even more highly to be commended; for it contains evidences of the soul's immortality that are referable to the rigid tests of laboratory experimentation, and must therefore compel the attention of the so-called materialist by approaching the subject through his own avenues of investigation. And the liberal religionist, who feels that our theology is in need of a radical reconstruction, will find many timely hints in "Psychism," which no advanced thinker can afford to be without.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM. By Ernest Loomis. 135 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Ernest Loomis & Company, publishers, Chicago.

The second volume of the *Occult Science Library*, of which this book is constituted, comprises essays on the following subjects: "Occultism in a Nutshell," "Marriage," "How to Create Opportunities," "Your Talents," "Health," "Health Recipes," and "Methods of Using Occult Powers." The teachings are uniformly helpful, simple, and practical—the latter quality is their distinguishing characteristic, since each of the topics is presented with the ring of a personal communication of great value in the individual reader's experiences. These papers are refreshingly

free from the mystical jargon and senseless "rules" that so often repel the aspiring soul who essays to receive instruction from pretenders to "occult" knowledge. They help the student to realize the truth for himself by acquainting him with the kingly powers of his higher nature. In pointing out the channels through which alone happiness and health can be found, the author shows the goodness and beauty of the right and true, the utility of every scrap of knowledge pertaining to the finer forces of Nature, and the importance of self-study in individual growth. This volume is even better than the first, and should be in the hands of every one interested in human advancement.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PETALS FROM WHITE ROSE. Poems. By the Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine. 29 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Syracuse, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: The Truths of Spiritual Healing and their Contribution to the Growth of Orthodoxy. By the Rev. R. Heber Newton. 78 pp. Paper, 25 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.

EXPERIENCE THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL. By Flora P. Howard. 31 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Published by the author, Los Angeles, Calif.

EMILE ZOLA: A Study of his Personality, with Illustrations. By Arthur MacDonald. 18 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Washington, D. C.

PHILO-SOPHIA. Poems. By Anita Trueman. 15 pp. Paper, 5 cents. Published by the author, New Haven, Conn.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION. By Carrie E. Willard. 8 pp. Paper, 3 cents. Published by the author, Providence, R. I.

MIND.

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THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

BY R. OSGOOD MASON, M.D.

(II.)

These, then, are the facts thus far brought out by our hasty survey of the origin and development of psychic action—facts most important to our present purpose, namely:

1. That just previous to each change in the plan of nervous organization by which psychic action was effected, the *kind* of psychic action characteristic of the then present organism culminated—*i. e.*, reached its highest point of effectiveness; and in that culmination a psychic action was reached, seemingly impossible to that plan and apparently anticipating the action of the plan and organism about to be introduced. This is what was seen in the actinophrys before the organization of the higher protozoa, and again in the more highly organized protozoa—as, for example, in the rotifer, or wheel animalcule—prior to the differentiation of brain or nerve matter, and just before the introduction of the ganglion and its nerve connections in the ascidian mollusk. At the highest development of the ganglionic system in the articulate animals, the psychic development of the bee and ant is most conspicuous, displaying such high qualities and attributes that many observers cannot refrain from assigning to them a real intelligence and conscious reasoning power, notwithstanding the absence of the cerebral ganglion in the sensorium—their only brain. It was *altogether instinct;* and those astonishing actions, seemingly displaying

mathematical knowledge and definite reasoning powers, were purely automatic—performed by every individual of the class as soon as it came into existence, by one just as well as another, and by each the first time, and before it had ever seen it done or learned how to do it, just as perfectly as the hundredth time and after months of experience. It was instinct carried to such a degree as to simulate a conscious knowledge, or even a developed reasoning power—modes of psychic action that in reality belong only to a higher development of the nervous organization.

2. A still more important deduction is, that the *grade* of instinct or automatic action becomes higher at each successive higher form of nervous organization. The automatic work of the ameba or actinophrys, and even of the ciliated protozoa —creatures with the psychic element or base diffused throughout their whole substance, without differentiated brain or nerve matter—is quite inferior to those actions that are exhibited in connection with the ganglionic system to which the insect class belongs; and the grade of automatic work, wonderful as it is, exhibited in the insect tribe is inferior in character to that shown by the tortoise, the bird, and domestic animals—creatures endowed with a complete brain, including the cerebral mass—in their wonderful homing propensity and power. For we ourselves, from our higher standpoint and with our great knowledge and reasoning powers, can at least comprehend the work of the bee and ant. But we have no sense, no knowledge, nor any reasoning power that can explain how the turtle traverses a quarter of the circumference of the globe to return to its accustomed haunts; how the pigeon, released from its tower half a hundred miles away, first circles around and then takes the most direct route to its former home; or how the common steer, driven two hundred miles away to a new home, escapes from its inclosure, takes a different and more direct return route, recrosses a broad river at a point many miles distant from that at which it crossed on its outbound journey,

and arrived at its former home in the shortest practicable time.

3. There was need of the improved organization in each instance before it came. The psychic condition demanded the improvement, and the improvement came in response to that need. Psychic development could go no farther on the old plan; a new plan for psychic action must therefore be introduced, or advancement must cease. In response to this demand new facilities were provided by means of additions to and improvements in the nervous organization. To the psychic faculty diffused throughout the mass succeeded the differentiated ganglionic system of the mollusk and articulate; to the sensorium of the articulates succeeded the cerebro-spinal system of the fish and reptile, the bird and mammalian—because in each instance psychic development demanded it, and psychic action produced the organism necessary for its proper expression: all in the same manner as the special senses, one by one, were developed. The need of sight, for instance, in connection with the existence of surrounding light, gradually in the course of ages localized a peculiar sensé impression with relation to light, which developed into a rudimentary eye and later into the complete organ, in which was established the perfected sense perception that we now know and enjoy as sight.

These essential facts are also evident: that automatic action and instinct were the primary and for ages the only psychic activities displayed in Nature and in the development of life upon the earth; that the higher forms of intelligence and consciousness were grafted *upon these,* as necessities for the fulfilment of the ends of life and a full psychic development; and that, as higher and higher stages of intelligence were reached, the *grade* of instinct or automatic action was also raised—ranging from the inception of a food particle to the building of mathematically exact cells, and still higher to a sense of direction and ability to return to old haunts, which science accepts but cannot explain. This fact, however, re-

mains and is pertinent—that after the introduction of the cerebrum in the regular course of nervous development, the sensorium (which up to that point had been the only organ of psychic expression and the promoter of instinctive and automatic action) still continued to enlarge and increase in importance; and especially the cerebellum, whose function even now has not been clearly determined, increased in a fairly well-defined ratio to the increase in the cerebrum. And it may yet be demonstrated that, as the cerebrum is the organ of psychic expression for the conscious reasoning self, so, as has been suggested, the cerebellum, with other more central ganglia, may prove to be the organ of psychic expression for the subconscious, perceiving self.

To what extent does man conform to the analogy found to exist in regard to this psychic development? Perfectly, it may be replied, and in every particular. For the sake of brevity and a clear field in this necessary survey, the great mass of ordinary automatic actions displayed in the lower animals has been entirely unnoted; the whole wonderful process of reproduction, for instance, has been left untouched. Only striking, unusual, and characteristic structural changes and corresponding psychic advancement have been pointed out.

The great difference in nervous organization between the higher animals and man consists in the immense development and compact arrangement of the cerebrum, the organ of intelligence, and increased facilities for intercommunication between the different parts of the brain; and these immense improvements have not preceded mental development, but, as in previous instances, have come in response to the demand for better facilities for psychic expression. As a result of remembered experiences, knowledge accumulated and a consciousness of self was established. As a result of comparison, the reasoning faculty was developed, and so new knowledge (not the direct result of experience) was obtained. The carrying on of these higher intellectual processes demanded an enlarged brain,

and the enlarged and improved organ appeared. In this amazing development of psychic activity, made possible by the greater size and finer organization of the cerebrum, the necessity for the instincts useful to the lower animals was diminished and nearly disappeared. Man's knowledge and experience taught him to build in a manner more suited to his individual needs than the instinct alone of the bee would have done, and to carry out more complicated and effective military tactics than those practised by the ant. The sense of direction as witnessed in the tortoise, pigeon, and domestic animals gave place to observation of the stars and the indications of the compass. Did, then, the instinctive and automatic powers that had served so admirably in the development of the lower animals, each in its appropriate place and grade, cease when the intellectual processes made possible by the improved brain were introduced? Or were they, as we have seen was the case at each advance in structure and psychic action in the lower animals, transferred to a higher plane—a plane as much above the usual work of his organization as was the building instinct of the bee or the homing instinct of the pigeon, in each case seemingly superior to the nervous organization through which it was automatically manifested? If it is to be found at all, where are we to look for the manifestation of this higher automatic action in man? From analogy we should look for it in connection with the highest mental activities exercised by him —the scientific, the literary, the artistic. What are the facts that bear upon this subject?

It is unnecessary to rehearse the facts relating to the automatisms that occur in somnambulism, either natural or induced by hypnotism, or to discuss those exhibited in automatic writing, trance-speaking, crystal-gazing, and other unusual manifestations of mental activity, not under the control of the ordinary consciousness—wonderful and appropriate to our purpose as these manifestations are. It is more to our purpose to examine some other examples of automatic mental activity

carried on when the ordinary consciousness is fully awake, and yet which are altogether beyond the ordinary intellectual ability of the persons through whom this unusual performance is exhibited; and some of the most remarkable instances of this display of automatic mental activity are found in that class of persons known as prodigies. As an illustration we will notice, especially, mathematical prodigies.

The following are some of the instances examined by Professor Scripture, in a recent article, and also made use of by Mr. Myers, of the Society for Psychical Research, in his most valuable studies. Mr. Myers has constructed a table of thirteen names of mathematical prodigies—Ampère, Bidder, Colburn, Dase, Gauss, Safford, Archbishop Whately, and others; of these, all developed the calculating faculty in childhood: three at ten years of age and the others from three to six. In more than half the instances the gift remained only three or four years, while in a few it remained longer, and even through life. It was developed in persons of all grades of general intelligence.

Coming to particular cases, Archbishop Whately writes: "There was certainly something peculiar in my calculating faculty. It began to show itself at between five and six years and continued three years. I soon got to do the most difficult sums, always in my head, for I knew nothing of figures beyond enumeration. I did these sums much quicker than any one could upon paper, and I never remember to have committed the smallest error. When I went to school—at which time the passion wore off—I was a perfect dunce at ciphering and have continued so ever since."

Professor Safford, at ten years of age, worked correctly in his head in one minute a multiplication sum whose answer contained thirty-six figures—a number of which it is impossible for most minds to form any adequate conception. Mangiamele at ten years of age appeared before the French Academy, and Arago proposed the following questions: "What is

the cube root of 3,796,416?" In half a minute the child replied, "156," which is correct. "What number satisfies the condition that its cube plus five times its square is equal to forty-two times itself increased by forty?" In less than a minute the child answered that "five" satisfied the conditions, which is also correct.

Such in general was the character of the problems to which correct answers were given by these children at an age when most children are not quite sure of the multiplication table—an age when the true reasoning faculty is not developed. It is a singular though pertinent fact that none of these children, with one or two doubtful exceptions, could explain the process by which they obtained the result. They saw, as it were, certain parts of the process and the correct answer; in other words, something within the child—something acting automatically—revealed the answer and impressed it upon the conscious mind. Had the work been accomplished by any true reasoning process, undoubtedly it would have been remembered and could have been described; and, instead of being lost at the time when the reasoning powers began to be fully developed, the faculty would have increased with that development and exhibited still more wonderful results. Exactly the opposite occurred. The faculty was most accurate *before* the reasoning powers were developed—a time when the subconscious mind is frequently most active—and was lost when conscious intellectual processes became active, when serious reasoning and planning commenced, a more intense self-consciousness appeared, and new sentiments and powerful passions were awakened. The faculty exhibited by these children had its origin in the subconscious mind. It was closely related to the mathematically correct work of the bee, or the homing of the pigeon or steer. In these animals it was instinct; in the mathematical prodigy it was instinct raised to a higher plane, engaged upon other problems corresponding to the higher and better equipped nervous organization. It

was the work of the subliminal self—that strangely perceptive part of our personality that often builds much better than we know.

It would be easy to bring an array of instances illustrating this view of the genesis and exhibition of genius as presented in music, in art, in literature, and in religion. I prefer, however, to bring before the mind of the reader, somewhat in detail, a single marked example of the mastering influence of the subconscious mind—the subliminal self—in which art and literature are combined. This example of the power of direct impression and visualization as a controlling element in genius is found in the person and work of William Blake, artist and poet, whose literary and artistic career dates from 1783, when he was twenty-six years of age, to 1827, when he died at the age of seventy. It thus antedates the literary life of Wordsworth by nearly a quarter of a century.

As a child of eight or nine, Blake began to have visions—at first of angels, something after the manner of Joan of Arc—though we are not informed that at that time any important communication was made to him; but his insight—his peculiar and supernormal perceptive faculty—was also manifested at an early age. When scarcely fourteen years old, at which time his limited school education ceased, he was taken to Ryland, the best teacher of engraving and drawing at that time in London, in order to be placed with him as an apprentice. The boy, however, objected. "I like not this man," said he; "his face looks as if he would live to be hanged." Fortunately, his intuitions were heeded, and he was apprenticed to Basire, who was also an excellent artist as well as a gentle and upright man. Curiously enough, twelve years later Ryland was hanged for forgery, according to the augury of the youthful visionary.

At the age of twenty he had already completed a work called "Poetical Sketches," which was published by the help of friends six years later. Concerning these youthful effu-

sions, Swinburne remarks: "They appeared at a time when we not only had no poetry—a thing that was bearable; but had verses in plenty—a thing not in the least bearable." At such a time a man scarcely twenty years of age suddenly appeared with work already done, "not simply better than any man could then do, but better than all except the very greatest have done since." During the next twenty years followed "Songs of Innocence," "The Book of Thel," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "Visions of the Daughters of Albion," "Songs of Experience," and other works, all in a decidedly grand and mystic vein. These poems were illustrated with designs of the most original and unique character—sometimes elaborate drawings and sometimes merely marginal or interpolated sketches, but always striking and characteristic.

By a curious incident Blake became his own publisher. When "Songs of Innocence," his first illustrated work, was completed, the important question arose, and was long unsettled, as to how it could be published. He was too poor to incur the expense himself, and the mystic and unusual character of the poems and the elaborate illustrations prevented any publisher from undertaking the work, small as it was. At this juncture, his brother, who had also been his favorite pupil and had recently died, appeared, as it seemed to him, in a dream or vision, and said, "Why not publish the work yourself?" He intimated that the whole work, text and illustrations, should be engraved on copper and printed together from the plates; and he also distinctly suggested the best means of overcoming certain technical difficulties. Whereupon Blake was not disobedient to the vision, but at once set about the task of engraving and printing. Small copper plates were procured by his wife from their scanty means, also paper, and materials for the ink and colors, all of which Blake himself prepared. His wife assisted in the delicate manipulation of the printed sheets, and carefully sewed and bound them in the little fascicle of less than thirty pages that constituted each

volume. The illustrations were colored by hand by Blake himself, assisted in the plainer parts by his helpful wife.

Nearly all his subsequent illustrated poems were published in the same manner. Thus the suggestions, apparently from his dead brother, came to be the means of disclosing his genius to the world and the chief means of livelihood throughout his life. During these years also appeared some of his most noted designs and illustrations of other works, not his own, such as Blair's "Grave," Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," and others later in life, notably the wonderful illustrations of the Book of Job.

On examination, then, we find in Blake the artist and the poet combined—high literary and high artistic qualities—a combination rarely found, and only in the most conspicuous geniuses. But, as is frequently the case with genius, he was not understood nor appreciated during his life. Superficial critics, and even those of repute, both in literature and art, scorned him and sneered at him; but one of his own pithy apothegms was applicable here: "Listen to the fool's reproach —it is a kingly title." Flaxman, however, was delighted with his works, both literary and artistic. Wordsworth also though believing him insane, admired and appreciated him; but, among the professional critics whose ability was eminent and still remains unquestioned, Charles Lamb seems almost the only one of his contemporaries who really understood or appreciated him and was not afraid to acknowledge it. Now, after a hundred years, every biographical item, every scrap of manuscript either in poetry or prose, every sketch or half-finished or half-ruined painting, as well as examples of his complete or finished work, is eagerly sought out and treasured as material for furnishing clues to a better understanding of the life and genius of this phenomenal man.

To his contemporaries he was certainly erratic, and hints of his insanity have come down to us, emphasized recently by the Lombroso and Nordau school of writers. Socrates and

other noted personages are mentioned in the same category; but if insanity means simply the loss of an intelligent comprehension of surroundings and relations to such a degree as to unfit the affected person for the duties and relations of life, then most assuredly Blake was not insane, nor was Socrates, but on the contrary both were among the sanest of men. In religion, in literature, and in art he had distinct ideals; but, like the ideals of genius always, they were in advance of his age. To these ideals, however, he was always true; toward them he worked and for them he lived; they were perfectly coherent and distinct, just as much so as were those of Dante or Milton, or of Wagner or Tolstoi. In working out these ideals he lost sight of personal comfort, honors, or fortune, and in consequence he was neglected by the conventional world about him. He died in poverty, and even his grave is unknown.

He was original—he could not be otherwise. In this respect his own words are again applicable to himself. "The eagle," he said, "never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow."

What was it that separated this man from other poets and artists of his time—not only the ordinary but also the eminent ones? Simply this—that while others, with few exceptions, worked according to the conventional rules of art, Blake worked entirely from his own intuitions. He saw before him the picture he would create, perfectly distinct in detail, and with sufficient permanence to enable him to reproduce it. If, for instance, he wished to represent the art of ancient Greece, or Assyria, or Egypt, he affirmed that he was present and saw these examples of art in their proper places and in their natural relations, and hence could represent them truly. So in his poetry, the scenes and persons he would represent took actual form and movement before him. Even names, sentiments, and language were distinctly present to his mind; and to these facts is attributable not only his peculiar originality but also

the wonderful rapidity of his work, both artistic and literary. In a letter to an intimate friend he writes concerning "The Jerusalem," one of his poems: "I have written this poem from immediate dictation—twelve and sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time—without premeditation, and sometimes even against my will. The time taken in writing was thus rendered to me non-existent, and an immense poem exists that seems to be the labor of a long life—all produced without labor or study."

While he generally worked alone, as examples of his visualizing power some heads have been preserved by a brother artist, Mr. John Varley, in whose presence and at whose instigation they were drawn. His favorite time for such work was from ten o'clock in the evening to three or four in the morning. Varley, sitting with him, would say, "Now give us a portrait of Moses," or David, or Julius Cæsar, or whatever ancient or historic person struck his fancy. Blake would remain passive and quiet, sometimes only a few minutes and again a long time, and then would say, "Well, he is here." Materials for drawing being at hand, he would at once begin to sketch from his vision the face or form requested, looking up to it from time to time as to a model. Sometimes he would say, "It has moved," or "It is gone—I must wait until it returns," or "It frowns," or "The mouth is gone"; and he would wait until it resumed its natural appearance.

It was in this manner that the now famous "visionary heads" were produced, such as "The Man that Built the Pyramids," "William Wallace," "Edward III.," and "The Ghost of a Flea." Swinburne remarks that these famous drawings, both burlesque and serious, are interesting chiefly for the evidence they give of Blake's power over his own mind and nerves and of the strong and subtle mixture of passion with humor in his temperament. But it is just here that Swinburne has entirely misapprehended the genius of Blake. It was not by any voluntary act of the mind that these figures were realized,

or his chief poems written; they were not works of the imagination alone, synthetically constructed. Of analysis and synthesis, or syllogistic reasoning, Blake knew no more than an infant. The pictures so presented to his perception were the spontaneous work of his subconscious mind—his own subliminal self—representing those definite forms and symbols and impressing them upon his senses without any conscious effort on his part, beyond the simple desire going out in the direction of the object to be attained. With Blake, this subliminal self was far-reaching in its range of action, was exercised upon lofty subjects, and was most definite and distinct in its perceptions and in the impressions it made upon his ordinary consciousness. So definite and distinct were they that Blake, like almost every man that receives impressions in this superior manner, considered them as direct revelations and as infallible truth. So also thought Mahomet and Swedenborg; so thought Joan of Arc; and so has every one who, illuminated by that inner light, has in the faith it inspired risked the impact of the prejudices and conventionalities of the age, whether in science, art, literature, or religion—and has eventually broken them to pieces.

And such, to a greater or less degree, is the work of all true genius. Contrary to the opinion of Doctor Johnson, the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, and other eminent but hardly up-to-date authorities, some one has more truly said that genius, so far from being "an infinite capacity for hard work and taking pains," is the capacity for doing the greatest things *without* taking pains. It is cosmic perceptive power, refined and elevated to correspond to man's high intellectual and moral status.

I have presented Blake as a conspicuous instance of this subconscious psychic activity, exercised in poetry and art—two of those higher planes of action where we naturally look for exhibitions of genius. For the *highest* examples, especially in the field of literature, we are accustomed to demand a certain intellectual preëminence and culture, associated with originality

and the creative power; and this is just. The product of the subconscious mind cannot be implicitly relied upon as absolute truth. Reason is our court of last resort, and to its analytical processes—various as the results may be, according to our varying knowledge—all this wonderful "up-rush," as Mr. Myers would call it, from the subconscious mind must be submitted. When, *with this,* intellectual preëminence and culture are united in the same individual, as in Goethe and Dante and Milton, the highest results are achieved. But, on the other hand, the same "up-rush" also occurred in the experiences of Mahomet and Joan of Arc—untutored children of Nature, neither of whom could read or write, and yet in whose cases such vast results were achieved; but there it was associated with that clear and broad appreciation of existing circumstances and forecast of the future that so often accompany this peculiar gift. It occurred also in the mathematical prodigies we have noted, and at an age when the power of abstract reasoning was still undeveloped. But in all these cases, both cultured and uncultured, when this "up-rush" occurs and in some way is caught by the intellectual, conscious, primary self, and is expressed or made permanent by prophet, seer, religious chief, poet, musician, artist, inventor, or architect, we call it *genius*—and such is its genesis and evolution.

(*Concluded.*)

THE microbe advocates are becoming so afraid of the little objects of their study and research that they advise against purchasing fruits and vegetables that have been exposed to germ-laden dust. The farmer may soon be ordered to grow his fruits and vegetables in glass houses, and to sterilize them before taking to market. A humanity that succumbs to the invisible animalcules and bacilli must be weak indeed, with its life forces almost exhausted; but the physician who succumbs to the theories of modern bacteriopathy is weaker still.—*The Flaming Sword.*

EVOLUTION OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

BY WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

Then vision came, and in the light he saw
What he had hoped now openly revealed,
And much beside—the inmost soul of things,
And "beauty" as the crown of life itself,
Ineffable, transcending mortal form;
For robed in light, no longer fantasy,
Before his gaze the true "ideal" stood
Sublimely fair, beyond conception, clothed
In beauty and divinest symmetry.
—*"The Dual Image." Book I.*

In the constructing of a locomotive, the boiler must never be larger than suffices for the generation of the amount of steam required for the work of the engine; otherwise in proportion to its undue size and weight would it use up and waste the force required for its allotted work of transport by the additional burden of its own unwieldy mass. So with the human engine, if its digestive apparatus, which prepares the sustenance for the body as a whole, be abnormally large, much of the nutritive substance prepared by it will be required for the support of the overgrown apparatus itself; and the man—all stomach, like an oyster—will then to a certain extent live rather to eat than to work, a burden to himself and a slave to his appetite.

Hence it follows that if man would be strong and symmetrical in body—for strength and symmetry are allied—he must, especially in his early days, take care that he does not overdevelop his digestive system beyond the needs of the body by any undue indulgence in eating and drinking. If he should, as many do, he will have made it impossible afterward to attain to the symmetry of form so requisite for the full realization of that beauty that ought to be his by natural right as the inheritance of his manhood.

Though the symmetrical development of the limbs and body as a whole is greatly assisted by moderation in eating and drinking, it is further promoted by physical training and healthful exercise, whether in the daily avocations of life or otherwise; for all these are factors of prime importance in the evolution of the physically perfect man. And hitherto, in this respect, certain outdoor pursuits—as hunting, athletics, and field-sports—have been conducive to this end. The life of the soldier, too, with its military training, has at all times played no unimportant part in the evolution of a high standard of physical beauty—the "martial bearing" known of old and celebrated as the "warrior type": those "perfect men," as Tennyson has called them, the next in rank to the men with growing wings, which ultimate stage ought to be the desired goal of all, as it is the end and aim of all human development. But to attain to this, the crowning stage of human evolution, man's higher faculties must be brought into daily use and stimulated ever by his adherence to and worshipful aspiration to reach the height of his chosen "ideal" of a transcendent manhood, and further even by his adherence to and worship of ideal excellence in all the pursuits of life.

To this desirable consummation, the chief aim of all human effort, as it affects the masses of mankind, the present age of labor-saving inventions has contributed more than almost all the preceding ages of the world; for the state of high culture and mental refinement, on which so much depends in the evolution of the higher and more perfect types of physical beauty, has hitherto in most countries been confined to the rich and governing classes. In by-gone years, the necessarily rude and illiterate condition of the mass of the people, and the unremitting toil to supply the daily wants of life, were prejudicial to the progress of the toilers in this direction. Nevertheless, through the privileged classes, and especially through the (till now) unavoidably circumscribed aristocracy of learning and intellectual culture existing in isolated centers since the dawn

of history, has descended that leaven which shall in time leaven the whole mass of humanity.

For unknown centuries have the dumb, inarticulate millions fought and toiled and slaved, until at length in these present years they are crying for their emancipation. And they are being emancipated—not yet indeed from rulers (kings, presidents, or whatsoever they be called), but from the intolerable bonds of ignorance and selfishness that condemned them to a life of toil, prolonged and unrelieved by any of the redeeming features that shall in the near future, let us hope, ennoble labor, making it not only honorable for all men but an interesting pursuit for the worker—a pleasure rather than a toil—and in every grade alike compatible with the highest standard of culture and mental development as regards the individual and the community at large.

This must be so in the days that are coming; for the bondage-breaking light of Science has dawned upon the world. Her lamp, more wonderful than that of Aladdin, has at length called up and bound the long-reluctant genii of Nature's vast and weird repositories of force and made them over unto man, his willing slaves forever. Her girding bands now compass land and sea; the latter no longer as a barrier separates the nations, but is, in this respect, as if it were not—as if the Apocalyptic prophecy of "no sea" were even now, in a figurative sense, being realized. Her wand, more potent than necromancer's rod, has smote the earth, and, lo! long-hoarded treasures of incalculable wealth lie open in the light of day, that men may help themselves if they are worthy of the gifts that Science thus so freely brings to be the heritage of all.

Man's power of production, by the aid of Science multiplied ten thousand times or more, has brought not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life within reach of almost all grades of artisans and workmen. That primal sentence, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," has borne heavily upon mankind from the beginning. The inhabitants of the

earth, groaning under the yoke of inordinate labor, have sped down the ages, like that legendary type of struggling humanity, "the wandering Jew," the unfeeling selfishness of whose disposition unfitted him for other than a life of toil, until, educated thereby, the burden is remitted.

Work! work!—this has been the great decree enforced by necessity from the "beginning," when man, leaving the animal, set out upon the long road of human progress. Work! work—of necessity with grinding, monotonous sameness of routine! How terrible would have been the old legendary edict in the early days had not the sages and prophets, then as ever pitying the hard lot of the toilers, instituted on religious grounds periodic times and days of rest, when the daily, crushing monotony of labor might be broken and the whip of the taskmaster be laid aside under pain of displeasure of the gods! We may now call it all superstition, but it was ordained in mercy on behalf of the toiling millions. Let none of us lightly condemn the old ordinance of the "sabbath." It was, as we say, ordained in mercy, and, so long as toil is necessary in the world, it must be retained.

There has thus been, as it were, a continual struggle going on in the world between good and evil; yet, as regards mankind, the operation of "evil" is that which calls the "good" into activity. It is that by which the inherent and latent good in man is evolved, tested, and perfected. Without this struggle man could not be man. It is the struggle that constitutes his humanity. To this end is man a voluntary agent, free to choose the good or the evil by virtue of the reason with which he is endowed. And it follows that if he choose the latter he is still on the downward curve, and must deteriorate, for a time, both physically and intellectually; for, having obeyed against the voice of reason the lower propensities of his nature, he must descend toward the animal, forfeiting proportionally the intellectual faculty, the voice of which he has disobeyed, or, worse still, which he has prostituted in carrying out the

evil machinations of his lower self. So, on the other hand, a successful struggle against the evil, whether within or without, must raise man to a higher standard of excellence both mentally and physically; for the physical organization is the outward expression of the psychical and spiritual principles that constitute the real man.

The evolution of both spiritual and physical beauty, therefore, is dependent now, as ever, on a ceaseless but successful struggle on the part of man against the apparent evils with which he is beset. Hence it is that he has at all times enlisted in his behalf the aid of "religion" in furthering his aims in this respect; for all religions worthy of the name demanded a struggle and self-sacrifice on the part of the individual, while at the same time they inculcated a reverence for a "something" infinitely greater and higher than man—namely, for that unseen power called "God" in common language. In Him all things subsist and have come into form in creation as His manifested expression, man being preëminently the microcosm of the Whole—the monad who has come out from the Infinite to attain individuality and return therewith enriched and clothed, as a son of God, with the transcendent glory of angelhood.

SUPPOSE I could remove the brain-cap of any one of you, and expose the brain in active work—as it doubtless is at this moment. Suppose, further, that my senses were absolutely perfect, so that I could see everything that was going on there. What should I see? Only decompositions and recompositions, molecular agitations and vibrations; in a word, *physical* phenomena, and nothing else. There is absolutely nothing else there to see. But *you*, the subject of this experiment—what do *you* perceive? You see nothing of all this. You perceive an entirely different set of phenomena, namely, consciousness—thought, emotion, will: *psychical* phenomena; in a word, a self, a person. From the outside we see only the physical; from the inside, only psychical phenomena.—*Joseph Le Conte.*

THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART III. ELIMINATIVE AND CONSTRUCTIVE MENTATION.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

Professor Marsh pointed out a most interesting fact in evolution. It is well known that the gigantic animal structures of the geological ages disappeared from the earth and have been succeeded by smaller organisms. It seems to be true that in such changes the brain of the succeeding type has ever been larger in comparison with the organism than that of the type displaced. And if we remember that more brain means a greater and more complex functioning of mind, we may draw a most important conclusion, namely, that in the evolution of life there has been a survival of the fittest mind.

But our inquiry here leads us far beyond this conclusion. We find that the manifestation of mind alone most fitted to overrun the earth is not that manifestation of mind which has been prominent in the best thought and life of man of historic times. This has been a development of mind that natural selection acting through physical environment would hardly account for; that is, the evolution of morality, ethics, altruism, and esthetics. Thus we see that evolution must now follow the lines of higher mental states.

In the preceding paper there was a consideration of some mental states that constitute or induce the higher life. The question arises, Is there any method or art by which these may be attained; and if so, what? There is; and it is the *mastery of the mind,* and through it of the conditions and states of consciousness related to the objective life and impressed upon the subliminal states.

*Copyright, 1899, by Joseph Stewart.

Mind has been said to be "the totality of the subconscious and conscious adaptive functions of the organism in interaction with the cosmos."* *I* would say it is the relation in entirety between the consciousness and the cosmos. We therefore see the reason for such proverbs as that of the Hindus: "The mind binds us and the mind sets us free."

To master the mind is to master the relations with the cosmic environment. It is to select at will the character of the soul's functioning and thereby become the creator of the bodily conditions on the one hand and the states of consciousness on the other. It is to become a powerful psychic factor for good. It is to gain control over the only instrument by which the personality may be purged of the dross that prevents progress and a realization of higher states in this body and hereafter.

"We must be careful how we choose our thoughts; the soul is dyed by its thoughts." The mind is the spring of every conscious action, and it is the creator of the special aspect that the world wears to each individual soul. Says Emerson: "You have seen a skilful man read Virgil. Well, that author is a thousand books to a thousand persons. Take the book into your two hands and read your eyes out: you will never find what I find." So does each soul live in a condition made by itself, and everything upon this plane is interpreted by the mind for itself. "We may make the world a palace or a prison," says Sir John Lubbock. By the power of conscious creative mentation we may create a higher and purer world of thought into which we may retire at will, and into which no unlike or inharmonious elements can enter. We may be cheerful in the midst of adversity, and render ourselves happy in the possession of that which change and opinion cannot touch.

This mastery does not come by haphazard thinking, nor by spasmodic effort, but by systematic mentation and purposeful

* Professor Elmer Gates.

concentration. As far as the purposes here are concerned, it may be said that this concentration must be upon the concepts connected with the higher life. It is constructive in that it creates higher states and intensifies higher aspirations, and it is eliminative in that it displaces lower and antagonistic ones. It fixes the desirable states as habitual ones by building up brain-cells through which the conscious functioning takes place, and upon the psychic side it habituates the soul to those higher conditions by the law of exercise and use. It leads to original thinking, and gives a stronger and truer mental grasp. When sufficient mastery is attained to inhibit all habitual lines of thought, the subliminal mentation becomes vivid and states not theretofore known become apparent.

The practise divides itself naturally into two branches—one the constructive and eliminating, by which new states may be purposefully created, and the other the revealing, by which the soul manifests its latent higher states. The rationale of these will be spoken of particularly in a future paper. For our present purpose we may ask what is the first requisite to successful introspection, aside from the preparation shadowed forth in foregoing pages. There must be some degree of temporary retirement or withdrawal from distracting environment. This is an obstacle to very many who have not accustomed themselves to look within, but who seek all their entertainment and diversion from without. Says Sir Thomas Browne: "Unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others." The advantages of solitude have been universally recognized, and many times unduly magnified. There are conspicuous examples of both. Petrarch retired from the allurements and fascinations of a luxurious court, where every material advantage was at his bidding, in order to be with himself and higher thoughts.

But to attain the result of which I speak it is not necessary to retire into seclusion. The healthful practise requires only a regular effort each day for the training of the soul's facul-

ties by a rational system of thought and meditation. At first the student finds himself ran away with by his desultory, capricious thoughts. He realizes that he is not master in his own mental house. Gradually he begins to gain control; and, by the inhibition of special lines of thought and the concentration upon others that are desirable, he may engage in conscious, systematic character-building. He knows that he has the key to attainment, and the future to a vastly increased extent lies within his conscious control. No doubt most prefer to say:

> "Keep Thou my feet. I do not ask to see
> The distant scene: one step enough for me;"

—yet they must admit that they are not mere automata, and that it is the part of divinity to know and to become.

The details of the art of meditation and concentration are many, and cannot be entered upon here. But even a slight practise of controlling mentation—of the systematic inhibition of harmful thoughts and the holding of beneficial ones—will bring ample reward for the effort; and those who wish to go beyond will find the way. It is well, however, to state here a fundamental rule that will be of benefit at any stage of practise, and one absolutely necessary to observe in the effort to eradicate existing undesirable thought or character. It is a simple one, but must be strictly followed. It is this—that a state of consciousness or a thought cannot be overcome by fighting it. When you only contest it, you intensify it because you hold it in consciousness—the very thing you wish to avoid. You must replace it by another thought of a different and perhaps opposite character, recurring again and again to it until it becomes dominant.

But it must always be remembered that these stages of concentration are but the instruments by which you may master. The mastery must be of the right character; the life must be true, and the aspiration high. If, for instance, one be grossly prejudiced or far from free, the probability is that his concentration (unless done under the immediate direction of one

more competent) might tend to emphasize his errors. In short, *all* is accessory to the life.

While I speak of mastery and the building of character and the attainment of higher states of consciousness, I do not thereby depreciate the beauty and value of unostentatious living: in truth, I hold it to be the best preparation for higher attainment. Emerson says of the poet: "His cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight; the air should suffice for his inspiration, and he should be tipsy on water." This simplicity and spontaneity should mark the life of all.

Nor do I desire to import into life the austerities of asceticism. Along the lines of advancement I would have the soul express its keenest appreciation of the lofty, the beautiful, and the true. This expression naturally seeks a formulation in music, art, symmetry, and proportion and harmony in all relations. I would encourage original thinking and expression rather than imitation, and the spontaneous rather than the labored and artificial; yet they all have their uses. I would have him who has a poet's instinct write or sing his own thoughts, however crude they might be, and he whose soul is tuned to harmony to compose and give forth his own conceptions. I would have all men thus look within themselves, and then write or sing or act accordingly, for the love simply of being what they express, and with no idea of merchandizing their talents, or of vanity, or of fame or applause; for then the virtue of the life actuated by the latter withers as the Dead-Sea fruit turns to ashes on the lip.

I would have men cease to regard living as an evil out of which they propose to extract the greatest amount of what is usually called pleasure, or as a patrimony to be lightly valued and spent. They should realize that life is a great privilege, the value of which is to be realized in the *now* of every soul. The past lives only in the present; the future is yet unborn, but must come out of the present. We must realize the truth of the poet's words:

"Would you be happy? Hearken, then, the way.
Heed not to-morrow; heed not yesterday:
The magic words of life are Here and Now;"

—and regard them as expressing the philosophy of living most truly in each moment, but in no wise as a limitation upon attainment.

I have used the word *esoteric,* not to imply that the methods mentioned are necessarily confined to the few, but that the science of the mind's power and the art of using it for the ennobling of life are little known and appreciated; that the fact that man is an unconscious creator and may become a conscious creator for himself is not generally regarded; that the commonest aspects of life have a deeper meaning than we think; that the familiar proverbs, which like unlaid ghosts haunt the intellectual life, are alive with significance; and that the consensus of philosophic thought is founded in profound truth.

We are only upon the threshold of true living. Let us learn these higher laws of Being, and, knowing them, so live that we may become more beautiful within and evolve a higher state of consciousness—thus uniting our immediate destinies with sublimer spheres of Being both here and in the next state.

(*To be continued.*)

Too MUCH pride in a brilliant son or daughter turns sometimes a bright, companionable young person into a priggish nuisance; and of all nuisances the "know-it-all" young college graduate is the most afflicting. On the other hand, anger at the failure of an already disheartened student does no good and may drive to despair of any ultimate success a girl or boy having much latent ability.—*New York Herald.*

WHILST another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated.—*Emerson.*

A DEFENSE OF THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

A recent critic declares that the New Thought is "invertebrate," easy-going, blindly optimistic, and lacks that power of persistent activity which our age so surely demands. Other critics have condemned it because it has produced few literary results—because the majority of its exponents lack that broad culture which enables the scholar rightly to estimate and classify the worth and originality of a new doctrine. Still others find it so vague, visionary, and pantheistic that they declare it impossible to seize upon anything definite. I will consider these criticisms in their order, and try also to throw some light on the general method of the New Thought.

On general principles, it is a matter of encouragement that a doctrine has reached the point in its development where it is criticized. But the critic should first make sure that he really understands. In the case of the New Thought this means that one shall not only have grasped the fundamental principles but successfully applied them in daily life, and for the good of others. The New Thought is both a science and an art, and the one is not to be understood without the other. It proposes a new point of view, not only for the solution of the problems of disease and of spiritual evolution, but for the solution of all social questions, the regeneration of humanity, the establishment of universal peace, the perfecting of the body; in short, victory over materialism in all its forms. Its work is fundamental to all other work. It lays stress above all else upon the inner life—the realm of causes, of thought influences, of creative spiritual development. It takes issue with doctors, politicians, philanthropists, sociologists, revivalists—with all

reformers who seek to elevate human society by external means, by applying pressure to surfaces and endeavoring to regenerate humanity through legislative and artificial modes. It has no faith in merely material remedies and methods. It does not believe in exposés, combats with error, or pessimistic onslaughts upon the existing order of society. Its methods are purely positive, optimistic, mental. So far as it takes sides, it favors individualism rather than socialism; it is convinced that the perfected social state shall come only when each soul is individually developed, self-masterful and self-reliant.

In a word, the New Thought takes a far look ahead. It regards all external methods as so nearly futile that all thought and energy may as well be centered at once upon the inner ideal. The still, silent power is its agency. It works in quietness and confidence, not disturbed if meanwhile results are not forthcoming; for it argues that the higher the ideal the longer must be its period of gestation. Consequently, it seeks the kingdom of heaven within the seed-sowing realm of the spiritual life, affirms and reaffirms its ideals, and then calmly waits until all outer things shall correspond.

From the point of view of the conventional reformer, accustomed to aggressive methods, this seems like indifference—lazy optimism. Are there not heathen to be saved; the fallen to redeem; the wronged Filipinos to avenge; plutocratic governments to overthrow; deluded and dangerous socialists and free silverites to outwit? Why not be up and doing? Something must be done. Some one must act. Why not we who think new thoughts and repose in blissful silence?

To these taunts, sneers, and sarcastic personal aspersions, the follower of the New Thought replies: We are not running the universe. There is a God. There are laws that regulate all these things. The Trusts will not drive us out of our homes. The plutocrats will not defeat the universe. Man's part is not to regulate but to coöperate. Let the socialists howl, if howl they must. Let the revivalist picture the torments of hell. We of the New Thought world have had

enough of that sort of thing and have discarded it forever. We believe in the ultimate goodness of things, the beneficence of evolution, and the beauty of suffering. It is all an affair of individual consciousness. Therefore, let us become enlightened in regard to the harmonies of life. Let us believe in the good, seek the good, and affirm the good; for we shall accomplish far more in the end. It is impossible to estimate the power for good, for social development, of the calm, spiritually poised life. Every moment tells. Every thought helps. Every sentiment of love plays its part. Therefore, cease all this ado. Have done with personal attacks and bitter complaints. Fill your soul with beautiful thoughts. If you belong to the laboring class, do not unsparingly condemn the capitalist. See the good in him. If you are a politician, tolerate your opponent. Let all your methods be positive.

Thus the follower of the New Thought makes the same answer to all objections. To him, the work already accomplished in the healing of disease proves the principle true for all spheres of reform. All reform must begin in the silent, inner world. Optimism is the guiding genius of evolution. Love is the one incentive that stirs mankind to permanent improvement. The critic has failed to grasp the depth and the scope of this silent, spiritual work.

During the last few months I have had occasion to read nearly all the socialistic and reform papers in the country. I have been constantly impressed with the utter neglect of the mental factor in the study of social reform. The average political economist of the socialistic type seems to have no knowledge of the fact that ideas are wealth. Stress is laid almost wholly upon the wealth produced by manual labor. Consequently, the laborer claims the right to the entire product, seemingly unaware of the important part played by the capitalist. He sends out a continual hue and cry. He demands the coercive distribution of wealth. He shows a general disregard of natural law and the tremendous importance of the individual soul. In a word, he lacks precisely what

the New Thought can give—an understanding of the real source of human activity, the real center of all permanent growth.

It may be true, as some allege, that the New Thought is equally extreme; that it is individualistic, and neglects the truth in socialism. But if its fundamental principle is true, namely, that the spiritual world is the real world, its neglect is due rather to inadequacy of application than to actual one-sidedness. Carried out to its full extent, it *must* touch every factor in the social organism; for individuality is the clue to perfect society. The true individual is the true lover of his fellow-men, the true social worker, the true minister of justice. He alone knows himself. He alone possesses true wealth. And the greatest work he can do is, not to wear himself out in the endeavor to change the surfaces of things, but to spend all his energy revealing people to themselves, by living the holy life, by giving forth power from the spiritual center within.

But I do not wish to be intolerant of the socialist's point of view. I am speaking merely from the standpoint of one who has made an excursion into the outer world and tried to adapt himself to the methods of hue-and-cry reform, and has returned home to the spirit with the conviction that such a compromise is impossible after one has grasped the meaning and beauty, the scope and power of the inner life.

As for the complaint that the New Thought is un-literary, it is well to remember that, as a movement, it originated in the healing of the sick. The majority of its teachers and authors have themselves been healed. They have had little training for authorship. But the New Thought is young. It has a tremendous future. Its great work is to be accomplished with the coming generation. When children shall be born in the New Thought world, their whole life and education will partake of its spirit. In due time we shall have New Thought novelists and poets—not those simply whose books are written for didactic purposes, but works that shall be created for art's sake only.

So also in regard to the vagueness of many New Thought treatises, time must be granted it to become clear. Clearness is a product of maturity. Already the New Thought is reaching manhood on the scientific side, and its therapeutic doctrines have been very concisely and rationally stated. If it still savor of pantheism and fatalism, that is because philosophic clearness is the hardest attainment of all. And the New Thought is undertaking a great philosophic task, namely, to assimilate the truth in pantheism and individualism, and erect out of the positive contributions of each a system of thought that shall do justice both to the finite and the Infinite.

The New Thought doubtless includes many inconsistencies, judged from the point of view of ethics and exact metaphysics. But the same may be said of Theosophy, the Vedânta philosophy, and the most elaborate systems of Germany and Greece. All philosophers are compelled to face these difficulties, and the elimination of inconsistencies is properly the work of all the philosophic ages. There is no one without faults to throw the first stone. Custom supports conservatism, while all novelties suffer from persecution—that is the difference. Some day the tables may be reversed, and the doctors in whose hands the sick suffer and die may be the object of criticism—not the mental healers, struggling against the materialism of the centuries.

I have said enough, however, to suggest the methods and ideals of the New Thought. It can only profit by adverse criticism. Now that it is being criticized, it would be well for it to give heedful ear. It has much to learn from exact science. Ethics is ready to lend it a helping hand. It can, if it will, put the critics to shame by broadening beyond the limits of mere mental healing and by applying the ideal of the inner life to every problem that interests mankind. For at its best it is a *life;* it inculcates a higher, nobler life; and all these details we have been considering are so many aspects of one existence—the fulness and beauty of the individual soul as a manifestation of God.

BODILY IMMORTALITY AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY PAUL TYNER.

As a natural development of the assertion and demonstration of the power of thought to bring into outer manifestation the supremacy of mind over matter in the healing of disease in any degree, an already large and steadily growing number of mental scientists have arrived at the recognition of the possibility of manifesting this supremacy in the fullest degree. The denial of what have been considered limitations on man's powers to *express* himself is fundamental in the New Thought. Whether Life and Death be considered antagonistic negations one of the other, or polar opposites, that we live at all is indisputable evidence that Life is not subject to Death —that Death is, in fact, subject to Life. If we are to look upon these two forces as opposed and warring since the dawn of manifested life on the planet, we must still admit that Life has gained and is ahead; that it is gaining steadily; and that continued gain must result in complete victory. "The world is more and more." Millions of men have died and are dying every year; *more* millions live and are enjoying the life more abundant.

Death has not killed Life so far. On the contrary, Life has shown itself victor over and over. In the last hundred years, we have lengthened the average duration of life and reduced the death-rate in civilized countries nearly thirty per cent. Life to-day is gaining on death at a constantly increasing rate. Thanks to the American occupation of Cuba and the late Colonel Waring's skill and devotion, the scourge of yellow fever seems likely to be destroyed. Measures now under consideration by the Powers, by which recent advances

in science will be brought into operation in the East, promise effectually to prevent the spread of that Oriental horror, the bubonic plague. Improvements in fire-arms, as in surgery, have already greatly lessened the fatalities in war. Further instances might be cited of the immediate results in lengthened life and lessened deaths growing out of new conditions created by our almost daily advances in scientific invention and discovery. We would only have to continue the rate of increase of the last century to increase the average length of life from thirty-three years to sixty-six years. In two hundred years more the average would be one hundred and thirty-two years; in a thousand years it would be three hundred and thirty years. But should the present rapid rate of increase in advance continue, we may look to see this result achieved within one hundred years. When we shall as a race have reached the by no means marvelous plane of common sense marked by the family that succeeds in keeping all its members alive even up to the present average of thirty-three years, the average will be raised to over fifty years—for the present low average is largely due to our absence of common sense, common honesty, and the lack of social conscience that permits us to let our children be so heedlessly born and bred that the majority of those that come into the world die before reaching the age of ten.

Mere length of days is in itself not desirable. The "vision splendid" of that "endless life," in the power of which the apostle tells us we are born, would be empty indeed without the breadth and fulness of life that can only come to man in soul and body with larger and more vivid realization of what life really is, in constantly expanding power and joy of living, in ever-increasing beauty and grace of life, in infinitely enlarging appreciation of Faith, Hope, and Love as the vitalizing elements in every nerve and fiber of flesh—to be worked out in practising rather than preaching. After all, is it not plain that "man does not live by bread alone?" The great and

grand old men of the century have been sustained in spite of habits as to eating that would cause the hygienists to predict only early death. A Bismarck defies eighty years while eating, smoking, and drinking like a Gargantua. Cardinal Manning and Pope Leo thrive and work for a decade beyond the "allotted span" on a regimen that to most men would mean starvation. The genius of a Goethe burns brightly at ninety. We need to realize that the endless life is not to begin after the death of the body, but that it already *is.*

"There is no death." This is true in more than the poet's sense for the man that wills to live. Logically, there can be no life that is limited. Either Life or Death is supreme. If Death is supreme, there can be no life. If Life is supreme, there can be no death. Death, so called, marks simply individual failures to realize and manifest the truth of Life. Death and all the degrees thereof we call disease, weakness, and infirmity are merely individual mistakes. The race as a whole keeps on living. What the race can do, the individual can do.

The essence of this thought is not grasped if it is conceived of as threatening a perpetuation of the feeble condition we now term "old age." It would be equally erroneous to regard it as claiming perpetuity of youth in youth's folly and blindness. What it does mean is the realization of that ideal of the ages—a life in which man shall attain to ever-greater wisdom, goodness, and serenity without losing the beauty and strength and spontaneity, the eagerness and the joy of living that are now so foolishly and unnecessarily left behind by the white-haired sage. It means the actualization on earth among men in the flesh, as in heaven among saints and angels, of "*Life,* and life more abundant," which Jesus declared it his mission to bring to men.

DISEASE—lack of ease—is a condition only: not an entity, and not necessary.—*Franc Garstin.*

NEW PROBLEMS OF IMMORTALITY.

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

As the proofs of immortality change with the advance of science and philosophy, there are recurrent demands for the latest aspect of the question. The principal basis of argument in recent speculation is the fact of life, and the problem is to explain either its destruction or continuance.

Man *is*, and we cannot prove that he ever ceases to be. We know a soul only as existing. When the body dies the soul is no longer perceptible; but whether that is because it is dead or is only gone is what we seek to know. There is no experience of death except of the body. Knowing not the connection of the soul with the body, we know not any severance. We know only that they are together, and that after what is called "death" the body is alone. Whether the soul has ceased to be or has simply gone elsewhere, is the question raised.

Whether or not the soul is anything apart from the body, the body cannot exist without the soul, except for a little while after death, when it speedily decays. The soul is necessary to the body during its growth and maintenance; and the question is whether, when the body dies, there is change enough to dissipate the soul into nothingness.

Mind is not known as anything like the body. Thought does not resemble extension or hardness, and we cannot conceive of one passing into the other or being of the same piece. We cannot think of any change that the body can undergo to become mind, and such change should not be admitted without evidence. We know of nothing else than thought that can be turned into thought, and nothing that thought can be turned into. There is nothing but thought that is at all like thought

or interchangeable with it. And since thought must ever remain itself, it will wholly cease to be when it is not thought. And, as we have no evidence of anything that tends to destroy it, it must presumably remain.

If, moreover, there cannot be thought without something that thinks, and if that something exists when the thought is no more, then also immortality seems a necessary deduction. For we know not what becomes of the thing that thinks when the individual thoughts are gone. There is thinking; and, until we know what causes it, we cannot say that such cause may be destroyed with the passing away of the thoughts. If the body thinks, we should expect to find something in it that resembles thought, or that is known as producing it; whereas the body is not recognized as thinking or doing anything that at all resembles the production of thought. But if, on the other hand, there is something in the body that thinks, it may be claimed that this something ought to be perceived, or give some evidence of its presence; whereas no soul is ever recognized. Thinking goes on in connection with the body, and this seems to be all we can say about it.

We have, however, only thought by which to recognize things; and if what thinks is thought, and not body, we can recognize it only as part of our consciousness. In this recognition, while we observe the thoughts as passing, we recognize something remaining that connects them. There may indeed be something that produces both body and thought—when the question resolves itself into whether that something is thought or body, or whether body and thought may not be one. That is to say, the question arises, Does the body produce thought, or is it thought itself? It may also be asked, Is thought produced at all, or may it not be the original? Thought may possibly create a body about itself, and remain when it discards the body. If the body produces thought, then the question arises, Does thought produce body; and which is the first? What begins or starts things into being? Mind or body? Our ex-

perience is all of mind beginning. Everything else has a previous cause. Matter never originates of itself, but is always in a chain of effects. If there is any absolute origination known it is in the action of the will, which is the only thing in our experience that seems to originate; and if the will is not the first starter, we know not what starts it.

The question then becomes, Are there beginnings in Nature, or only changes? And is the will a link, or the beginning of a chain? If there is only continuing, and not beginning, then nothing comes into existence; but everything has always been, either in its present condition or in some equivalent of it. If all is the perpetual equivalent of itself, so that nothing comes into being or passes out of being, then the mind is always potentially and necessarily in existence. Its being here is not an accident: it not only is, but must be; and it not only is now, but is in the original mass as a germ that must develop. No accident produces mind, and no accident can destroy it. It will always go by the same force as it came. The mind that *is* had to be, and what it will be it must be. All mind is in a necessity of being; and what made it be at this time may make it be at another time, or perpetuate it in being.

We have no experience of mind coming or mind going. A moment before it appears, and after it is gone, there is no indication of it. There is nothing like mind that ushers it in, and nothing like mind that remains when it goes. Mind is known only as mind—never as body, nor as anything between the two. There is no gradation from thought into anything else. No idea looks like a circle or a tree. It can be compared to nothing but itself, and it in no way resembles anything else. Thought is without relations, and has nothing in common with other things. What is not thought is altogether something different. There are no half-thoughts, or things partly thought and partly something else. Thought cannot be mixed with what is not thought. An idea and an acid do not combine. There are no chemical compounds of thought. No thought

is known in Nature apart from living organisms. We know thought only as *thinking,* not as something to handle. It is never dead, and it never becomes anything else, nor a part of anything else. It remains thought; and when it is no more it is without relics of any kind, though we know not that it ever ceases to be as thought.

What becomes of thought, or whether anything becomes of it, is the great question. It may always be; and what it is when we cease to recognize it is the problem of immortality. What is will always be unless it is destroyed; and we know nothing of destruction of the soul. We cannot conceive of anything being changed into so great an unlikeness as mind into matter. There is no such great difference known as between thinking and anything else. There is nothing like thinking and nothing that we can conceive as producing it, or into which it can go. It must remain itself or be nothing.

It may indeed be claimed that thinking is only things appearing, or one quality of things—their result on coming in contact with an organism, as an explosion. If thought is not different from things, but is only things in a certain state, or things as they act under special conditions, then there is no mind; and thought, instead of being a thing-in-itself, is a mode of something else. Moreover, we do not have to account for it or for its coming or going. If thought is only a "way" of the things known, the question of its beginning and end is only that of the origin and destiny of the things themselves. Thought and things are one, and there is an identity of subject and object, as taught by German absolutists. In this view, the question of whether there is immortality for any one is preceded by the question whether there *is* any one: that is, whether there is a being in whom thought inheres, instead of its being simply a part of the impersonal. The question of immortality is thus resolved into the dual question: (1) Is there a mind? and (2) is it dissipated into anything else? If there is only thought, or consciousness, and this is only a

quality of things, and not the action of a subject or ego, then we have no mind to account for or dispose of.

But if there is something that thinks—a mind or substance that remains through all the changes of thought and takes on one thought after another—then the question is changed, and we ask whether this substance dies or ceases to think. Thought ceases, but we have no experience of mind ceasing. The thing that does the thinking takes on one thought after another, and thinks again after ceasing to think, and thinks in another way after thinking in one way; and, so far as our experience goes, it continues always to think. We know of no rest of the mind from thought, even in sleep. The intellect is never dead for an instant, nor inactive. Though it thinks at times with greater or less power, yet it thinks; and the problem is whether it ever stops. If, after we cease to know it, it goes on (out of our knowledge), it presumably survives death; and our experience of mind is only of mind alive, and ever continuing to think.

Moreover, if thought is but a manifestation of things, like an effluvium or reflection, it is yet a fact, and may be permanent in things; so that it need not disappear with the change in the things, but may remain through all their changes. And even if it disappears temporarily, as in sleep or death, it may revive and be immortal in some form. The fact that thought appears once raises the presumption that it may appear again. The same causes that produce it, and the same properties of things that make it appear now, may make it appear hereafter and keep it forever appearing. While the *nature* of thought is unknown, the *fact* of it is certain; and no explanation of its supposed cause can dissipate the fact or render its final disappearance probable. Thought is not disposed of either on the supposition that it is a mere quality of things or that it is a thing (mind) in itself.

MANKIND, born in its lowest state, has always discovered that superior Mind acts in the Universe.—*Francis W. Newman.*

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

BY H. FORBES KIDDLE.

"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—*Daniel* v. 5.

"Psychography" is the term applied to that class of supernormal phenomena consisting of the production of writing or drawing without the intervention of any mortal agency. Persons that have given no attention to the subject, or perhaps have been deceived into an acceptance of the explanation that the mysterious phenomenon is the product of some contrivance of clever trickery, can have no conception of the quantity or quality of testimony recorded in favor of its actuality. The limits of a magazine article would hardly permit the mere mention of the names of the witnesses and the mediums (many of the latter non-professional) in whose presence genuine manifestations of Psychography have occurred.

The Rev. W. Stainton Moses, M.A. (Oxon.), the English clergyman who was himself in some respects the most extraordinary of psychics, and who for a number of years filled the editorial chair of *Light*, a London journal devoted to occult research, wrote twenty years ago:*

"For the last five years I have been familiar with the phenomenon of Psychography, and have observed a vast number of cases, both with recognized psychics known to the public and with ladies and gentlemen in private who possess the power and readily procure the result. In the course of these observations I have seen psychographs obtained in closed and locked boxes; on paper previously marked and placed in a special position, from which it was not moved; on paper marked and put under a table, so as to get the assistance of darkness; on paper on which my elbow rested, and on paper covered by my hand; on paper inclosed in a

*See "Psychography: A Treatise on One of the Objective Forms of Psychic or Spiritual Phenomena." By "M. A. (Oxon.)." London, 1878.

sealed envelope; and on slates securely tied together. I have known such writing to be almost instantaneously produced; and late experiments confirm the statement that the process employed is not always the same. Whereas at times the pencil is seen to write as if moved by a hand, at times invisible, but at others visibly guiding and controlling its movements, at others the writing would seem to be produced by an instantaneous effort without the use of the pencil.

"I recall an instance that bears on this question of the use of the pencil. I was present at a séance held at the house of an intimate friend —three friends only present. Paper, previously initialed by each of us, was put on the floor under the table, together with an ordinary black lead-pencil. One of us, feeling the pencil against his boot, put his foot upon it and held it there till the séance was over. Writing, however, was found on the paper, and we debated the question how it could have been done, seeing that no pencil was available for use. The paper bore our marks and had not been removed, so far as we could tell.

"We met again during the same week, and I privately provided myself with the means of testing the matter. I brought a bright green pencil, and substituted it without remark for the black one, keeping my foot upon it all the time. When the paper was examined the writing—a very short scrawl—was found to be in *green*. The pencil, therefore, was used in some way unknown to me. I believe that this is the case frequently, and that instantaneous writing is done by some method other than that of the normal use of the pencil."

In 1886, Eglinton, the English psychic, having been accused of "clever conjuring," defended himself against the charge by publishing in *Light* testimony in his behalf in such quantity as to fill forty pages—quarto size—of that journal. All the witnesses thus summoned to testify in favor of Psychography were persons of intelligence and culture, many of them professional men well known to the public. The following headings to some of the statements must suffice to indicate the character of the evidence:

"Obtaining an unknown word from a book tied between slates"—"Evidence of Viscount Folkestone, M.P."—"A séance with Baron Du Prel and Baron Hellenbach"—"Answering questions unseen by the medium"—"Obtaining four words from a book in four colors, so arranged that neither medium nor sitters were aware of the order of sequence or of the word chosen"—"A personal message"—"The locked slate never once leaving the hands of the sitters"—"Obtaining writing in colors chosen mentally"—"Writing in Hindustani"—"Writing obtained at dictation"—"Obtaining writing under an inverted tumbler"—"Writing upon scores

of cards in a private house"—"A personal message in the Russian language"—"Recognized handwriting"—"One hundred and twenty-eight words written on a slate brought by the witness"—"Writing in Sanskrit" —"Correctly writing the number of matches in a box, the quantity being unknown to the witnesses"—"Correctly writing the numbers of bank-notes"—"Names and sentences written at dictation"—"Obtains a pertinent reply of forty-four words on a marked slate," etc., etc.

A man confronted in a court of justice by such a body of witnesses could not escape conviction; yet they comprise only a small proportion of the number of persons that have been convinced of the reality of Psychography through the instrumentality of this one psychic. Be it noted, moreover, that skepticism is the mental attitude of well-nigh every investigator —a skepticism surrendered only grudgingly and not without irresistible evidence.

The trend of nineteenth century thought is in a direction opposite to belief in any sort of supernaturalism, so-called. Very few persons will readily consent to acknowledge a belief in things that have come to be regarded indiscriminately as "superstition"—an unworthy heritage of an unenlightened ancestry. For this reason, the value of evidence confirmatory of the actuality of transcendent phenomena is enhanced. The human mind does not lightly abandon fixed prejudice.

"La Realité des Esprits, et le phenomena merveilleux de leur écriture directe" is the title of a work published by Baron Guldenstubbé, a Russian nobleman residing in Paris. It is the record of a most extraordinary series of experiments in this particular phase of psychism, conducted through his own powers. Between the years 1856 and 1872 he obtained more than two thousand specimens of psychography, in twenty different languages, and without the presence of any professional medium. He would place sheets of blank paper on the table of his room, or in public buildings, or on tombstones in churches and cemeteries, when the writing would be seen to grow without the use of any pencil. A large number of distinguished persons were witnesses to the production of these marvelous psychographs. That the Baron's report

has been treated with such indifference by the world at large only illustrates the persistence of modern skepticism.

A chapter of Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land" is devoted to "Direct Spirit-writing," from which the following narrative is taken. The psychic, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, is a worthy and esteemed gentleman, still well known as a writer and lecturer on occult subjects:

"The next example occurred in broad daylight. It was communicated to me by one of the witnesses, at first verbally and afterward by letter, in which the writer kindly permits me to use her name—a name that cannot fail to secure, for the narration, respect and consideration. The lady is the sister of Bancroft, the historian, and the widow of John Davis, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, and best remembered in New England under the honorable cognomen of 'honest John Davis.' The circumstance occurred in Mrs. Davis's dining-room, in Worcester, Mass., the medium present being Mr. Willis, formerly a student of Harvard University, and who had some difficulties there because of an honest avowal of his belief in the epiphanies of spiritualism. 'The room,' says Mrs. Davis in her note to me, 'had four windows facing east, south, and west; the hour was between eleven and twelve A. M., so that we had the full light of a summer sun, shut off only by green blinds. We were at a table on which I had put paper and pencils, but we had no intention of forming what is called a circle; we merely sat chatting of some wonderful manifestations we had witnessed the evening before.' While they were so engaged the pencil rose from the table, stood at the usual angle, as if guided by a human hand, though no hand was to be seen, and began to write. The amazement of Mrs. Davis may be imagined. The motion of the pencil was regular, and a slight scratching sound was heard as it moved. Both Mrs. Davis and Mr. Willis saw and heard this alike. It wrote a brief message of affection from a dear friend of Mrs. Davis, deceased some years before, and then dropped on the paper."

Epes Sargent, in his work, "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," cites the testimony of a large number of witnesses to the reality of Psychography. The following is an account of one of his own experiences. The book-slate upon which the writing appeared he purchased twenty minutes before visiting the medium:

"He permitted me to take my own slate and hold it out, away from him, in my left hand. He had dropped on the upper surface of the book-

slate a piece of slate-pencil, not so large as half a grain of rice. He sat three feet from me, and did not once touch the slate. Although there had been no opportunity of his even making a mark on it without my knowledge, yet I satisfied myself once more, before I held it out, that it was entirely clean. Instantly there was a sound as of the grating of a pencil, and in less than ten seconds there was a 'rap,' apparently on the slate. I uncovered it, and there was the name of a departed friend, Anna Conn Mowatt. This experiment I repeated several times with the same success, getting names and messages from friends that would have been none the less extraordinary if the medium had *known* them and their names, which he unquestionably did not. In one instance, at the same sitting, I got a message of fifty-two words, written with superhuman celerity. The writing was neat and legible. I have it still uneffaced. The medium and myself were the only persons present, and the noonday sun streamed into the room."

Among the startling manifestations that occurred in the home of Dr. Eliakim Phelps, at Stratford, Conn., were numerous specimens of psychography. "Sometimes the missives were inclosed in a book," the chronicle informs us, "and thrown down stairs or into the room; sometimes wrapped about a key or nail, or anything that would give a momentum, and thrown into the room. Often they were seen to fall from above—this occurring frequently when the doors were closed, and it was not possible for any visible agent to have been the cause. Writing would appear on the wall at times—made, as it appeared, with a pencil."*

So extensive and varied is the *recorded* evidence of the actuality of this phenomenon that it would hardly be possible to condense it all within the limits of a single volume. How much larger must be the amount of *unrecorded* evidence! The mere weight of this mass of cumulative evidence should suffice to overwhelm incredulity.

The Rev. W. Stainton Moses summarized the facts of Psychography as follows:

"1. That there exists a force that operates through a special type of human organization, and that is conveniently called *psychic force.*

"2. That this force is (in certain cases) demonstrably governed by intelligence.

*"Facts and Fanaticisms of Modern Spiritualism." By E. W. Capron.

"3. That this intelligence is (in certain cases) provably not that of the person or persons through whom the force is evolved.

"4. That this force, thus governed by an external intelligence, manifests its action in (amongst other methods) the writing of coherent sentences without the intervention of any of the usual methods of writing. Such abnormal writing is conveniently called psychography.

"5. That the evidence for the existence of this force, thus governed by an external intelligence, rests upon—

"(*a*) The evidence of the observer's senses.

"(*b*) The fact that a language other than that known to the psychic is frequently used.

"(*c*) The fact that the subject-matter of the writing is frequently beyond the knowledge of the psychic.

"(*d*) The fact that it is demonstrably impossible to produce the results by fraud under conditions similar to those under which the phenomena are obtained.

"(*e*) The fact that these special phenomena are produced not only in public, and for gain, but in private, and without the presence of any person outside of the family circle."

Every open-minded person acquainted with the vast amount of testimony by which the reality of Psychography is established must concede that the foregoing is indeed a summary, and a moderate one, of *facts*. Nevertheless, it would be folly to ignore the difficulties that stand in the way of a duplication of the evidence already on record. Psychography is not vendible; it cannot be purchased like a pound of beef or a yard of cloth. Delicate conditions, physical and psychological, surround its production; and, even under what would be deemed by experienced persons to be most favorable conditions, experiments often may result in complete failure.

Is not this also true of the experiments and investigations of physical science? How often have most important astronomical observations been frustrated by obscuring clouds or marred by some flaw in the telescopic lens, or by some error of calculation! Again, it is not to be denied that approximate imitations of some of the simpler facts of Psychography may sometimes deceive careless or inexperienced investigators. It is because all this is true that the *actual facts* in our possession should be carefully studied and cherished.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

BY JAMES U. SPENCE.

A careful examination of the grand and noble thoughts that to-day are permeating all ranks and conditions of men, and that are the result of the true progression of the pioneers of the Higher Thought, shows that a complete change is necessary in the ideas that control the education of both sexes from earliest childhood. In former times the training of the young was entirely in the hands or under the direction of the Church; but during the last century there has been, especially in the United States, a gradual emancipation from this thraldom. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the methods of education have not been materially altered; the training is still largely *dogmatic,* thus revealing the source whence it emanated.

Children born into what is called Christendom to-day have the psychic elements of their complex nature more prominently developed than those of the last generation; and this fact our educators should take into account, for, in order properly to train these young psychics, a totally different system must be employed. Our psychic qualities bring us more or less into direct touch with the Source of all knowledge; hence the absolute necessity of such a course of training and study as will foster, instead of dwarfing, these wonderful powers. Experience alone can prove what are the best methods that can be adopted to secure this end; therefore, those teachers who realize the truth should at once begin experimenting. And when they have found a new idea in training that is effective, instead of keeping it to themselves they should at once spread it broadcast, in order that it may be used throughout our beloved country. In this way wonderful advances would soon be manifest to all observers.

This new education should begin with the very youngest, in order to reap the full benefit of the psychic powers; and when this is done, and the training is pursued with this important end in view, it will not be found necessary to go to the great expense of what is now known as the higher or collegiate training. These wonderful psychic (or intuitional) powers being fully developed, it will be seen that all information upon any subject that may be desired can be obtained direct from the Fountain or Source of all knowledge, without any serious effort or mental strain of any kind. Study upon any or all lines will thus be easy and sure. No mistakes will be made and no time wasted; there will be no breaking down in health because of over-study, and no stunted growth of the physical—because the training is natural, being fully in accordance with all the laws of Nature.

The coming Dispensation will be at first largely educational upon right and true lines, and not in any way dogmatic. It will leave the growing minds of the young to grasp the truth as they are able; and thus this psychic power will grow stronger and stronger, as unfoldment, true and harmonious, on all the planes—physical, mental, psychical, and spiritual—is attained.

That modern education is not founded upon the right basis is evident to any one who seriously thinks upon the subject. Either the physical predominates, and the mental, psychical, and spiritual are utterly neglected, or the physical suffers because the mental is over-strained while the psychical and spiritual have been likewise neglected. In others, again, the psychical side of the complex nature of man has been unfolded; and, while the power obtained has sometimes been wonderful, yet it has often been misdirected because the true spirituality of the Higher Self has not been unfolded—the true ego has been utterly neglected or not even thought of. This proves the necessity of introducing a new system of education—one that will not only harmonize all the different phases of human

nature and allow each one to grow to the fullest extent without hindrance from any of the others, but will also permit each to promote and foster the growth of all.

It is not necessary to wait for the actual coming of the New Dispensation for this preparatory work: it may be begun *now;* and, if this be done earnestly and zealously, it will hasten the coming of the new movements that are to revolutionize all the thoughts and workings of men's minds—and thus also improve their environment, for which so many are at present struggling. Harmony must reign supreme within man's complex nature before harmony can prevail in his surroundings, and the sooner this truth is realized the better it will be for all.

EXILES.

Exiles are they, these gems of sea-washed sand,
In sculptured beauty loit'ring at the feet
Of mignonette and purple pansy sweet:
Guarding the beds of hyacinth, and rose,
And couch, wherefrom the lofty lily throws
A haughty greeting to the marguerite;
For Judah's people in the Pharaohs' land
Were not more foreign than these fragile shells.
Hark! from each cochleated cavern wells
An echo, reminiscent of the strand.
Thus in our hearts immortal mem'ries be—
Pulsings of kinship with the cosmic Soul:
Detached notes in harmonies that roll
Along the anthem of Eternity.

HOWARD JAMES.

INTELLECTUAL emancipation, if it does not give us command over ourselves, is poisonous.—*Goethe.*

"SEEN FROM ABOVE."

BY BOLTON HALL.

The Chessmen were shaped like men and women, and, as the fingers of Opportunity moved them, I watched the progress of the game. Some of the pieces were black, some were white; some large, some small; but I could see that every one was needed for the game.

Some stood so as to protect others, and some I saw that cared only for themselves; while some joined with their fellows and castled, so as to protect one another. I could see that these were safest.

A Pawn slipped into a square at the edge, and I heard him say how secure he was, when another moved so that he was shut up in his square—then he complained that he was useless in the game. But I could see that his position there kept one square safe for his friends.

The Bishops said that the order of the game was bad, because the Knights skipped squares. "That," said they, "must be the work of the devil." But I could see that otherwise the game could not go on. Many, seeing that both the Knights and Bishops went backward, wailed that progress had come to an end.

Some went gladly to fight or to sacrifice, as the way was clear; but some, dazed by the confusion and lamenting the chaos that they saw, were so disturbed that their bodies warped or split.

Sometimes a piece was lifted from the board, and those about it mourned; and the pieces whispered to one another of the horror of that time when each must go. But I could see that the piece lay quiet in the box till all his fellows had come to him, and then returned to another game.

* * * *

So they fought, and played, and loved, and wondered, and made good moves and bad; but I could see that every move worked out the problem of the game.

THROUGH NATURE TO GOD.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Mother Nature, well-beloved, I have heard thy gentle call,
In the stillness of the midnight, when the moon shone over all;
In the murmur of the breezes, in the subtle, vague perfume;
In the myriad sounds of summer, in the budding and the bloom.

Faint and far thy voice was calling, and at first I heeded not,
For the world was ever in my ears and would not be forgot.
Then I sought to catch thy music, but, though swift my thought had sped,
As I reached and seemed to grasp it—lo! the wingèd sprite had fled.

Yet there came a day when, gazing on the blue and sparkling sea,
All thy music seemed to fill me and enfold me tenderly.
All my longing was rewarded and I promised thee my love,
While the heavens in benediction leaned and brooded from above.

Mother Nature, thine my heart is, yet the world is very near,
And its loud, insistent clamor falls unceasing on my ear.
There is work to do; and ever, when I long to fly to thee,
Hearts that need my help are calling and sad faces I must see.

Oh, I fain would keep the vision that I saw so long ago;
Keep the quiet of the woodland and the morning's tender glow;
Keep the perfume of the pine-trees, where the summer breezes play,
And the rhythm of that still music which was in my heart that day.

Thou hast taught me, Mother Nature, things the world can never know.
Through thy beauty God's great presence is revealed to man below.
Slow—as we can bear the teaching—open wide the golden gates
To an inner, secret kingdom, where the heavenly vision waits.

Mother Nature, hold me closer; let my heart beat close to thine:
For the strength of thy calm presence yields more stimulus than wine!
Let me drink thine inspiration; let the portals swing apart!
The Great Peace I am approaching, let its stillness fill my heart!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE DEATH OF INGERSOLL.

IT was eminently fitting that the twilight of the age of materialism, which the closing century will doubtless be called by many historians, should be signalized by the passing away of the ablest and most conspicuous defender of its philosophy. In the death of Robert G. Ingersoll, the iconoclast, the cause of agnosticism loses its chief advocate—or, rather, bulwark; for it was not strictly accurate to call the Colonel an "agnostic." The Latin equivalent of this term is *ignoramus*—and Ingersoll was certainly not a fool. His influence was scarcely less than that of Paine, who was a Deist, and was much greater than that of Voltaire—though he was not an imitator of either of these free-thinkers, who, with himself, constituted the great skeptical trio of the Protestant epoch.

Like other ripened souls, Ingersoll passed away when his work was finished. And despite the recklessness and dubiousness of some of his methods, his work was important and on the whole well done. In eliminating the dogmas of an eternal hell and an angry God from modern theology, his influence was contributory to a large degree. This required just the sort of courage that he possessed, plus his mastery of the arts of ridicule and satire—those formidable weapons that can usually vanquish even opponents who are not amenable to reason. For the heresy trials and modifications of official theology that have recently increased in number, Ingersollism is largely responsible. Condemned as a "destructionist" by both press and pulpit, the Colonel, therefore, really "builded better than they knew."

But the office of an iconoclast is not altogether a useless one. Those who clear the ground of error are seldom builders of the truth, though their work is equally important. "One soweth and another reapeth." The harrow must precede the sickle. Yet there is no reason why the iconoclast should not *progress*—and this was Ingersoll's greatest fault. He did not follow up the consequences of his own work; he failed to keep abreast of the times. Crying aloud for "facts," he refused to acquaint himself with many truths of a spiritual nature that were demonstrated all around him—their recognition would have compelled a modification of many of his recorded utterances. And much of his arraignment of the Church and the Bible had the ring of the paid attorney rather than of the truth-seeker. Yet his sincerity could scarcely be questioned—he believed in himself, in his work, in his thoughts.

The mind of Ingersoll was not without its ideals, and his fidelity to these filled his life with sacrifices. Neither did he escape the penalties of fame. He has been maligned, traduced, and slandered, even since his death—by those little persons that are always ready to strike a fallen foe and to avail themselves of the safety of distance. Yet his most bitter attacks were directed in reality toward the spurious interpolations and mistranslations of Scripture and the medievalism of the Church, together with the pages that stain the history of both. Unfortunately, however, when rational Christians repudiated these millstones and passed beyond to higher ground, Ingersoll refused to follow. He adhered to the old interpretation. He was a stern literalist in biblical matters, although a poet himself. For this reason his criticisms in later years have lacked point.

"If you had faith as big as a mountain," said the Colonel to the writer on one occasion, "you could not, without physical contact, move a mustard-seed into the sea." Faith, to Ingersoll, meant confidence in the result of one's selfish appeal to a personal

God; but if he had understood *psychic* processes—the power of mind over matter, the law of spiritual vibration, the dynamic potency of thought, and the power of our unseen resources—the foregoing epigram would never have been uttered. These, to the Colonel, were myths and superstitions of the Middle Ages; but, in truth, they are the most recent developments of modern science, which is becoming spiritualized in spite of itself.

Ingersoll was an eloquent orator and a fine writer. A profound student and lover of Shakespeare, the poetic beauty and imagery of the bard of Avon were reflected in almost his every line. He was a master of rhetoric, and had that simplicity of style that always marks the true thinker. Yet, like the majority of America's really great men, he had never "been to college;" he was not a scholar, in the technical sense. But he was a logician, a philosopher, and a humanitarian that taught others to think for themselves. The son of a clergyman, he was not only an apostle but an *effect* of reaction—the early twig was sharply bent and the tree grew in but a single direction.

Yet Ingersoll was a lover of children, of flowers, of art and music—he worshiped the beautiful. His home life was ideal. His honor was stainless. His honesty, integrity, and moral uprightness were never questioned. His keen sense of humor was in itself an evidence of soul-development. He abhorred cruelty, superstition, and baseness of every description; he was the author of many private benefactions of which the world knew nothing. In a word, he was a good citizen and a generous patriot. But if we are to judge a medicine by its effects, how did the Colonel come to have as many of the "Christian virtues" as the average churchman possesses, and to accomplish more actual good on earth than many who look for a reward hereafter? Truly, Robert G. Ingersoll was "the unique American."

GREAT authors are born of great occasions.—*Orville Dewey.*

TWO YEARS OLD.

MIND, with this issue, completes its second year and its fourth volume. Our brief history has shown not only that such a periodical was needed by the New Thought movement, but also that the policy laid down at its inception and steadfastly adhered to was the right one. The breadth and variety of MIND'S monthly contents have been universally appreciated and admired, and its position as the world's leading magazine in its special line of Liberal and Advanced Thought has been everywhere conceded by those competent to judge. Each month's issue has been an improvement on all the numbers that preceded it, and it is our intention to continue this record indefinitely. We seek only the progress of the race through study and development of the Truth—and no bigoted preconceptions stand in the way of our researches. Our sole need is the coöperation and patronage of those similarly inclined, and these we seldom fail to receive when the magazine is properly introduced and allowed to speak for itself. For this introduction we are to some extent dependent upon our friends who know its merits, and our request that readers shall bring it to the attention of those interested in any branch of Liberalism, when opportunity offers, is hereby respectfully repeated. We also wish to remind our present patrons, hundreds of whose subscriptions expire with the current issue, that the price is payable *in advance,* and to beg that they will favor us with prompt renewals—in order that our operations may be immediately enlarged, the field widened, and the culture of New Thought activities correspondingly promoted.

THE medical profession, it appears more than likely, have not as yet wholly appreciated the advantages to be derived from the employment of mental suggestion.—*Medical Record, New York.*

A MILLENNIUM FOR THE ANIMALS.

From time to time very interesting stories reach us of the amiable condition of the wild animals in the Yellowstone National Park, where the strictest regulations prohibit the killing of any living thing. This wild and beautiful domain is said to be the one spot on the continent where the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are no longer afraid of man; where, indeed, that most felonious of all predatory cattle, the gray wolf, with an amiable wag of his tail, stands by the roadside and watches the coaching party go by, and the brown bears come down to the hotels at night to be fed.

So marked has this millennial bit of animated Nature become that it has attracted the attention of philosophers no less than of tourists, and the question is being asked if man might not have subjugated the whole animal kingdom long ago had he only adopted the law of love instead of giving way to his destructive nature. There is something almost penitential in his establishment of this peaceful Eden, after having exterminated the bison and driven the grouse from the face of the earth, and the Yellowstone Park is growing to be a monument to his own reproaches. Practically, it is something more than that. It is a beautiful evidence of the growing disposition of humanity to treat dumb animals with consideration. We have been very late about it, but it is none the less valuable on that account.

It is only a large and benign philosophy that invites the friendship and the confidence of the brute creation, and, although man can only afford to be magnanimous to the wildest animals after he has consummated his mastery over them, there is something fine and generous in the contrast that the United States offers to the rest of the world in inclosing a special domain, not for princes to kill in and not for the bateau of the sportsman, but to enable the lion to lie down with the lamb, if he only will, and where in time a little child may go and lead them.—*"Nym Crinkle," in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

IN an honest bargain both parties gain.—*F. B. Perkins.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"We can spend our strength all foolishly
In a discontented strife;
Or we can be wise, and laugh and sing,
And make the best of our life."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

OUR FLAG.

I wonder how many of you girls and boys of the United States know that there are thousands of little starving children in Cuba—and the Stars and Stripes are floating over them! Very soon your schools will be open, and the Flag will be flying from your schools' flagstaffs, and at your morning exercises you will sing "My Country," and "The Star-spangled Banner." Don't forget the starving, motherless, fatherless little children who are looking up to that very flag you sing about, for aid. And remember, that if you try to do something to lessen their sad condition you are helping those Stars and Stripes that you are so proud of to grow more beautiful in every one's sight; because you will help to make that banner stand for loving-kindness to all, no matter of what nationality.

F. P. P.

POWER.

This is a big subject for little folks; but it is such an important one, I think we can help them to know what it means and how to use it. Even Baby Ralph has a good deal of it, only he doesn't

know yet how to use it, and so, he stretches out his little arms when Papa raises him up to see the moon as if he really could grasp it in his tiny hands; and he will actually cry for disappointment when he is drawn away from the window. As Ralph grows older, there are many, many things his eyes will look at, and that he will long to grasp, till he learns that though he has power he will have to be a long time learning how to use it.

There is the power the great ocean steamer has when she pushes on over the sea with her heavy cargo; there is the power of the big draught-horse that drags the weight of our winter's coal; and there is the power of a man, who, with hammer and nails, builds our house or shoes our horse. But the power I want to tell you of is higher than that.

When a boy meets a smaller boy with a big basket, and comes up alongside and takes one end of the basket and helps carry the load, this shows that the big boy has power in his hands; but a bigger power of heart which we call kind-heartedness, or love, puts the hand in motion. Now, this is a power that everybody ought to have, because it's the power that God has; it's God-like.

If a little girl knows of another little girl without any doll to play with, and asks her mama if she may take over one of her own dolls so that the little ragged child may have a real doll for her very own, she has a power, or a love, that, if she uses till she becomes a young woman, and then, on and on as long as she lives —why, there is scarce any telling what a vast amount of power she has exerted for the good she has done and the happiness she has created! I call this power as great as if she had had her hands full of gold.

As you grow older, you will hear a good deal of talk about money, as if it were a great power in the world; for money will buy almost anything. And so, people try every way to get rich— as if *that* would give them power. But there is no power in all the world like that that comes from a loving heart. A kind-hearted person will have a host of friends.

When we were in Jerusalem, and wanted to go to the Dead Sea, we were told we must go armed, prepared for any attack that might be made upon us; for we should fall in with very wicked people. So when night came, we supposed we should have to lie

down under the open sky. But, to our astonishment, one of these very people made us take his little earth-floored hovel, where we Americans slept on improvised beds, and the father and mother and children camped outside unsheltered; nor was there any sound to disturb us through the long night save the harmless braying of the poor donkey that naturally missed its accustomed place beside the children. This power we had over them was solely from the kind words we gave them and our kind looks. They knew and felt we were friendly, and so they showed themselves to be our friends.

Love is the greatest power in the world. We can get everything for love. Love never worketh any ill. Love is God-like; for God is love.

JANE WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

THE STORY THE FEATHERS TOLD.

"Well, girls, so it's all settled about the fair."

"Yes, yes!" they assented in a chorus; "and it's going to be beautiful. Each table is to represent some flower."

"I do hope," said the first speaker, Florrie Dent, "that Lily Johnson will have nothing to do with it."

"Why?" was the eager question.

"I don't think," answered Florrie, cautiously lowering her voice while her listeners gathered closer, "I don't think she's honest! I, for one, will have nothing further to do with her." And she tossed her head as if the very mention of her classmate's name was harmful.

And what was poor little Lily doing all this time? Surely she had heard the conversation, for she had slipped into the schoolroom quietly and was arranging her books for the day's lessons when the sound of her name fell upon her ears. Hurt beyond expression, she lowered her head over her desk, seemingly busy at work; but a closer observer might have seen the tears she so bravely tried to repress.

But Lily was not the only one who had heard. Miss Dwight,

their teacher, looking over their studies for the day, had also been a listener to the cruel and unjust words—had noted the flush that mounted to Lily's brow, although she said nothing.

Meanwhile, the group in the corner had increased until almost the entire class of girls had heard something against Lily. With averted heads they passed her on their way to their seats when Miss Dwight rang the bell.

Noon came, and the children shunned her—even her special friends. Puzzle over it as she would, the poor child could think of nothing said or done, on her part, to cause Florrie's uncalled-for remark. True, they had had a slight difference some days previous. Could Florrie be venting such petty ill-will in this cruel manner? To Lily the time had never seemed so long. Would the lessons *never* cease? If she only could run home and sob out her pain upon her mother's bosom!

Suddenly she heard her teacher's voice saying, "Girls, before I dismiss you I have a favor to ask." She paused, then continued: "Will you all please try to bring to school to-morrow morning a handful of feathers, such as pillows are made of, securely tied up in a paper bag?"

They all wondered what Miss Dwight could possibly want them for. "Perhaps," said Florrie to some of her chums when on the way home, "perhaps she's going to make us something pretty for our fair."

There was a great deal of curiosity the following morning as each scholar deposited her bag of feathers upon Miss Dwight's desk. But she merely smiled and nodded pleasantly to each pupil.

All went on as usual until recess. Then their teacher said: "I want each one of you to take your bag of feathers and follow me out on the bluff back of the schoolhouse." Full of expectation they obeyed. Miss Dwight did not fail to note how they all avoided Lily. "Come with me," she murmured to her, holding out her hand.

"Now, girls," she said, solemnly, after she had marshaled them all in a row, "when I give the word, open your paper bags and let the contents fly."

A moment later, and the air was laden with a mist of feathery flakes, and, as it was a windy day, they were soon out of sight.

"Now," said Miss Dwight, "gather them again!"

The scholars gazed at her thunder-struck. Was she in earnest? *Could* she be serious?

"Hush!" she commanded, as they were about to remonstrate. "You cannot do so. No earthly power can gather them again! And if you could grasp but one distant atom flying yonder, its purity would be so besmirched that you would fail to recognize it. Now, my dear children, this has been an object-lesson. Can you guess it? Never speak wrongly or unkindly of one another; for you can no more take back your cruel words than you can gather yonder feathers."

RAY TRUM NATHAN.

A TRUE STORY.

Frankie's and Clinton's six white ducks have a beautiful home, and they have nothing to do all day long but eat, sleep, and play under the shadows of the sloping pine-tree branches that the sunlight filters through, or to float on their little pond under the blue, blue sky, or to walk about with delight in the summer rain.

One morning, when the little boys went to see their ducks, they found them busy as usual about nothing in particular. But when the lads came nearer they were surprised to see the ducks walk over to one of their number and stand all round him as if to hide him. It turned out that the poor duck had been hurt so that it could not walk, and it was very plain that his little brothers and sisters were trying to care for him. Until he was perfectly well again, whenever any person or thing came near him, no matter how much the ducks were enjoying themselves, they would leave the pond, or their dinner, or their play, and surround their little lame brother as if to protect him from harm.

Frankie and Clinton love the ducks most tenderly, now that they have seen how those helpless little things love one another.

F. P. P.

THE FLIGHT OF THE MUSHROOMS.

By the bubbling of the brook, the foaming
  Of the waterfall, we leave no trace
Of the tents we folded in the gloaming,
  And are pitching in another place.

In one nook the water-cresses tarry,
  In a darker nook the cranberry cowers;
To the forest's edge our fun we carry,
  For the freedom of the wood is ours.

Round and round by moonlight we are racing,
  Lighting on the stumps with giddy whirl.
To the water's brink each other chasing,
  Even the stepping-stones we dare impearl.

For it is at dead of night we scatter;
  Ghostlike through the underbrush we flit,
And our steps are lighter than the patter
  Of the twinkling drops that visit it.

Is the yellow of the leaves more vivid?
  Is their crimson hard as ours to catch?
For our violet, though a trifle livid,
  Is the violet herself a match?

Puzzled are the people from the city,
  And the trees are always looking down,
Half in disapproval, half in pity,
  On our spheres of scarlet and of brown.

But the wistful fern a farewell waving,
  Startled wind-flower and the plodding leek
Spy upon the wondrous sport we're having,
  Long to join our game of hide-and-seek!

LUCY C. BULL.

THE FIRST DAY ON EARTH.

Part I.

It was almost sunrise, and sweet Mother Moon was hurrying each small sunbeam that all might be ready when Father Sun was. Then she called the three babies to her and said:

"My dear children, this is your first day upon earth alone, and I want each one of you to come home to-night and tell me where you have been all day."

Away danced these gay little fellows, and as the sun father stepped over the hill-tops each tried to shine the brightest. Then they all scampered in different directions, hunting for things they had never seen before, and going into the queerest places.

The first little beam was dressed all in blue; her face was cold and unkind.

"Come and shine on us," said the flowers, as she passed; but she turned coldly away. Then a little curly-haired boy put his dimpled hand out of the window to catch the sunbeam, but she slipped away.

"I don't like children," she said. And thus she wandered around in discontent all day, nor found anything to please her.

The second sunbeam was such a roguish little elf—up to mischief the whole day long. First, he peeped in at a window, and wakened a very cross man, who pulled down the blind in his face. This only made him laugh; but as he turned to run on, he saw a child asleep in the house across the way. So he just danced round that little head on the pillow until the wee girl opened her eyes and smiled at him. He kissed the flowers as he passed, shone on the bright faces of the children as they went to school, and even followed some and got into their eyes. He came to the summer house in the garden and laughed to himself as he stole the kiss which Molly had meant for her sweetheart. Thus he danced on all of the day, laughing and making others laugh; for every one loved the little scarlet sunbeam with his merry face and roguish ways.

The third little beam wore a yellow dress that Mother Moon had woven out of her warmest rays; for it was for the baby of

them all. He was afraid when his brothers and sisters all left him, and would have run home, only he could not remember the way. So he walked timidly along for quite a while, not daring to look at anything. All at once he heard some one singing and tried to find him, for he loved music. He listened at several windows on the street, but could not find the singer; then, he crept around into the alley and through a small dingy window, where he stayed for the rest of the day.

When Father Sun called his children at bedtime, the rogue came first, kissing every one good-night as he passed. He was looking behind all of the time, so as not to miss any of the pleasant sights, when he stumbled over a cloud and fell right into Mother Moon's lap.

The little yellow beam came running along all out of breath, and was almost left behind.

After all of the older sunbeams were in their beds, and the clouds tucked down to keep them warm, Mother Moon called the three new beams to her to hear of their first day on earth.

CARRIE BLAKESLEE HUMPHREYS.

ISN'T IT SO?

Hark! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle through."
What do the leaves say in the storm,
Tossed, in whispering heaps together?
"We can keep the violets warm
Till they wake in fairer weather."
What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good."

—*St. Nicholas.*

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

TELEPATHY AND THE SUBLIMINAL SELF. By R. Osgood Mason, A.M., M.D. 336 pp. Cloth and gold, $1.50. Henry Holt and Company, publishers, New York.

This standard work is now in its fourth edition, and seems destined to hold its place for many years as the most lucid exposition of the subject of which it treats. It is a rational, intelligible, and candid attempt scientifically to classify the phenomena of the mind, and incidentally to prove that in the universe there is nothing above or beyond that which is natural. Dr. Mason holds that law is omnipresent, and offers a basis of demonstrable truth on which the religionist and the materialist can meet on common ground. His deductions from the psychic facts and incidents he has gathered tend unmistakably to affirm the spiritual nature—therefore the immortality—of the soul; though this is not one of his postulates. The concluding portion of "The Genesis of Genius," with which this number of MIND opens, reveals the author's powers of analysis, his fine literary style, and the profound nature of his scientific researches. We commend the present volume to the serious attention of all our readers.

LIFE FORCES. By Margaret Virginia McCabe. 87 pp. Paper, 30 cents. Published by the author, Washington, D. C. [For sale by The Alliance Publishing Co.]

To not a few of the many souls that are languishing for the spiritual sustenance that this book affords, the little volume itself will prove an actual vehicle or channel for the transmission of the vital potencies it seeks to expound. It is a heart-to-heart talk, based on experience and demonstration. In unfolding her own inner consciousness, the author reveals the law of spiritual growth and applies it as the true healing essence of the soul. But her teaching is not all subjective: the external phenomena of the psychic realm are utilized in a way that is practical, convincing, and of fascinating interest. It should be the means, indeed, of commending the

principles of the mental cure especially to those spiritualists who still employ material remedies for the removal of non-material disturbances. But to any reasoning mind the work will prove a tonic, and to the depressed in spirit a benediction. We bespeak for it a wide circulation.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PROGRESSIVE LITERATURE. 96 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Compiled and issued by the New Epoch Publishing Company, New York City.

Few readers have even an approximate idea of the voluminousness and diversity of the literature that exists outside of the orthodox and conventional standards of thought and discovery. If its production should continue at the present rate of increase, ere long the teachings of official science and canonical religion will embody the only "heresy." The present volume is a large octavo, comprising over fifty classifications, with many subdivisions, of subjects relating chiefly to the progressive thought of the present century. As a guide to the student and possible author of the future, it includes also the titles of works now out of print, showing at a glance the vastness and the numerous ramifications of the New Thought as well as the copiousness of its literary output.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. By Annie Rix Militz. 101 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE ROAD TO IMMORTALITY. By Brother Paul. 75 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Calif.

THE DOGMAS OF REINCARNATION AND RE-EMBODIMENT. By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Paper, 47 pp. Published by the author, Chicago.

SUCCESS: The Key that Unlocks It. By Nancy McKay Gordon. 45 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Hermetic Publishing Company, publishers, Chicago.

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